

BAREFOOT GEN

OUT OF THE ASHES

VOLUME FOUR



Keiji
Nakazawa

New Translation



Barefoot Gen is the powerful, tragic, autobiographical story of the bombing of Hiroshima and its aftermath, seen through the eyes of the artist as a young boy growing up in Japan. The honest portrayal of emotions and experiences speaks to children and adults everywhere. *Barefoot Gen* serves as a reminder of the suffering war brings to innocent people, and as a unique documentation of an especially horrible source of suffering, the atomic bomb. This is part four of a ten-part series.

Gen effectively bears witness to one of the central horrors of our time. Give yourself over to... this extraordinary book; get used to those dewy-eyed faces and the unfamiliar story-telling conventions of Japanese manga (comix to us). This vivid and harrowing story will then burn a radioactive crater in your memory that will never let you forget it. *Gen* is one of those very few comix that actually pulls off the essential magic trick... those little marks on paper come to fully realized life."

Art Spiegelman, cartoonist
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*

"...some of the best comics ever done... Nakazawa, I'm sure, will be considered one of the great comic artists of this century, because he tells the truth in a plain, straightforward way, filled with real human feelings."

R. Crumb, cartoonist

Nakazawa's graphic presentation of what it was like to survive the bombing of Hiroshima should be required reading for all citizens, beginning with the President. Perhaps then we might gain the maturity to top such madness."

Hunter and Amory Lovins
Friends of the Earth



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NAKAZAWA

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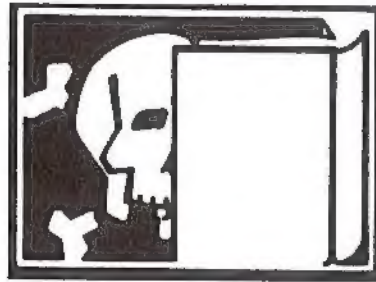
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BAREFOOT GEN

VOLUME FOUR: OUT OF THE ASHES

KEIJI NAKAZAWA

Translated by Project Gen



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The Birth of Barefoot Gen

Keiji Nakazawa

The atomic bomb exploded 600 meters above my hometown of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945 at 8:15 a.m. I was a little over a kilometer away from the epicenter, standing at the back gate of Kanzaki Primary School, when I was hit by a terrible blast of wind and searing heat. I was six years old. I owe my life to the school's concrete wall. If I hadn't been standing in its shadow, I would have been burned to death instantly by the 5,000-degree heat flash. Instead, I found myself in a living hell, the details of which remain etched in my brain as if it happened yesterday.

My mother, Kimiyo, was eight months pregnant. She was on the second floor balcony of our house, had just finished hanging up the wash to dry, and was turning to go back inside when the bomb exploded. The blast blew the entire balcony, with my mother on it, into the alley behind our house. Miraculously, my mother survived without a scratch.

The blast blew our house flat. The second floor collapsed onto the first, trapping my father, my sister Eiko, and my brother Susumu under it. My brother had been sitting in the front doorway, playing with a toy ship. His head was caught under the rafter over the doorway. He frantically kicked his legs and cried out for my mother. My father, trapped inside the house, begged my mother to do something. My sister had been crushed by a rafter and killed instantly.

My mother frantically tried to lift the rafters off them, but she wasn't strong enough to do it by herself. She begged passersby to stop and help, but nobody would. In that atomic hell, people could only think of their own survival; they had no time for anyone else. My mother tried everything she could, but to no avail. Finally, in despair, she sat down in the doorway, clutching my crying brother and helplessly pushing at the rafter that was crushing him.

The fires that followed the blast soon reached our house. It was quickly enveloped in flame. My brother yelled that he was burning; my father kept begging my mother to get some help. My mother, half-mad with grief and desperation, sobbed that she would stay and die with them. But our next-door neighbor found my mother just in time and dragged her away.

For the rest of her days, my mother never forgot the sound of the voices of her husband and son, crying out for her to save them. The shock sent my mother into labor, and she gave birth to a daughter by the side of the road that day. She named the baby Tomoko. But Tomoko died only four months later -- perhaps from malnutrition, perhaps from radiation sickness, we didn't know.

After escaping the flames near the school, I found my mother there by the roadside with her newborn baby. Together we sat and watched the scenes of hell unfolding around us.

My father had been a painter of lacquer work and traditional-style Japanese painting. He was also a member of an anti-war theater group that performed plays like Gorky's "The Lower Depths." Eventually the thought police arrested the entire troupe and put them in the Hiroshima Prefectural Prison. My father was held there for a year and a half. Even when I was a young child, my father constantly told me that Japan had been stupid and reckless to start the war.

Thanks, no doubt, to my father's influence, I enjoyed drawing from an early age. After the war I began reading Osamu Tezuka's comic magazine *Shin-Takarajima* (*New Treasure Island*); that had a huge impact on me. I began slavishly copying Tezuka's drawings and turned into a manga maniac. Hiroshima was an empty, burnt-out wasteland and we went hungry every day, but when I drew comics, I was happy and forgot everything else. I vowed early on to become a professional cartoonist when I grew up.

In 1961 I pursued my dream by moving to Tokyo. A year later I published my first cartoon serial in the manga monthly *Shonen Gaho* (*Boys' Pictorial*). From then on I was a full-time cartoonist.

In 1966, after seven years of illness, my mother died in the A-Bomb Victims Hospital in Hiroshima. When I went to the crematorium to collect her ashes, I was shocked. There were no bones left in my mother's ashes, as there normally are after a cremation. Radioactive cesium from the bomb had eaten away at her bones to the point that they disintegrated. The bomb had even deprived me of my mother's bones. I was overcome with rage. I vowed that I would never forgive the Japanese militarists who started the war, nor the Americans who had so casually dropped the bomb on us.

I began drawing comics about the A-bomb as a way to avenge my mother. I vented my anger through a "Black" series of six manga

published in an adult manga magazine, starting with *Kuroi Ame ni Utarete* (*Struck by Black Rain*). Then I moved to *Shukan Shonen Jump* (*Weekly Boys' Jump*), where I began a series of works about the war and the A-bomb starting with *Aru Hi Totsuzen ni* (*One Day, Suddenly*). When the monthly edition of *Jump* launched a series of autobiographical works by its cartoonists, I was asked to lead off with my own story. My 45-page manga autobiography was titled *Ore wa Mita* (*I Saw It*). My editor at *Jump*, Tadasu Nagano, commenting that I must have more to say that wouldn't fit in 45 pages, urged me to draw a longer series based on my personal experiences. I gratefully began the series right away. That was in 1972.

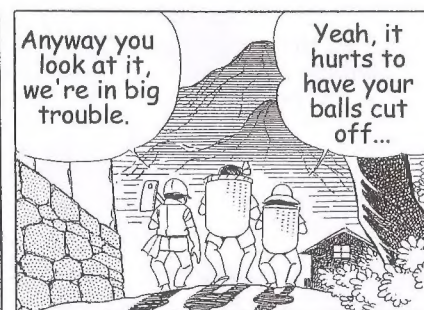
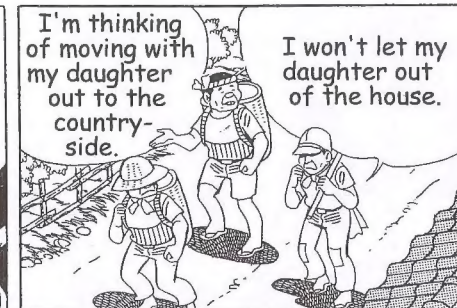
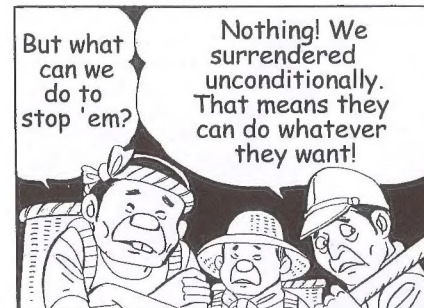
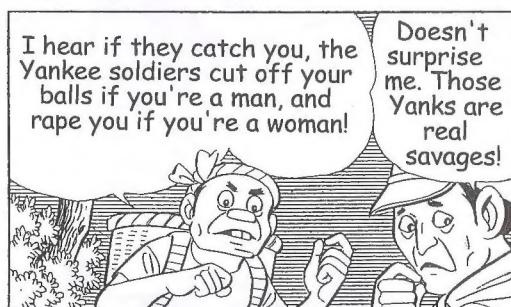
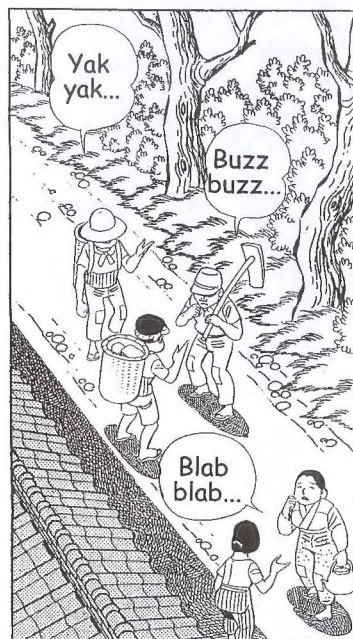
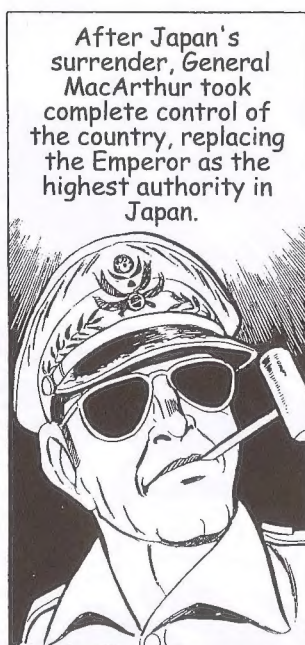
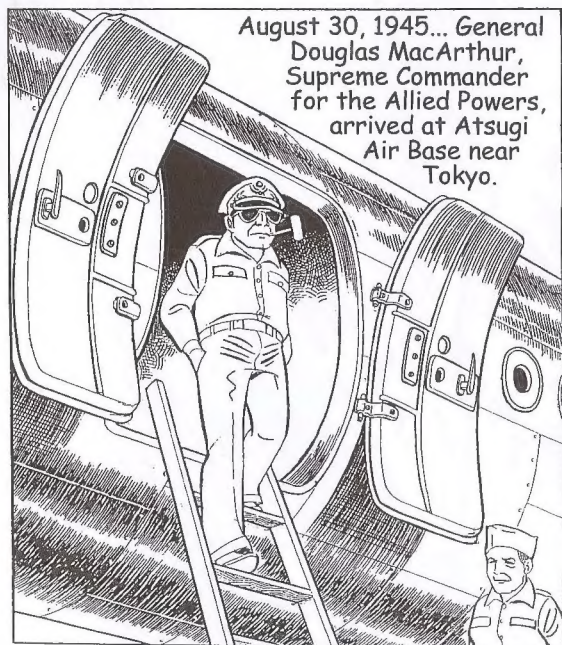
I named my new story *Hadashi no Gen* (*Barefoot Gen*). The young protagonist's name, Gen, has several meanings in Japanese. It can mean the "root" or "origin" of something, but also "elemental" in the sense of an atomic element, as well as a "source" of vitality and happiness. I envisioned Gen as barefoot, standing firmly atop the burnt-out rubble of Hiroshima, raising his voice against war and nuclear weapons. Gen is my alter ego, and his family is just like my own. The episodes in *Barefoot Gen* are all based on what really happened to me or to other people in Hiroshima.

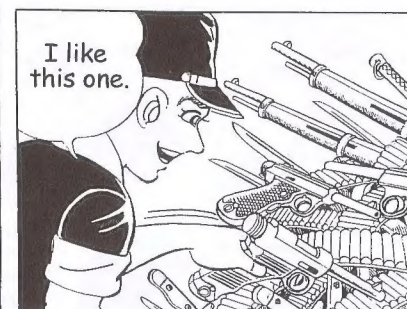
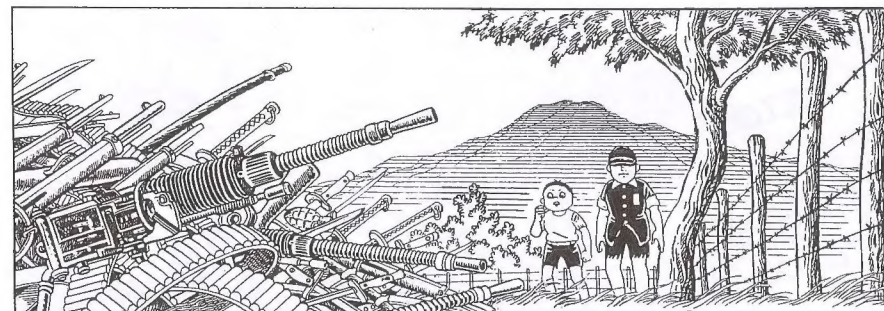
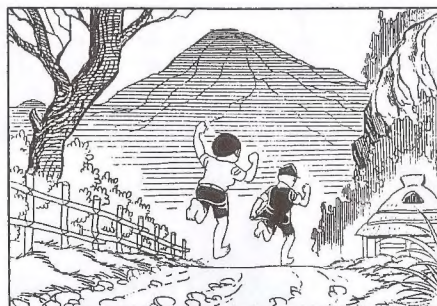
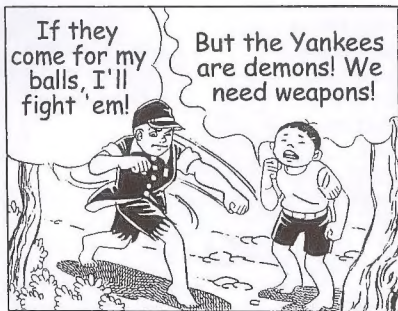
Human beings are foolish. Thanks to bigotry, religious fanaticism, and the greed of those who traffic in war, the Earth is never at peace, and the specter of nuclear war is never far away. I hope that Gen's story conveys to its readers the preciousness of peace and the courage we need to live strongly, yet peacefully. In *Barefoot Gen*, wheat appears as a symbol of that strength and courage. Wheat pushes its shoots up through the winter frost, only to be trampled again and again. But the trampled wheat sends strong roots into the earth and grows straight and tall. And one day, that wheat bears fruit.

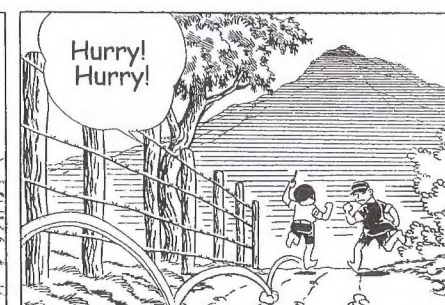
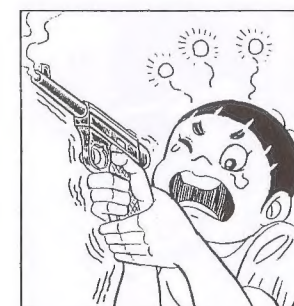
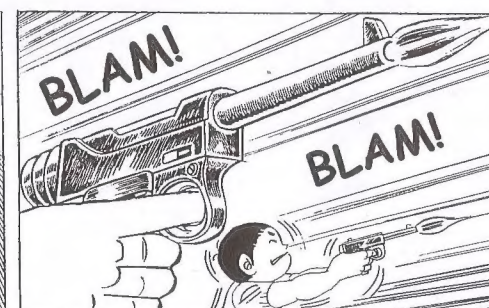
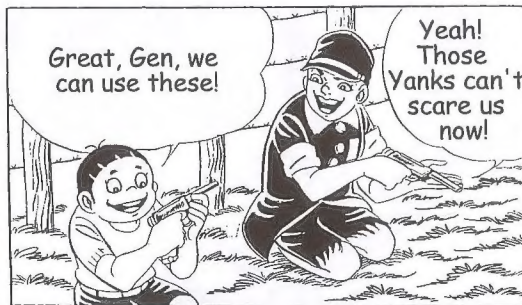
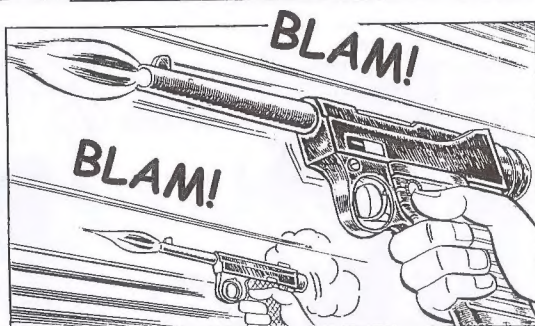
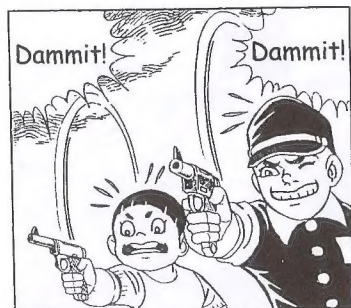
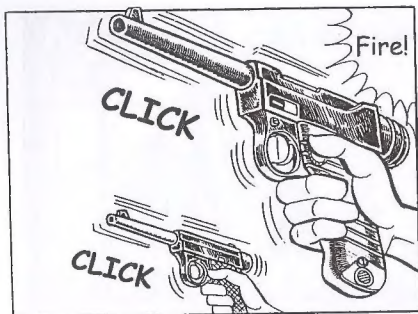
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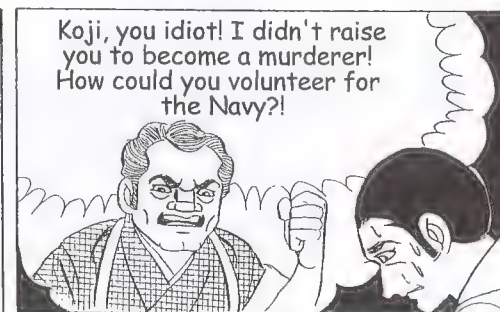
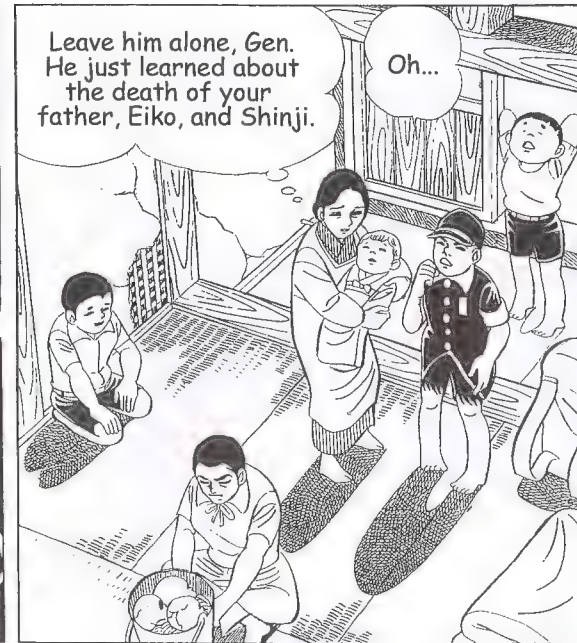
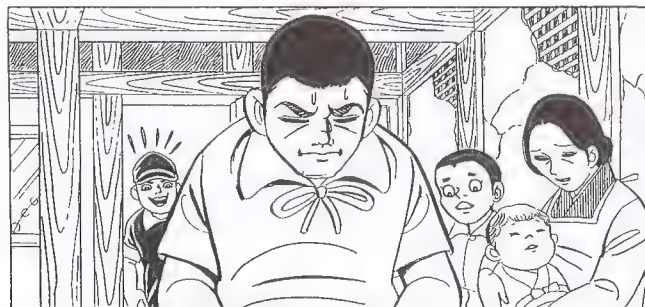
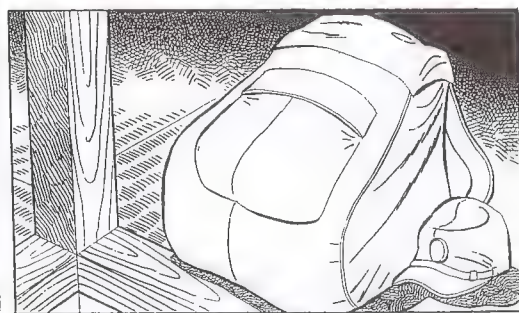
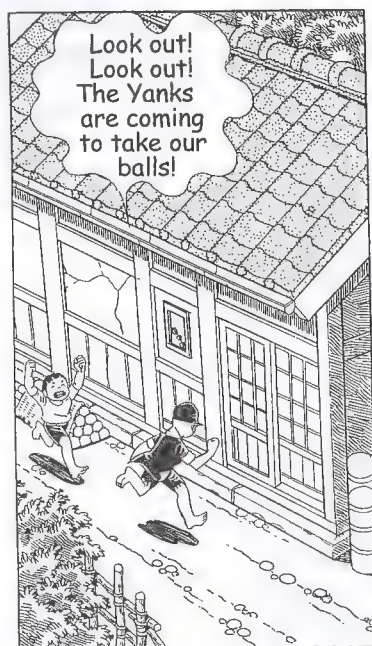
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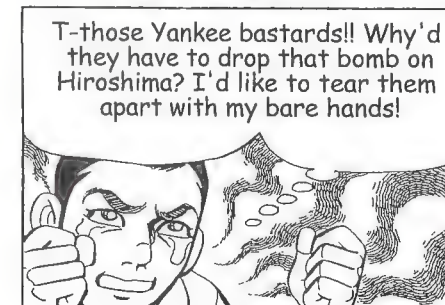
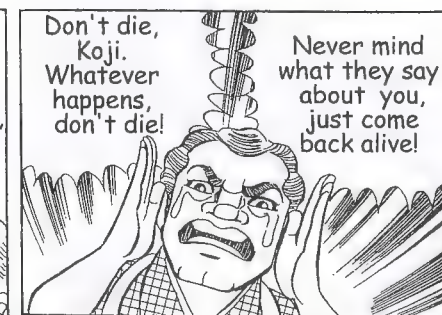
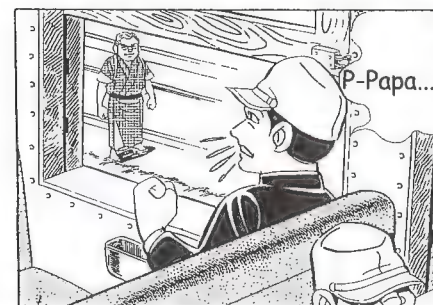
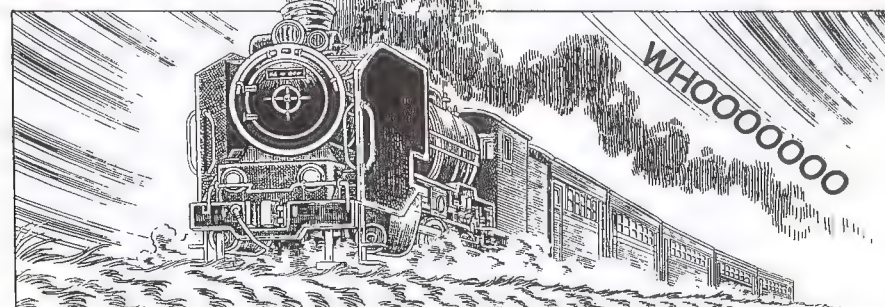
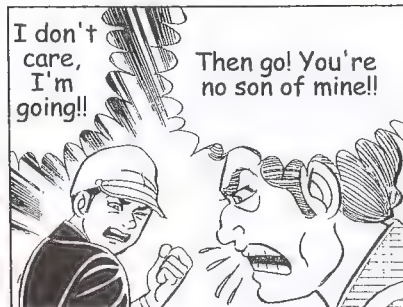
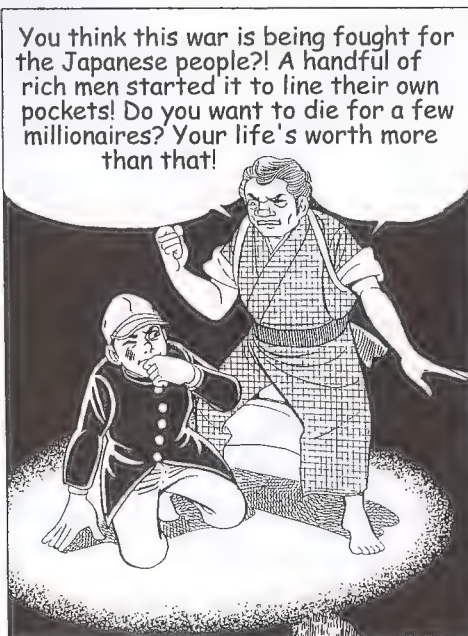


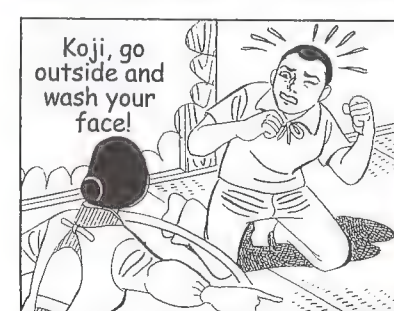
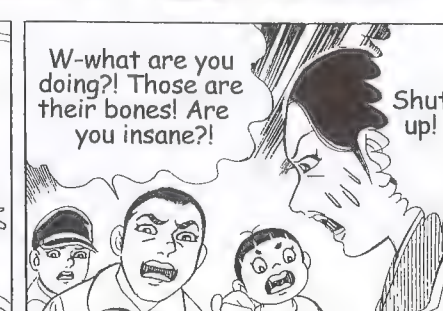
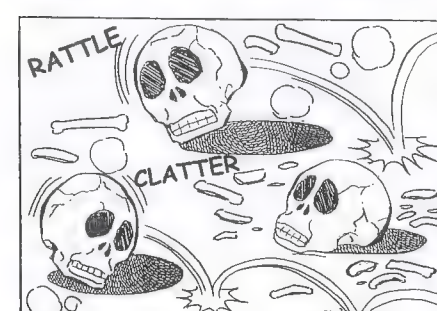
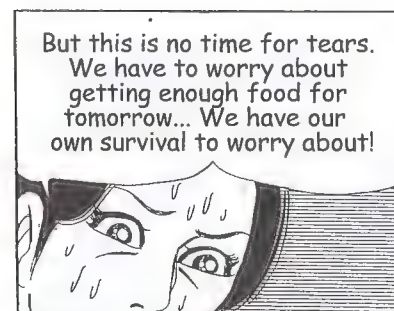
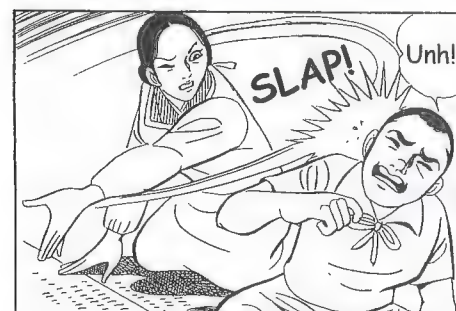
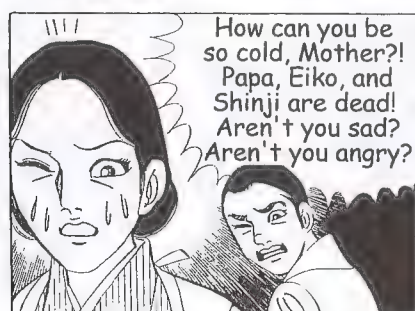
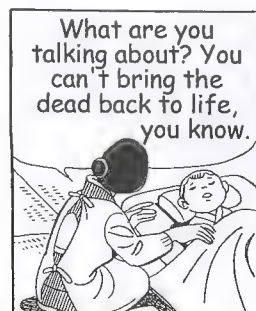
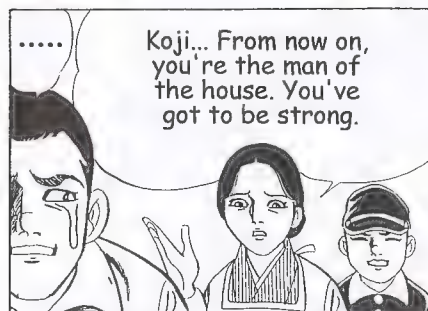


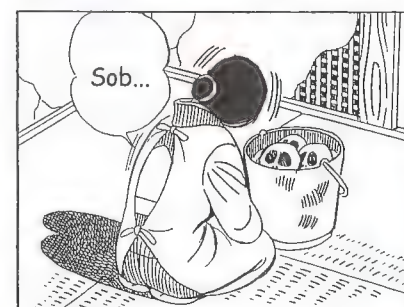
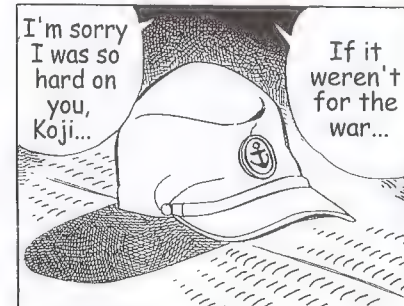
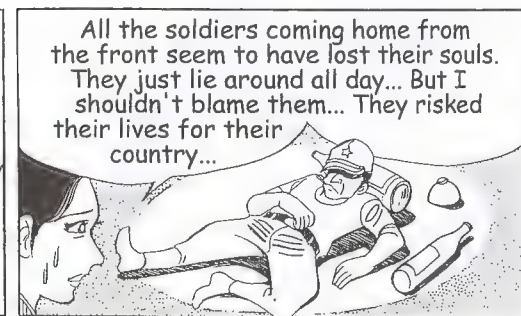
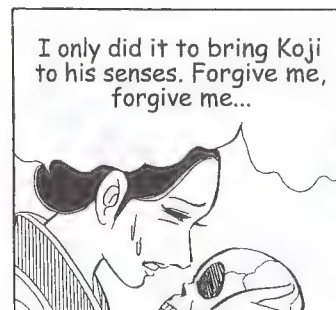
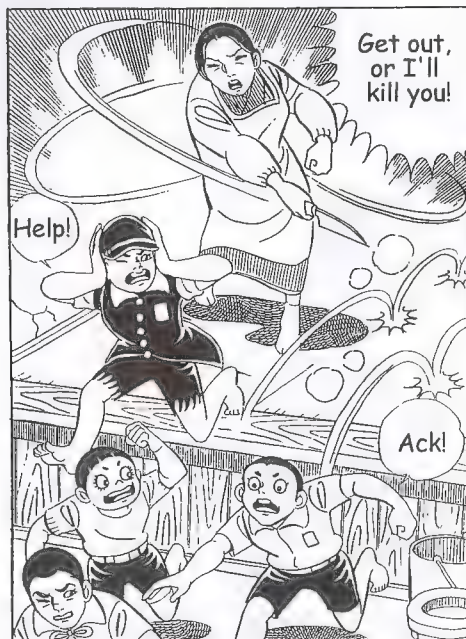


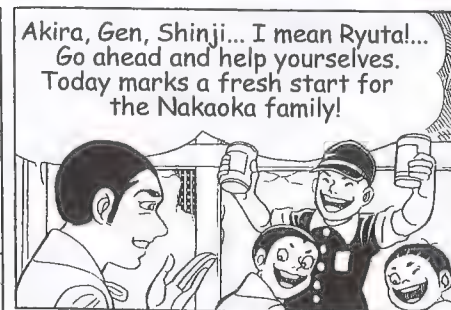
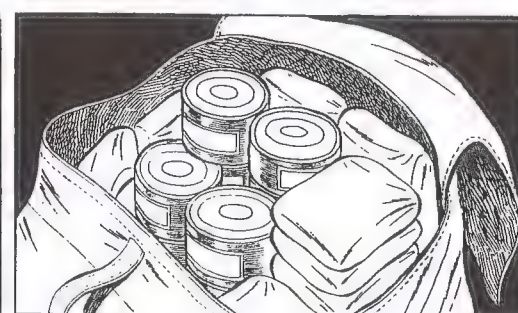
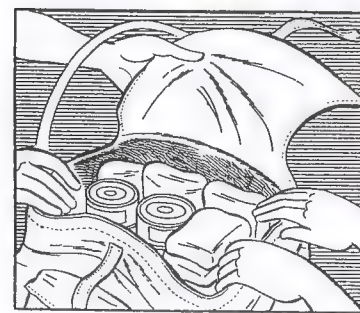
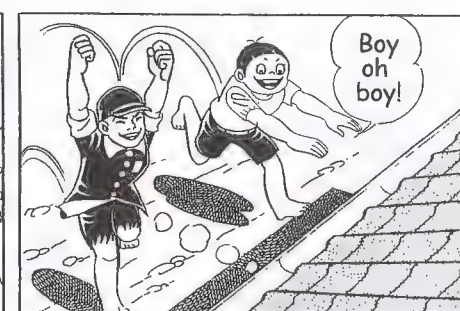
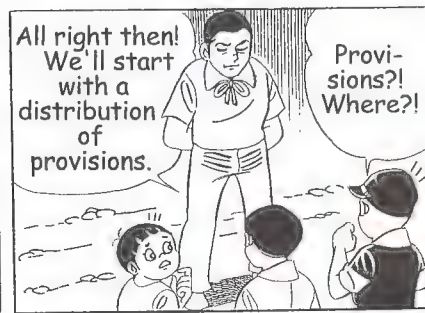
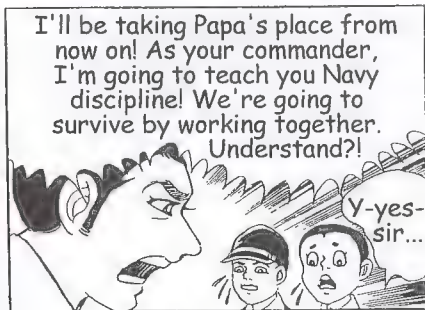
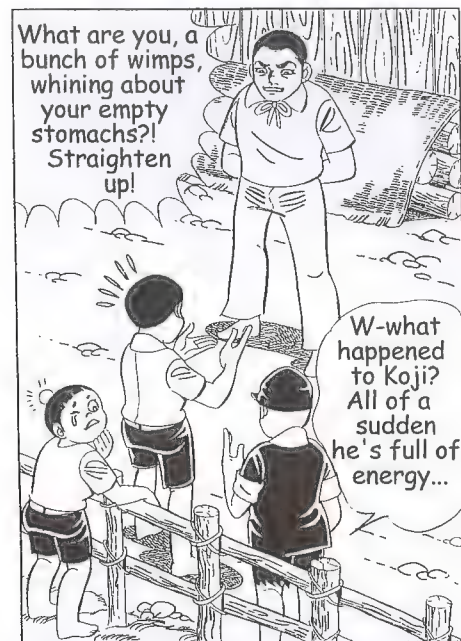
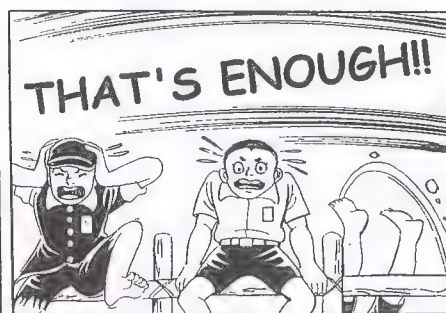


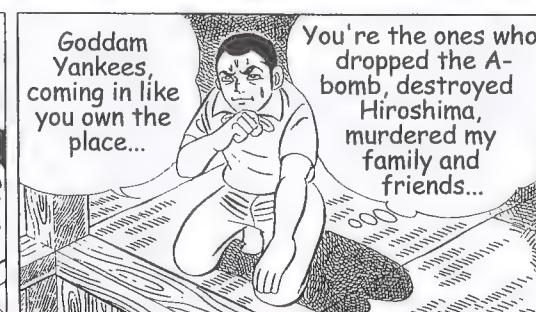
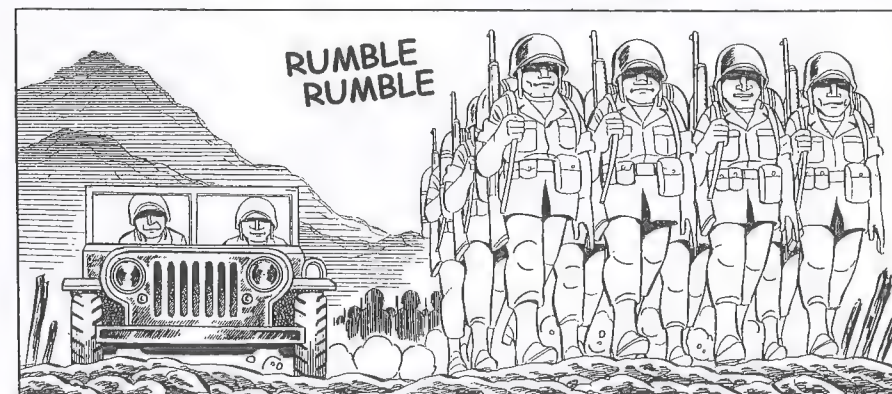
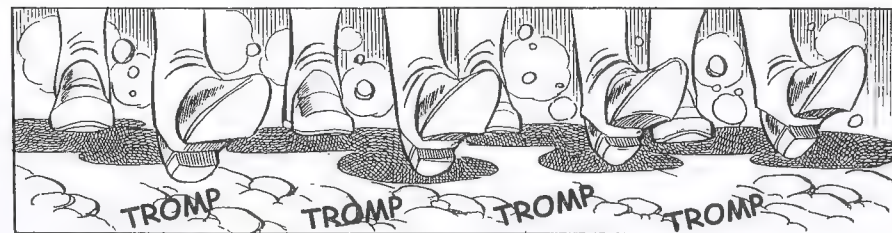
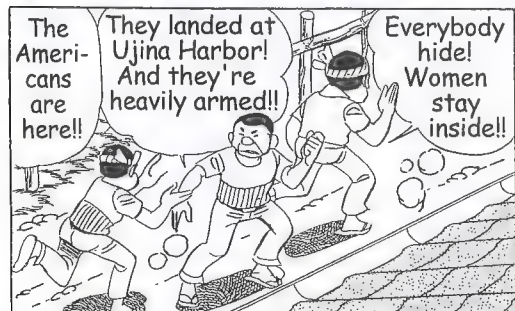
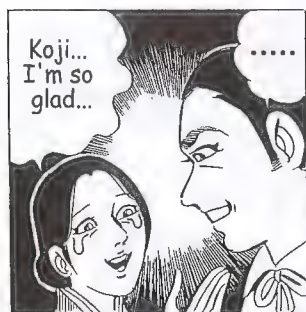
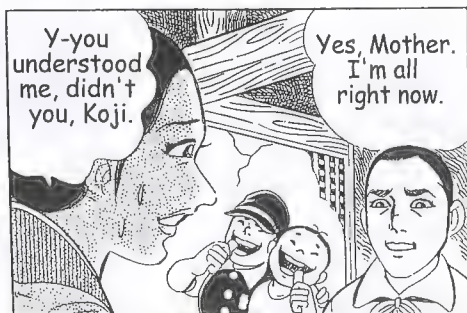


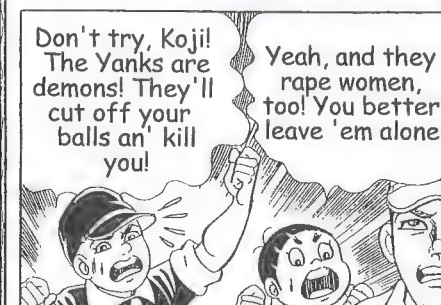
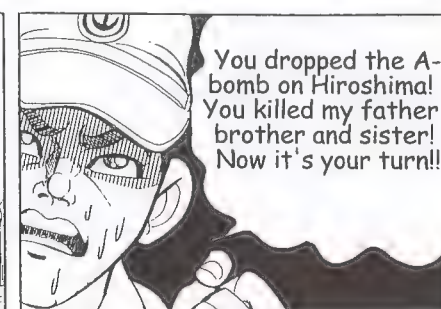
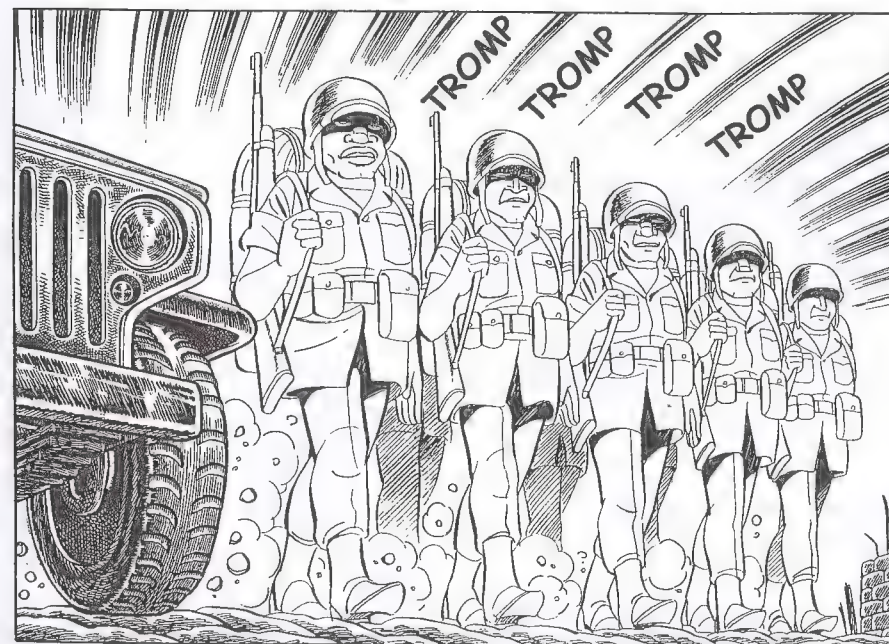


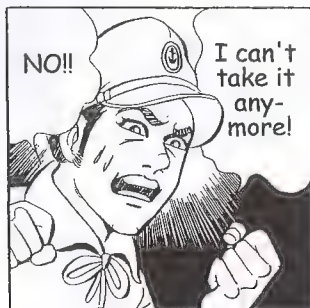




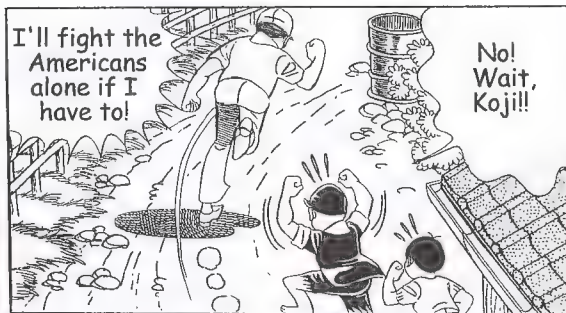








NO!!
I can't
take it
any-
more!



I'll fight the
Americans
alone if I
have to!

No!
Wait,
Koji!!

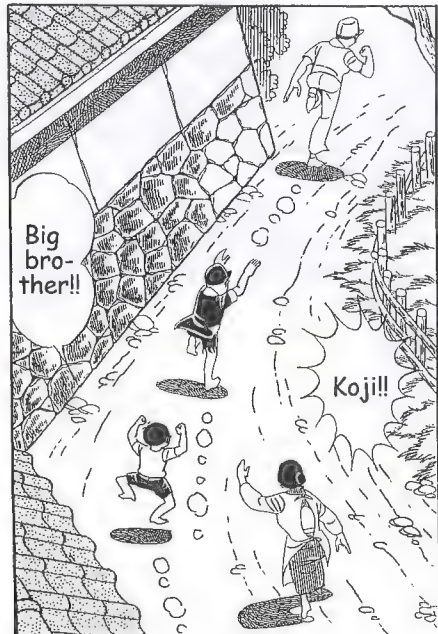


Mama! Koji ran
off to kill
the Yankees!!

What?!!



You've
got to
stop him,
Gen!!



Big
bro-
ther!!

Koji!!



Koji,
wait!!



Leggo,
Gen!
Outta
my way!

Don't do it,
Koji! What'll
we do if you
die?!

Yeah!



Unh!

WHAP!

Fool!!



Come
to your
senses,
Koji!!



The war's over! Japan lost!
When are you going to accept
that? What do you think you
can do to the Americans all by
yourself?!

WHAP

SMACK



Don't
you
under-
stand?!



If I lose
you too, Koji,

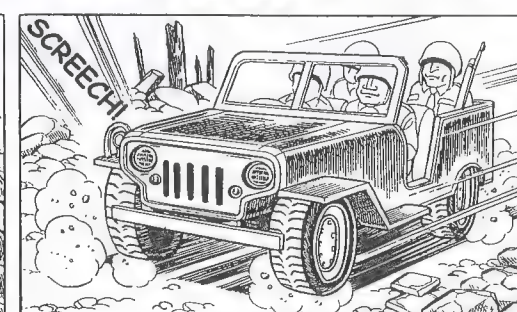
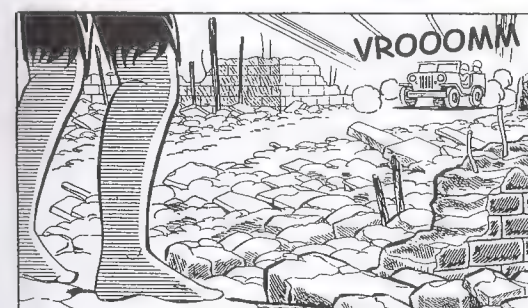
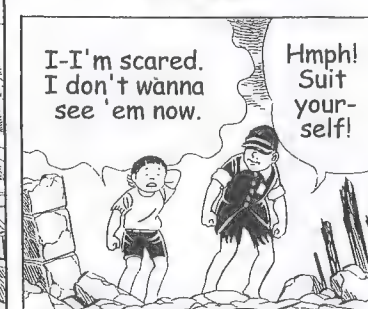
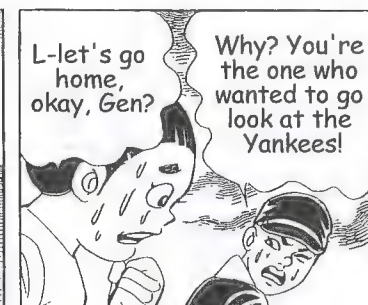
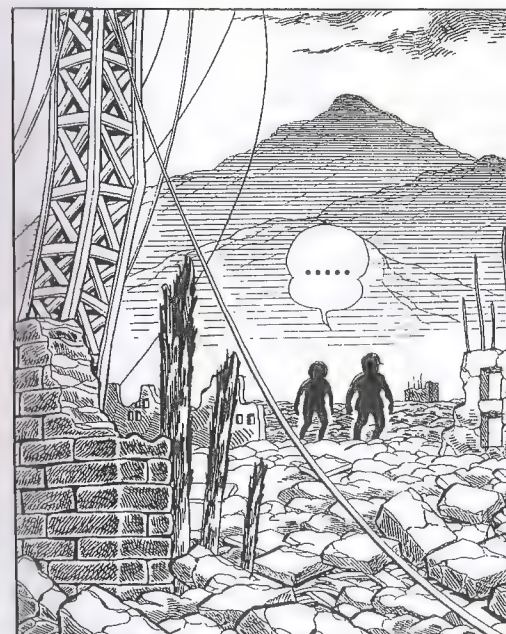
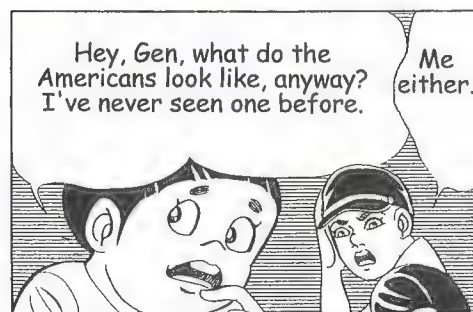
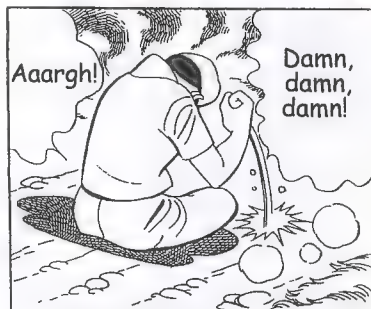
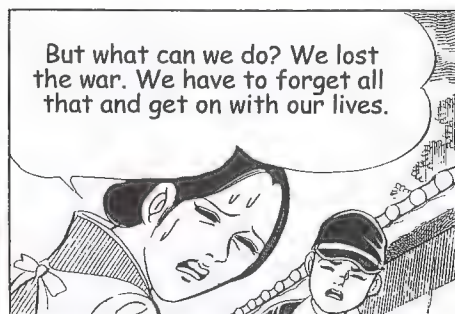
I'll go
insane!

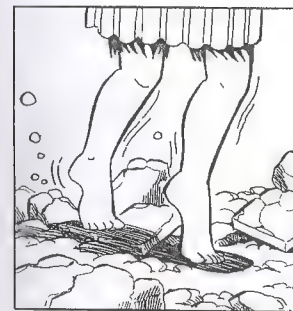
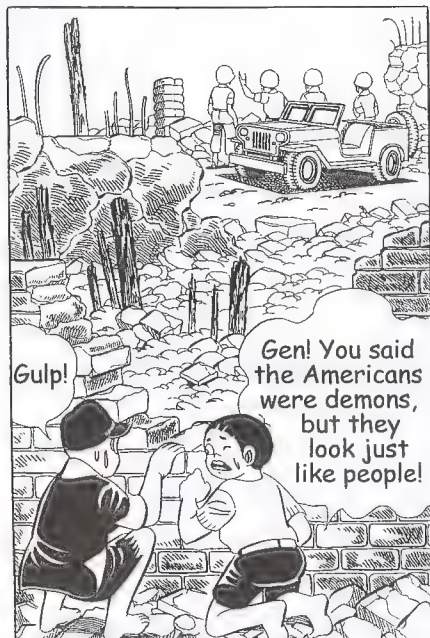


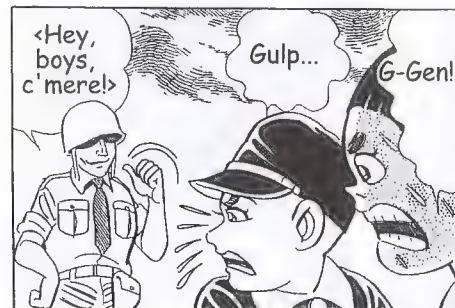
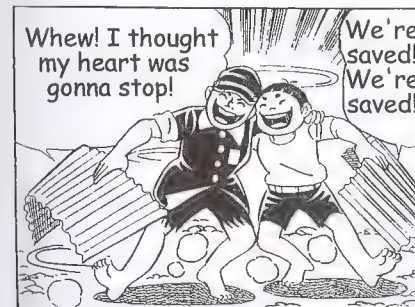
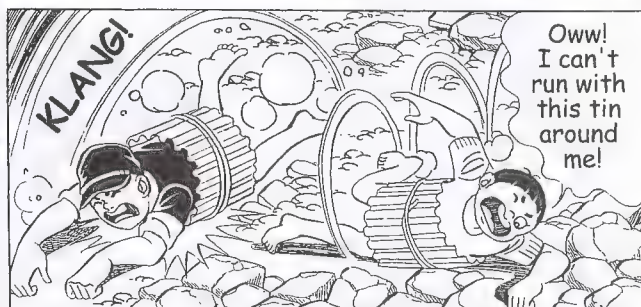
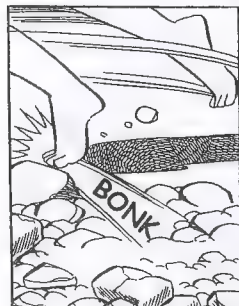
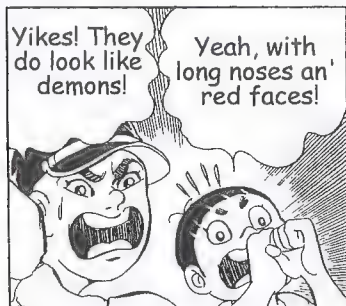
I beg you,
Koji, stop
this foolish
nonsense right
now...

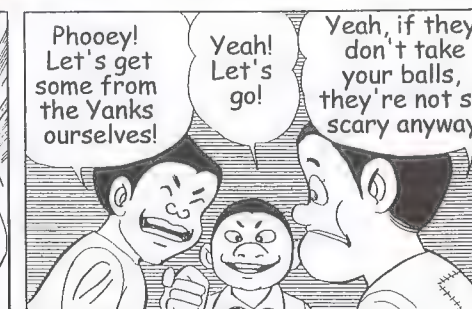
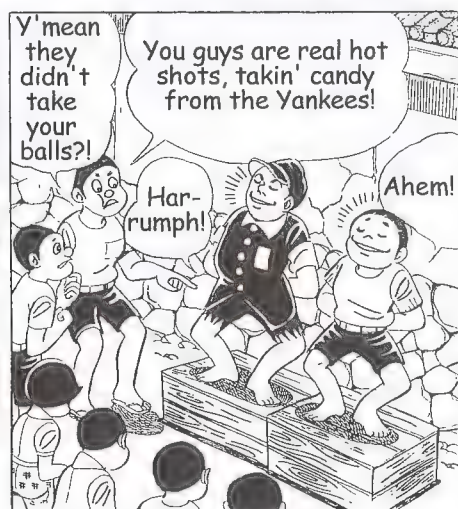
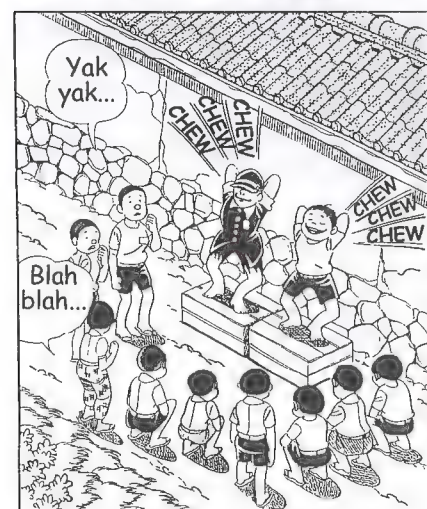
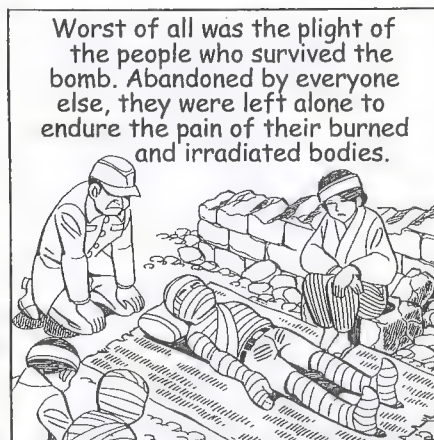
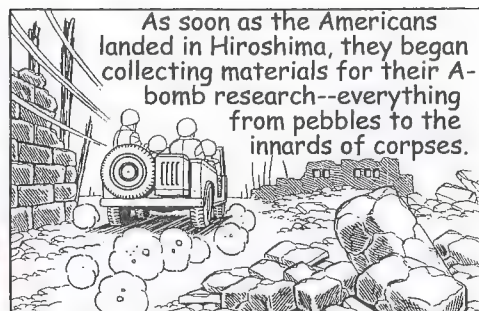


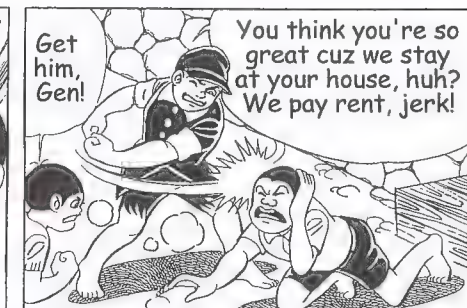
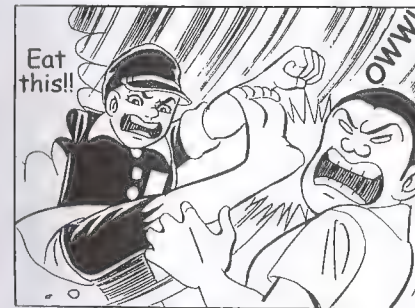
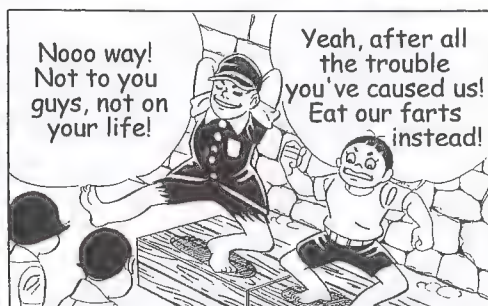
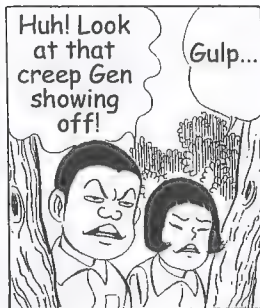
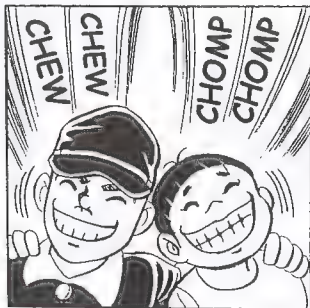
I can't stand
it, Mother.
I can't
stand it...



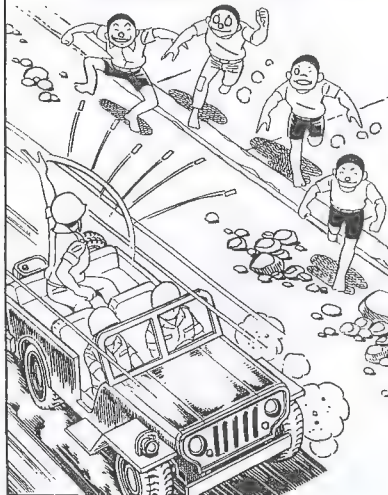








The rumor spread fast that the American soldiers were handing out gum and candy... Starved for sweets, children swarmed around the GI's.



All the scary rumors about the Yankees vanished into thin air.



That was fun today, huh, Ryuta!

Yeah, let's go visit the Yanks again tomorrow!

.....

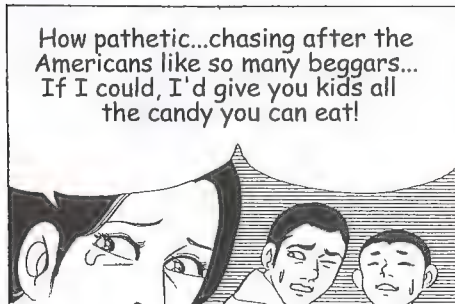


SOB SOB

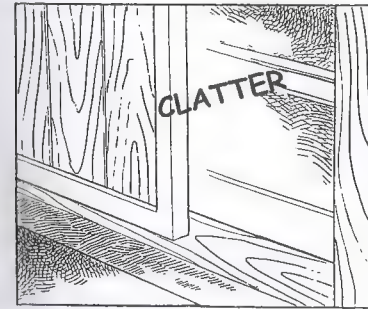
W-what's wrong, Mama?



How pathetic...chasing after the Americans like so many beggars... If I could, I'd give you kids all the candy you can eat!

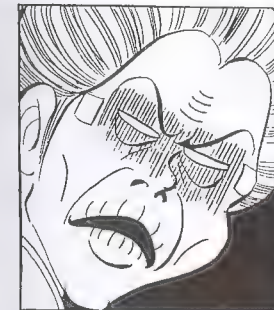


So this is what it means to be a conquered country...



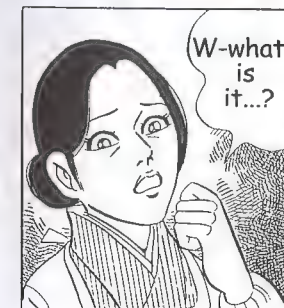
Wha-?

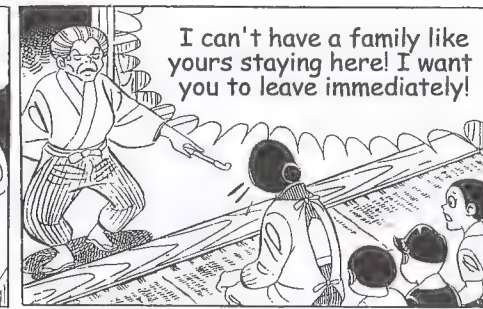
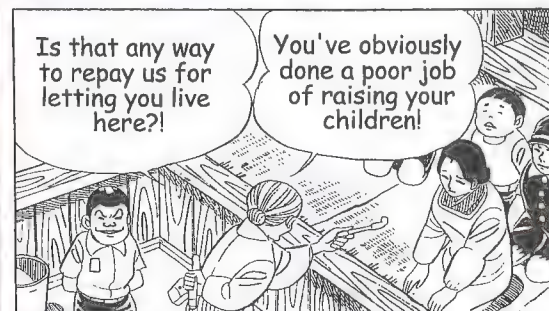
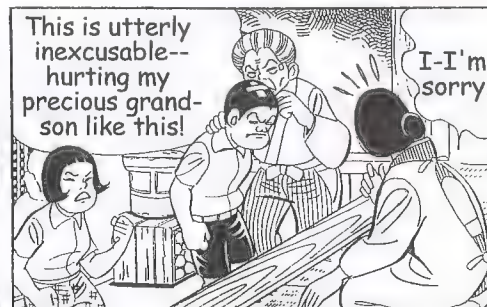
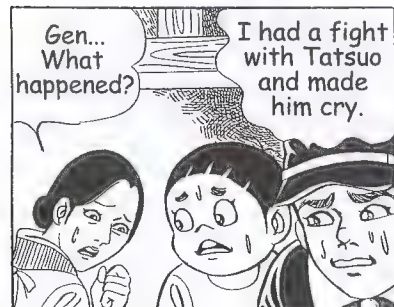
Urkl!

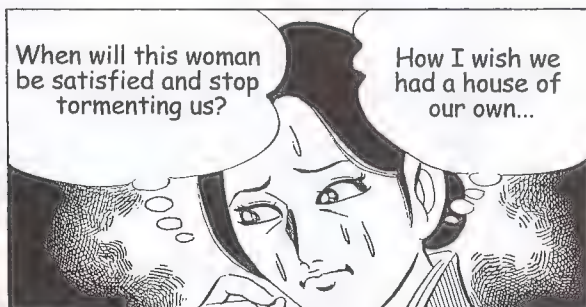
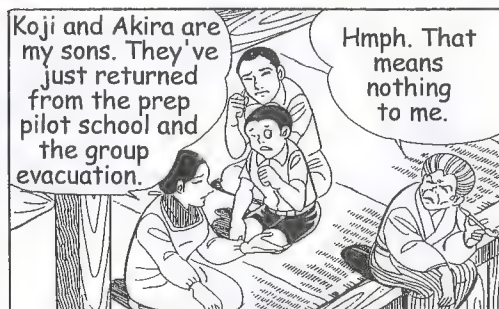
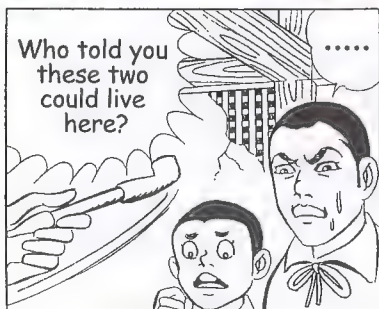
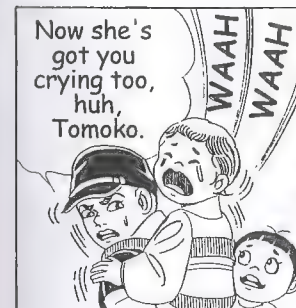


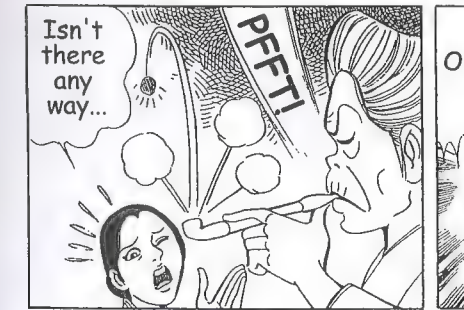
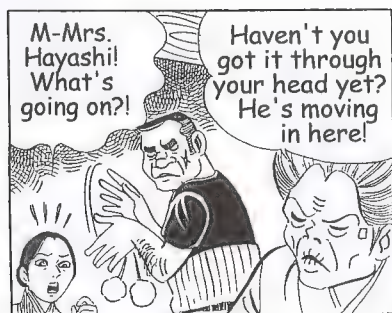
KIMIE, I WANT YOU OUT OF THIS HOUSE NOW!

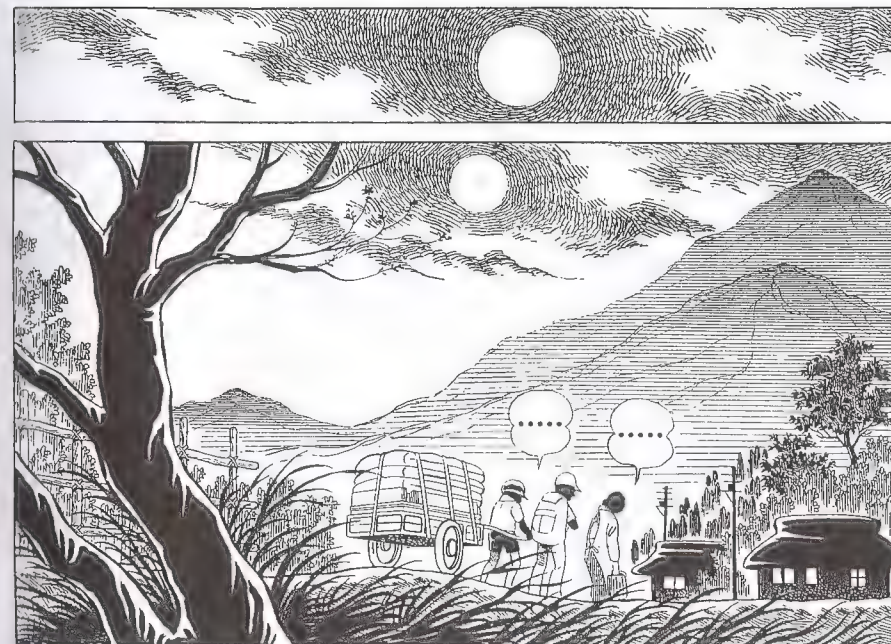
What?!













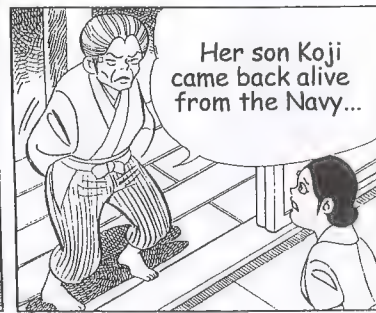
Mother! How could you kick my friend Kimie out without even telling me?!

Quiet!

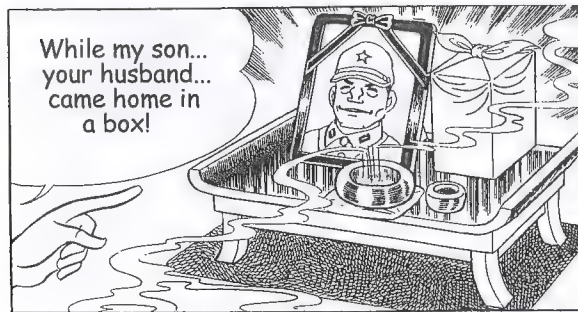


It made me sick just to look at 'em!

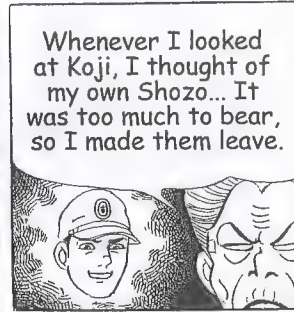
W-why?!



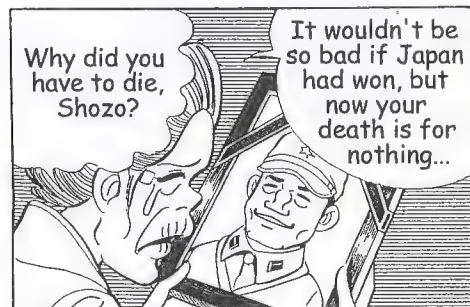
Her son Koji came back alive from the Navy...



While my son... your husband... came home in a box!

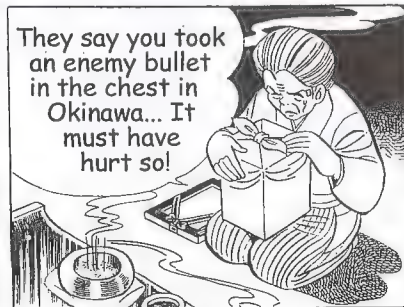


Whenever I looked at Koji, I thought of my own Shozo... It was too much to bear, so I made them leave.

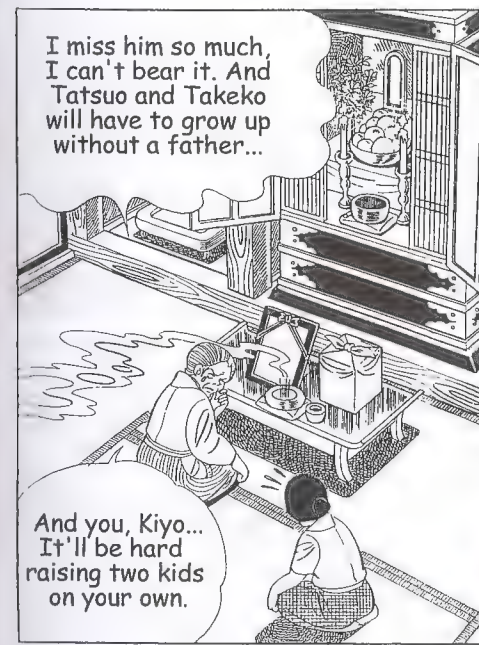


Why did you have to die, Shozo?

It wouldn't be so bad if Japan had won, but now your death is for nothing...

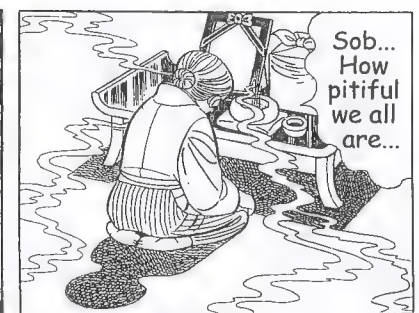


They say you took an enemy bullet in the chest in Okinawa... It must have hurt so!



I miss him so much, I can't bear it. And Tatsuo and Takeko will have to grow up without a father...

And you, Kiyo... It'll be hard raising two kids on your own.



Sob... How pitiful we all are...



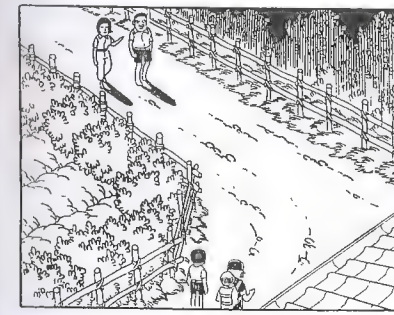
Huh! So the old lady kicked us out because her son died in the war, did she!

Wow, even that old witch cries!



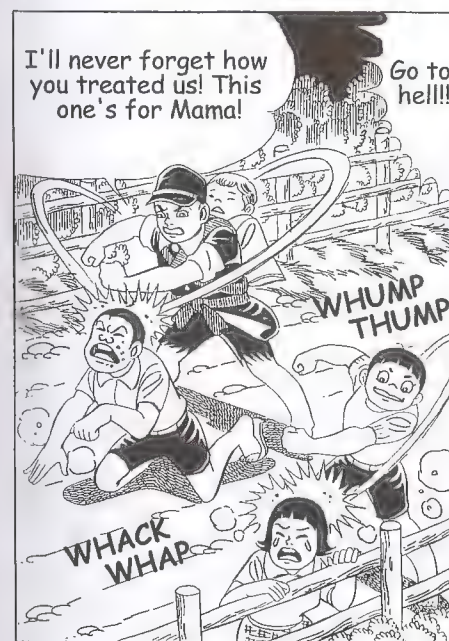
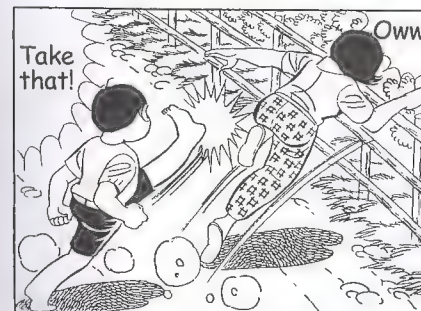
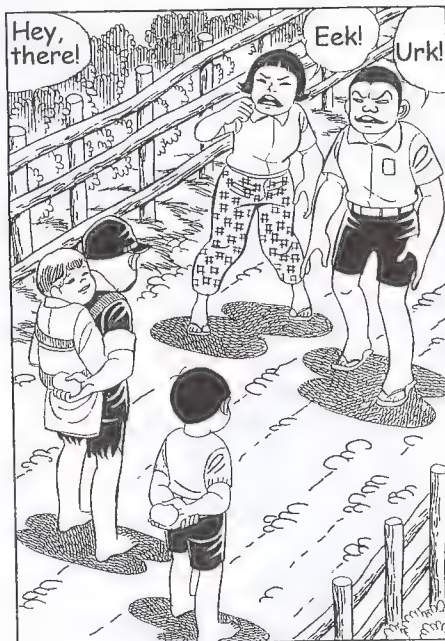
She oughta be mad at the people who started the war, not at us!

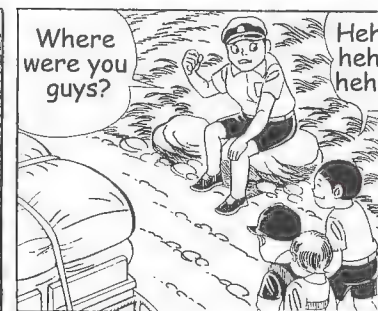
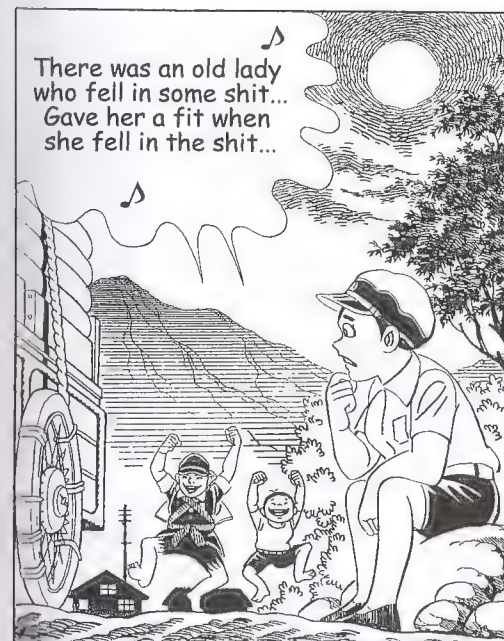
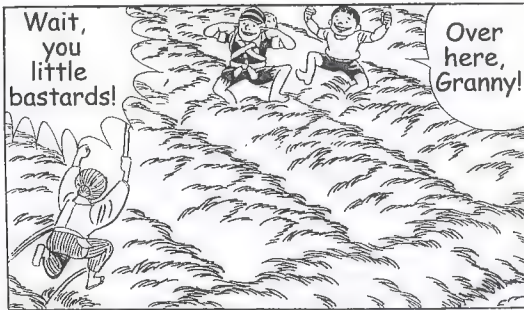
That's right!

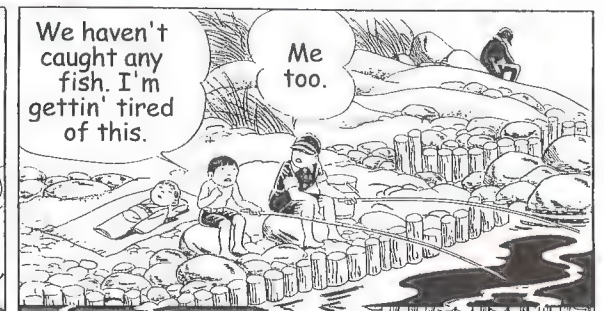
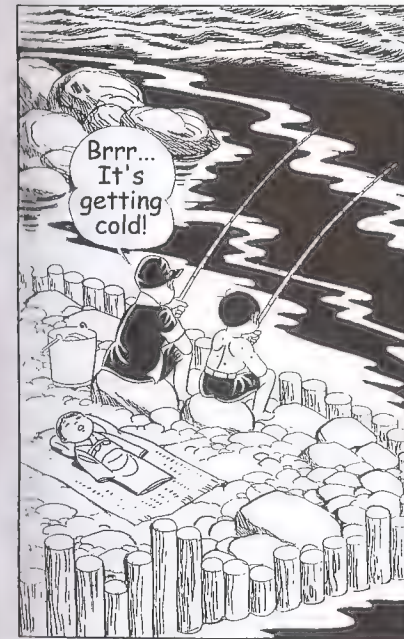
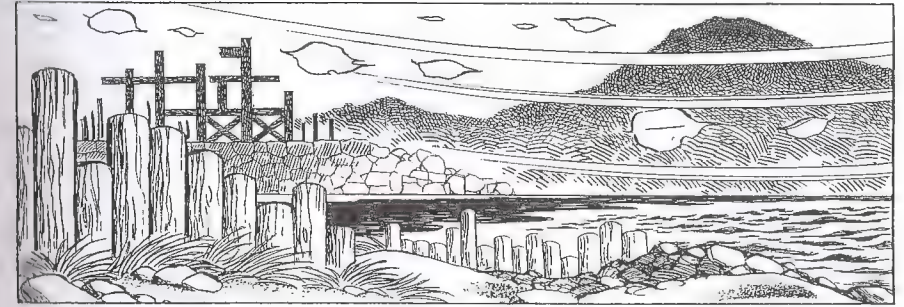
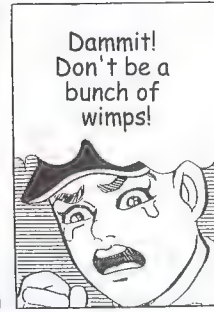
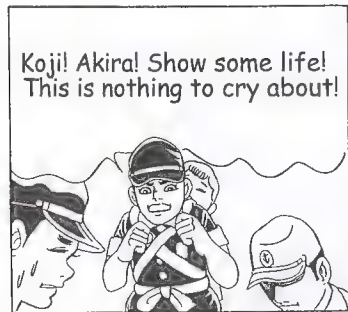
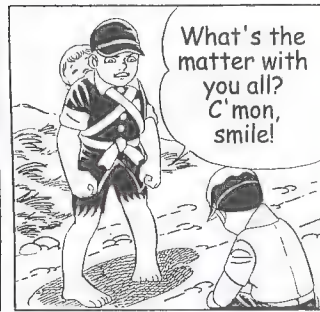
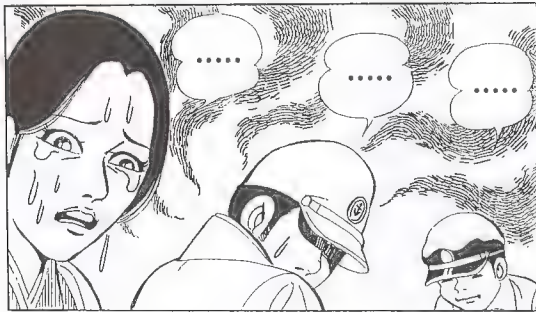


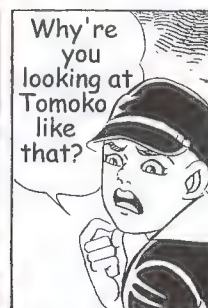
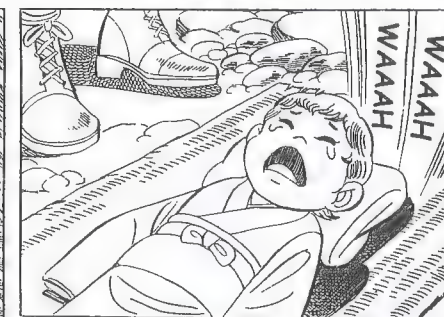
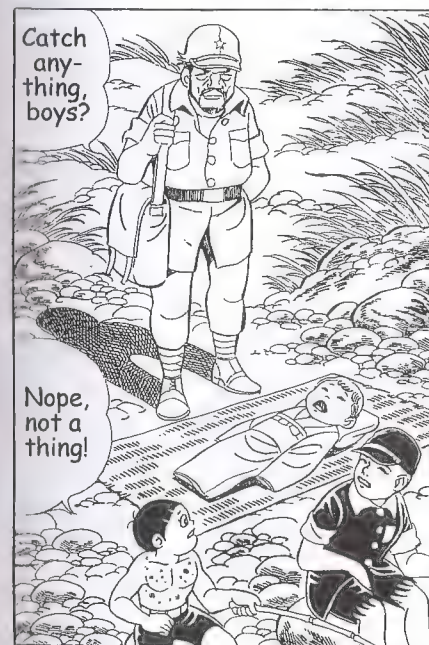
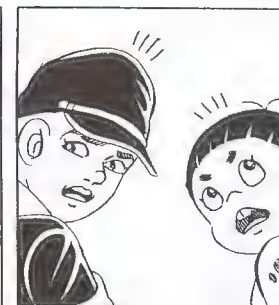
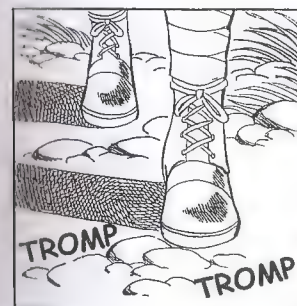
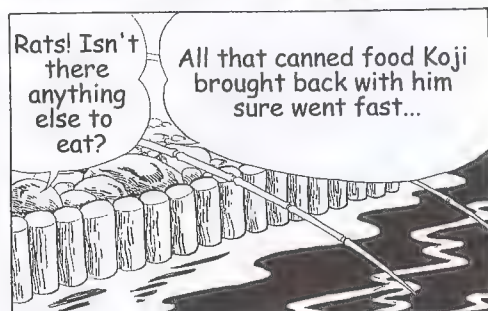
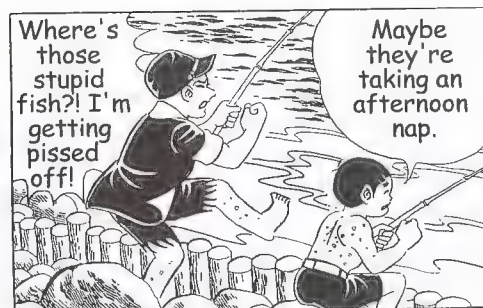
It's Tatsuo and Takeko.

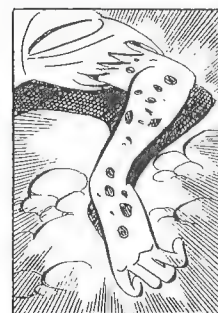
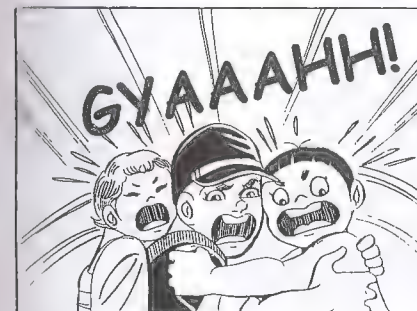
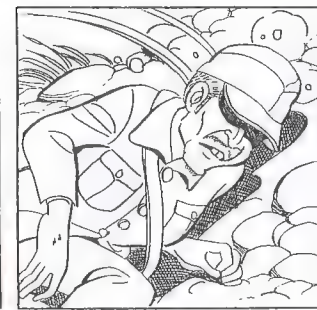
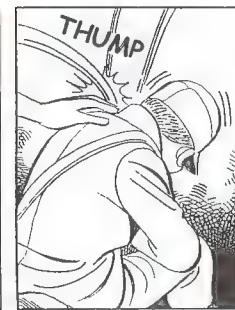
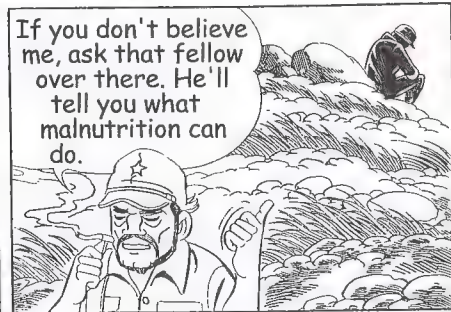
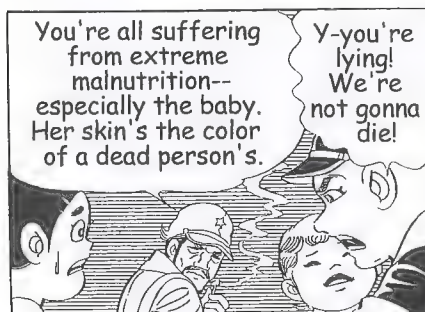
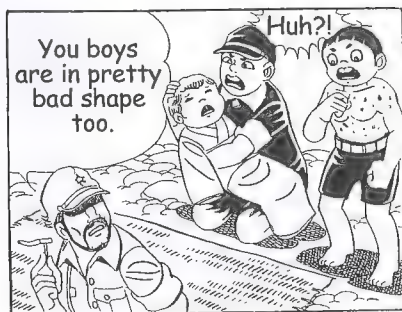
Now's our chance!

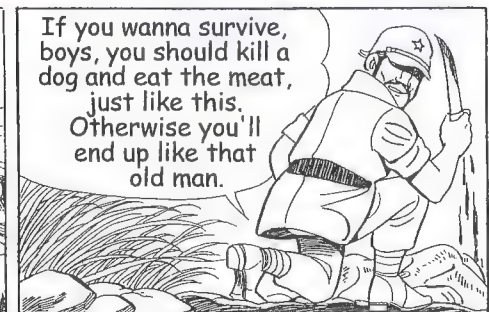
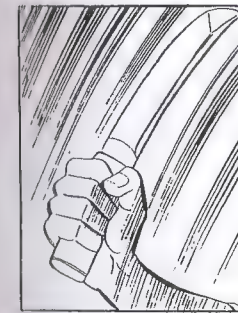
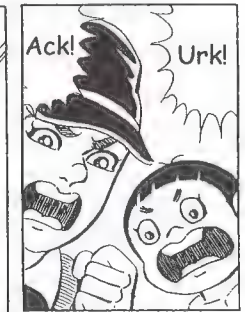
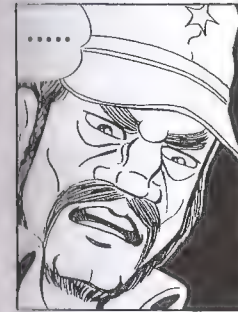
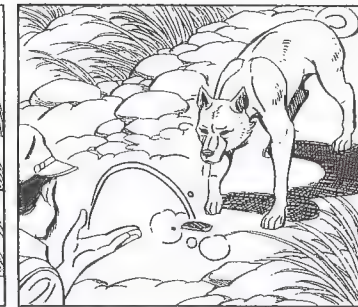
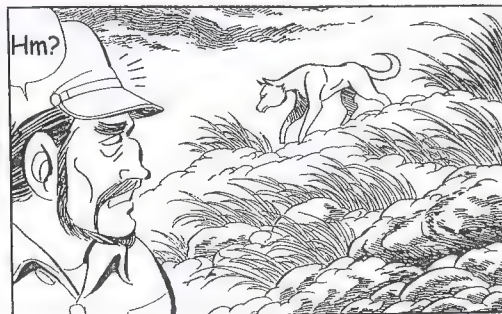
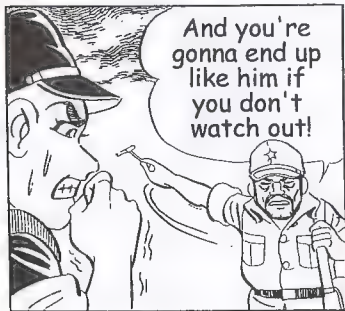
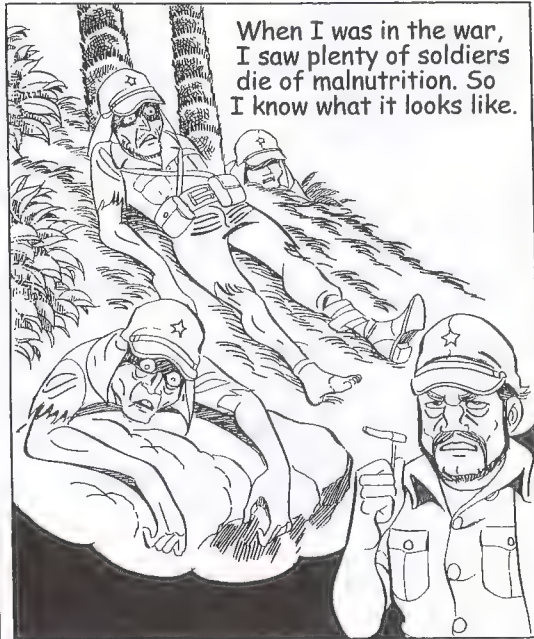
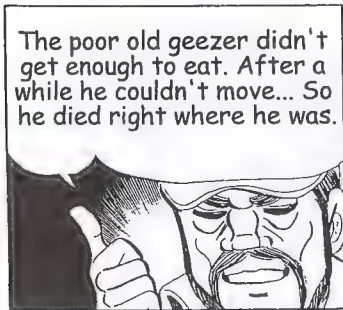


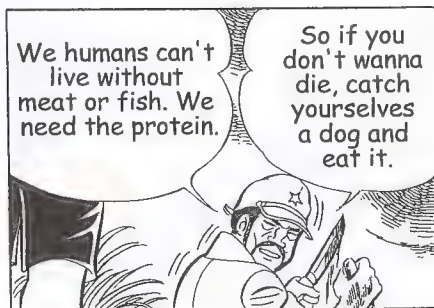




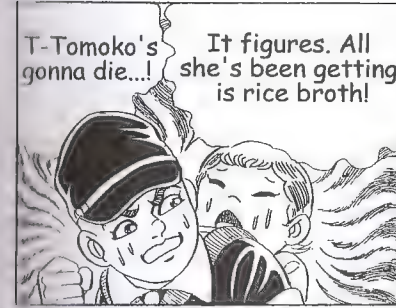
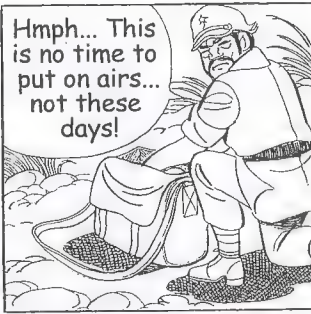
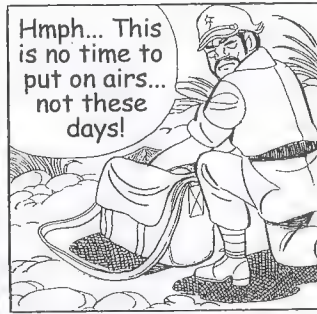
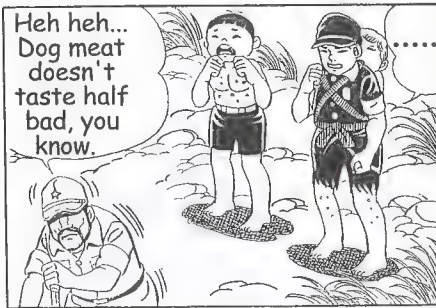




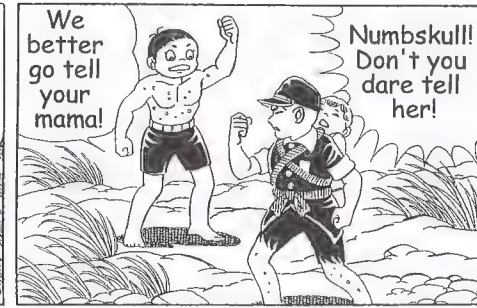




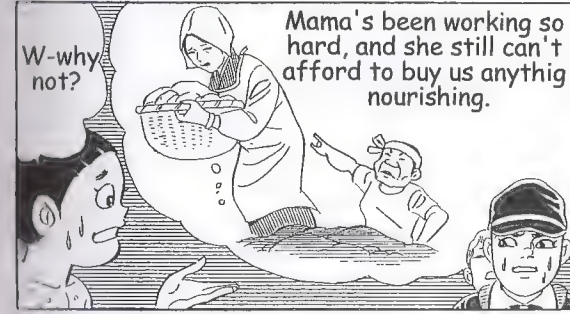
So if you don't wanna die, catch yourselves a dog and eat it.



It figures. All she's been getting is rice broth!



Numbskull! Don't you dare tell her!



Mama's been working so hard, and she still can't afford to buy us anything nourishing.



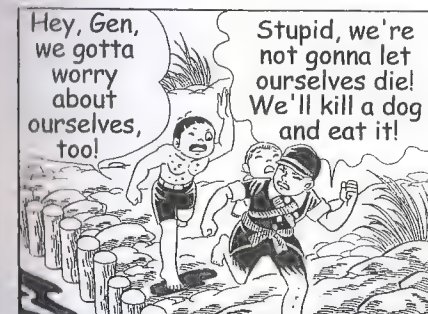
It would only make her feel worse!



D-dammit, Tomoko, don't die! If you do, I'll never forgive you!



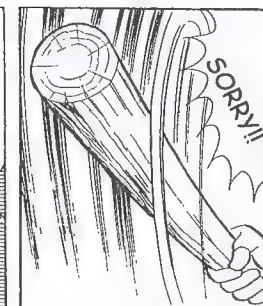
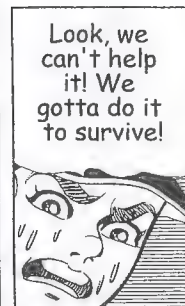
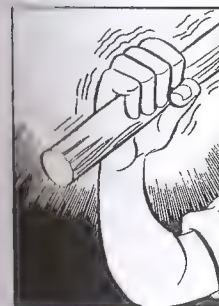
That's what she needs for nutrition.

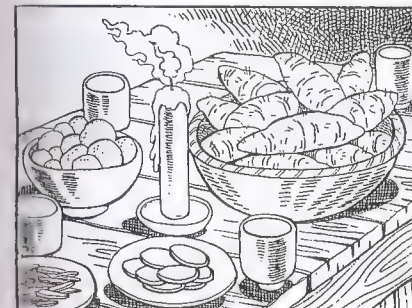
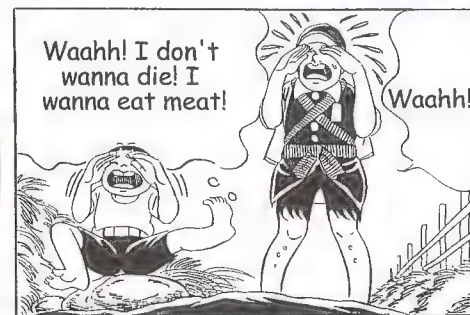
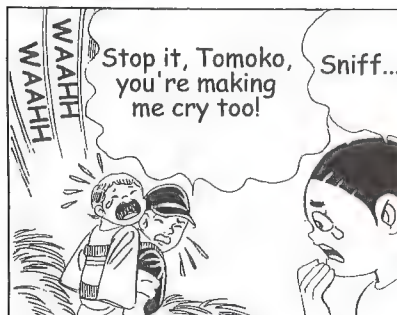
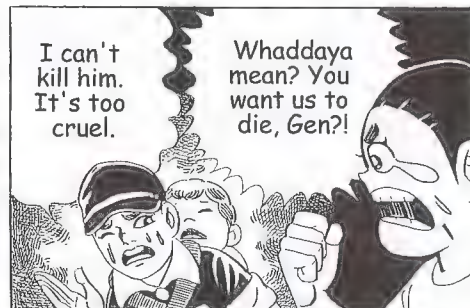
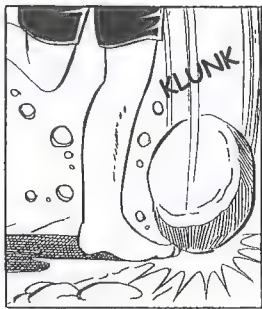


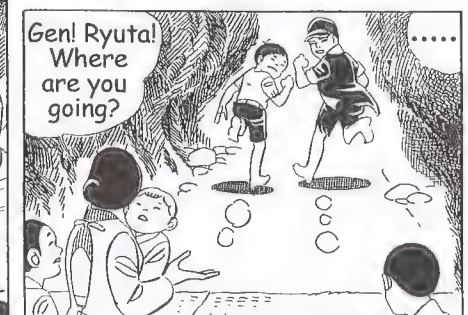
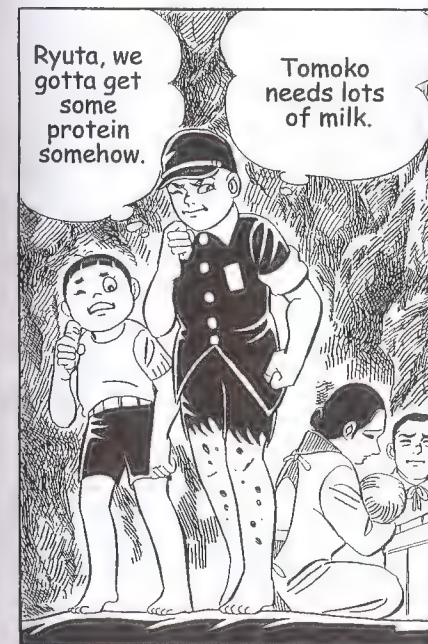
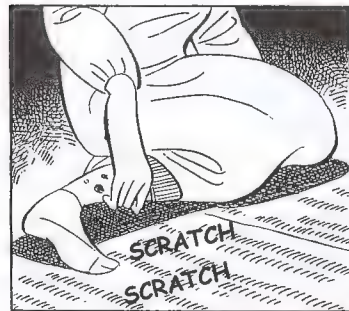
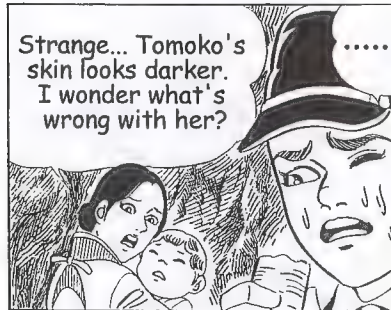
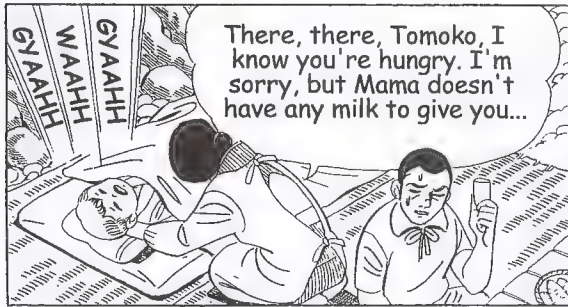
Stupid, we're not gonna let ourselves die! We'll kill a dog and eat it!

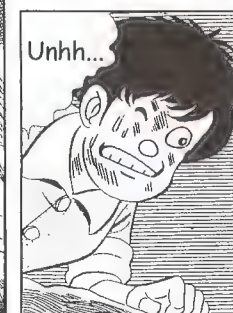
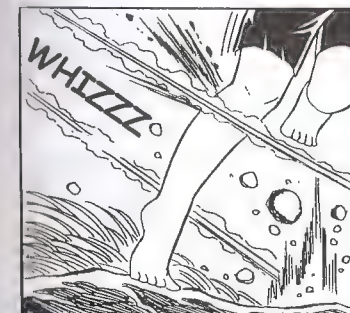
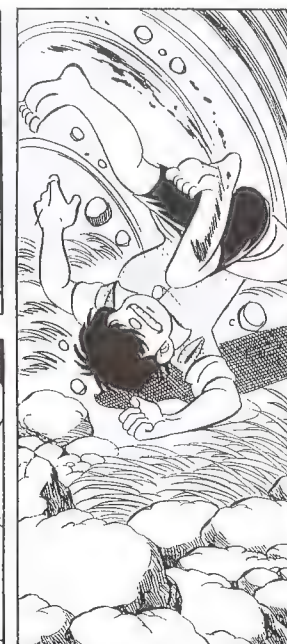
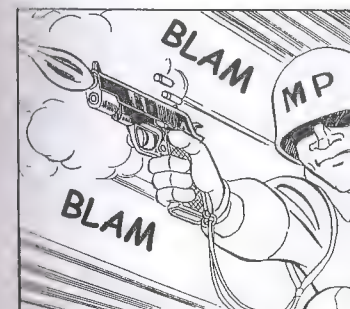
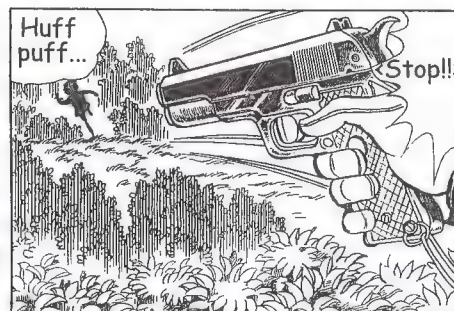
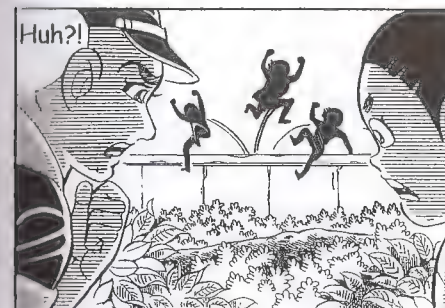
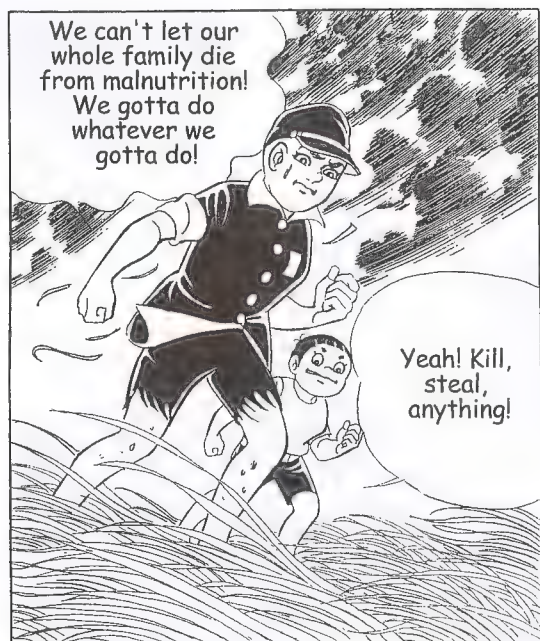


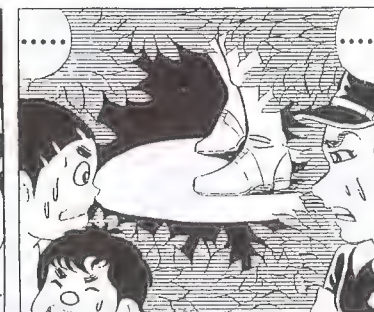
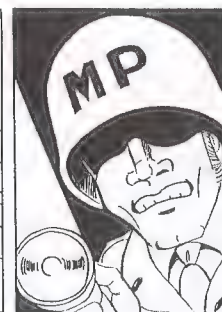
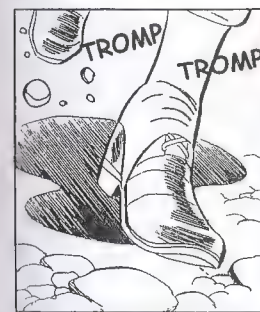
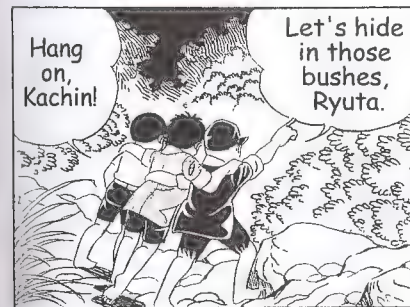
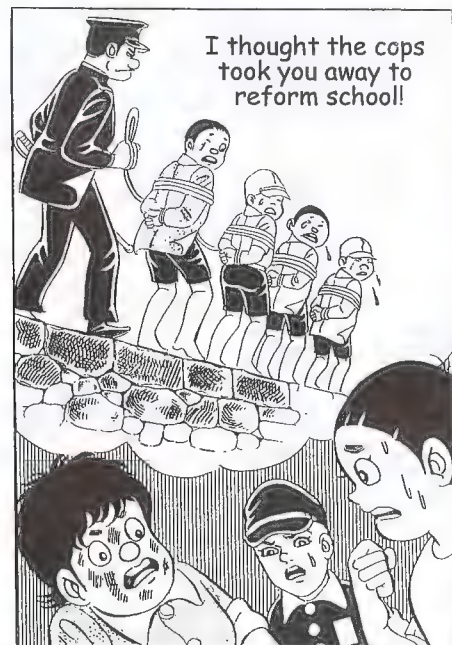
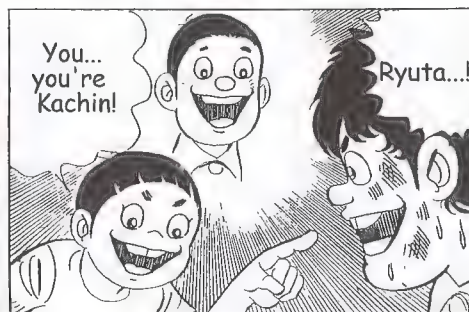
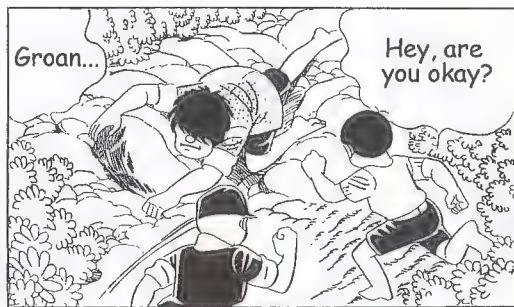
Yeah, for the protein!

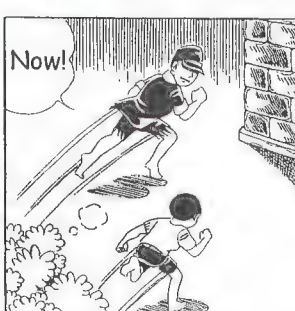
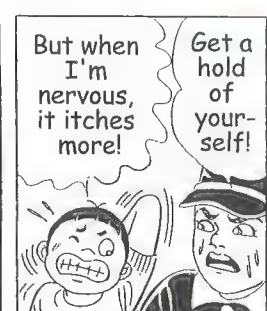
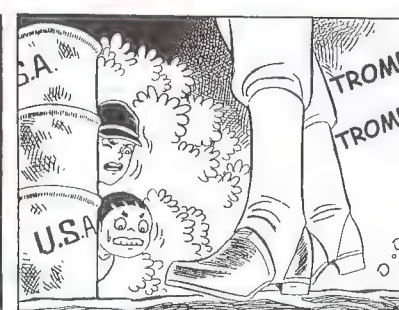
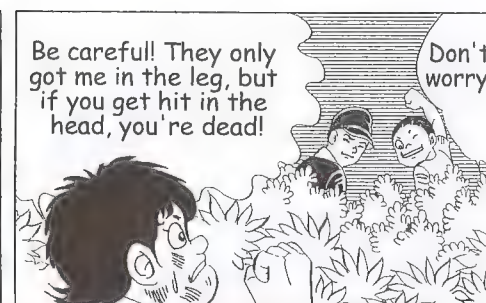
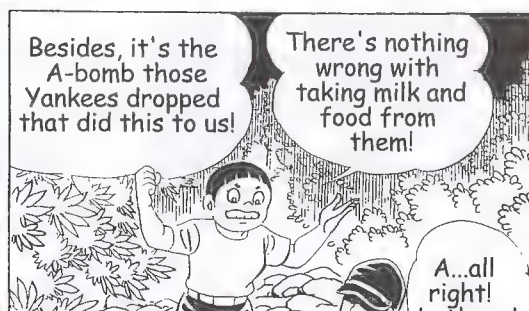


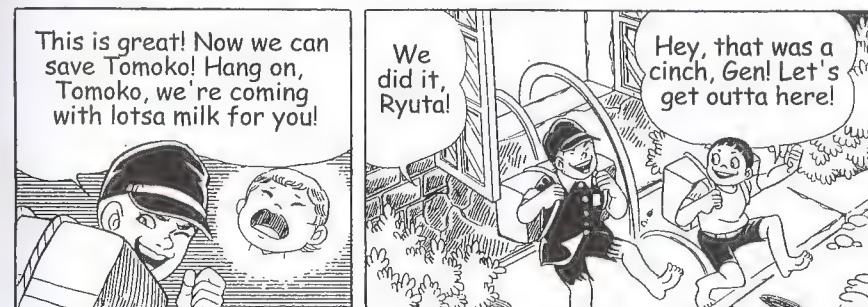
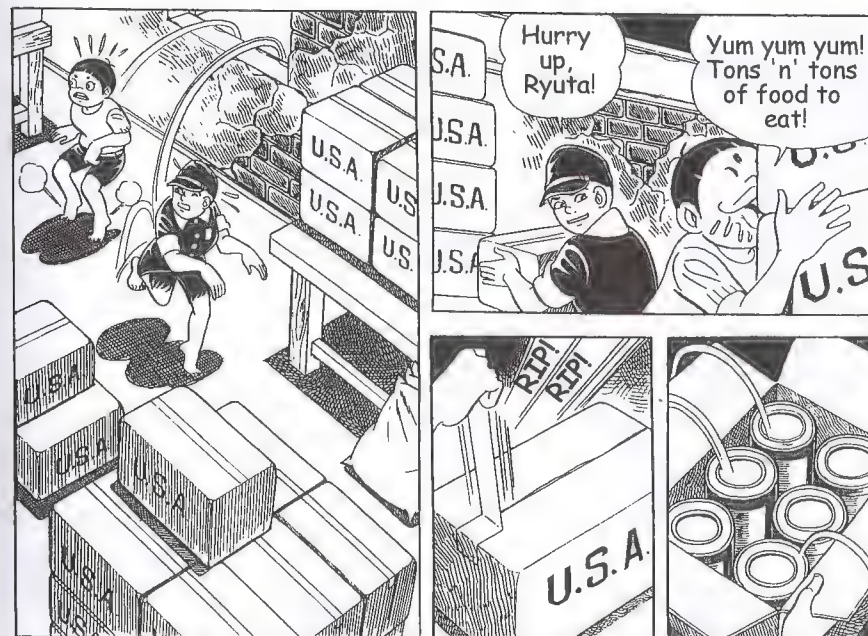
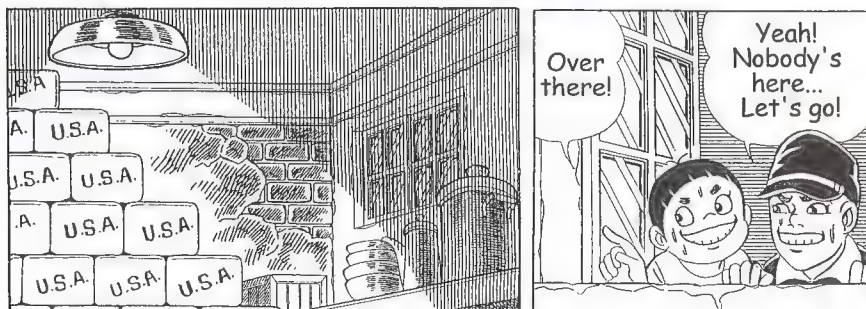
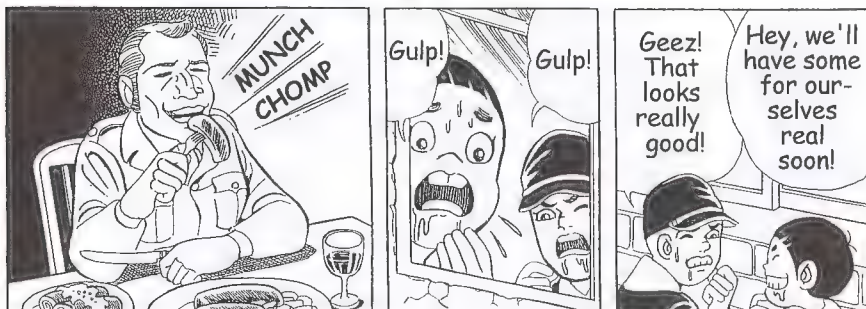


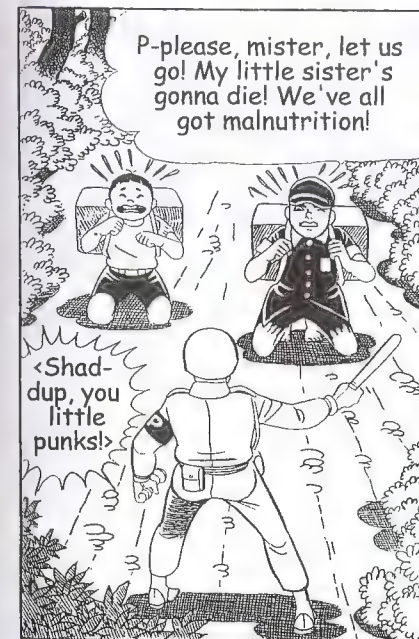
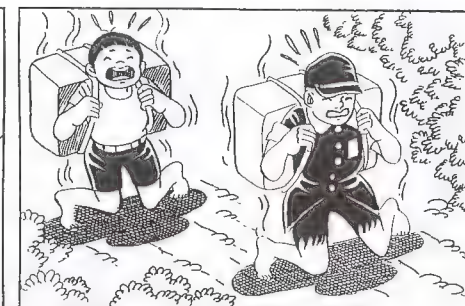
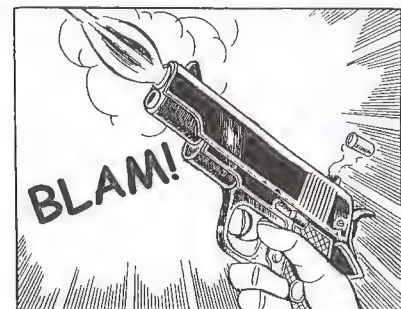
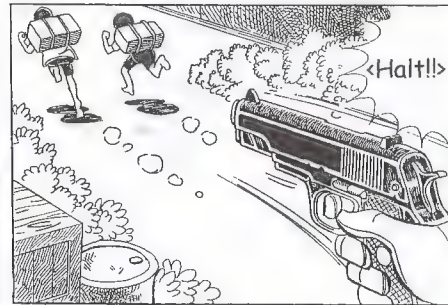
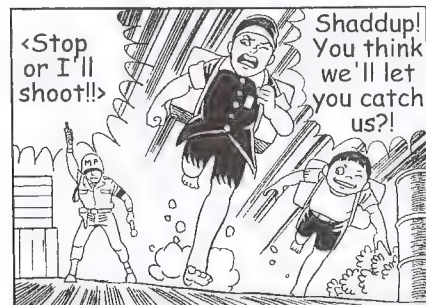
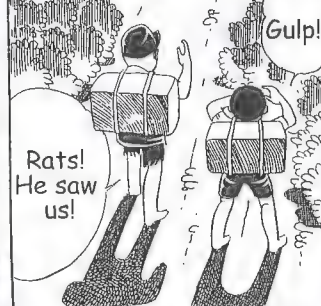
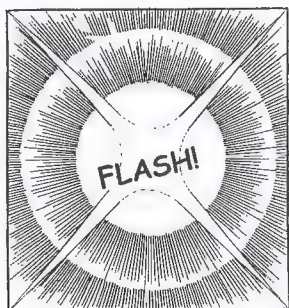


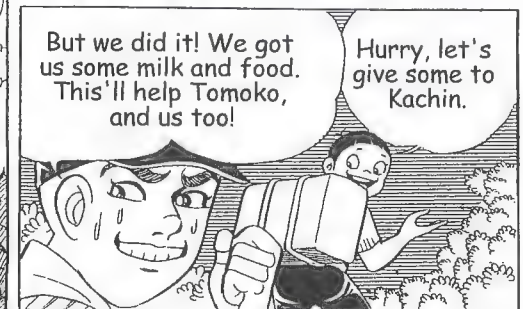
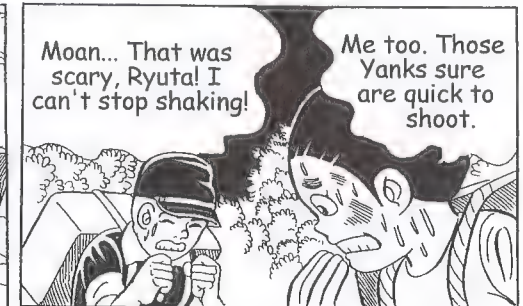
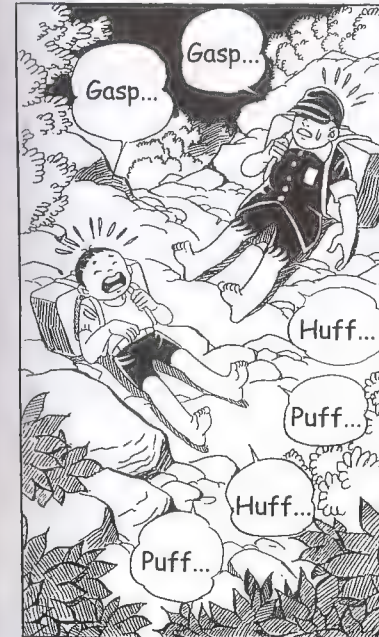
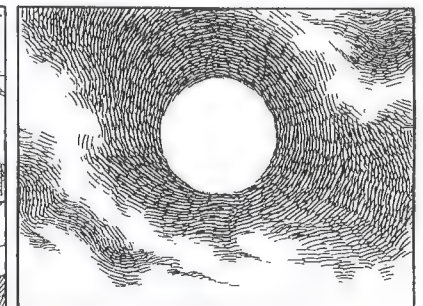
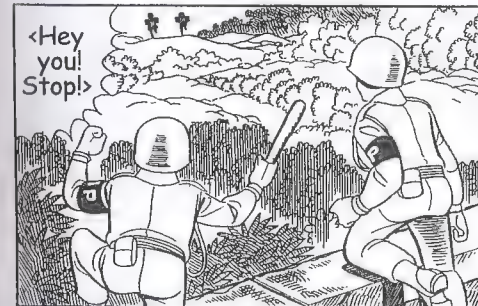
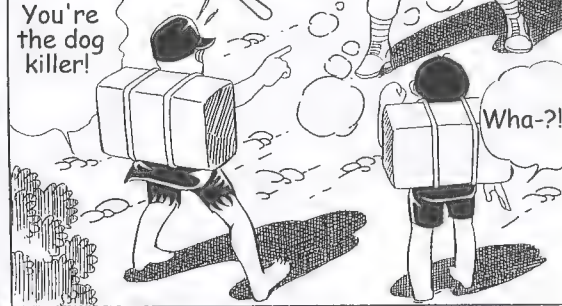
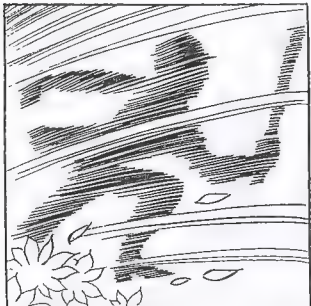
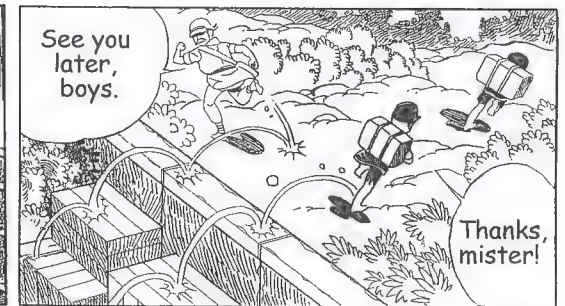
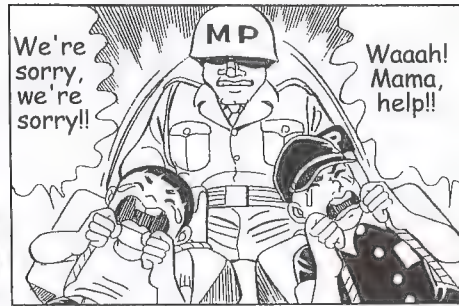
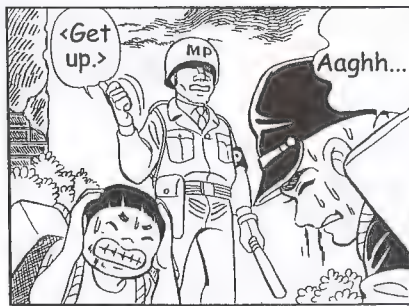


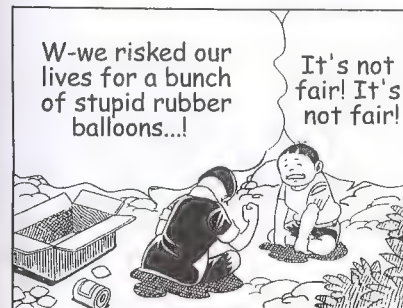
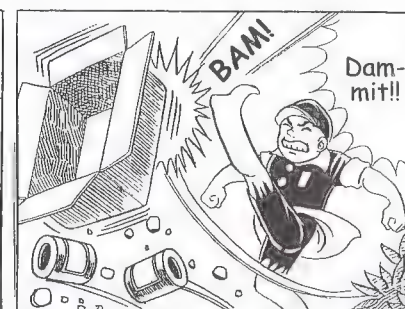
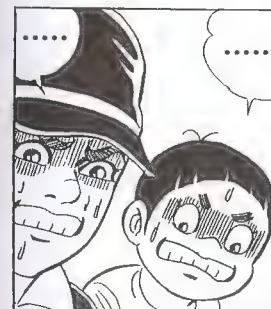
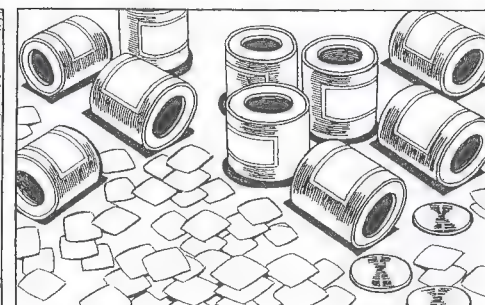
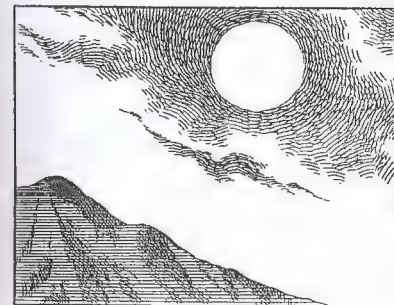
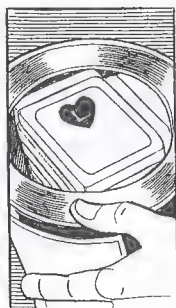
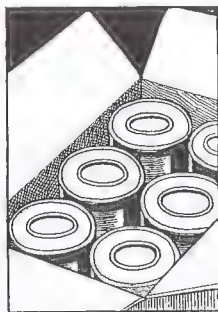
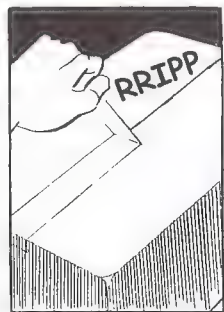


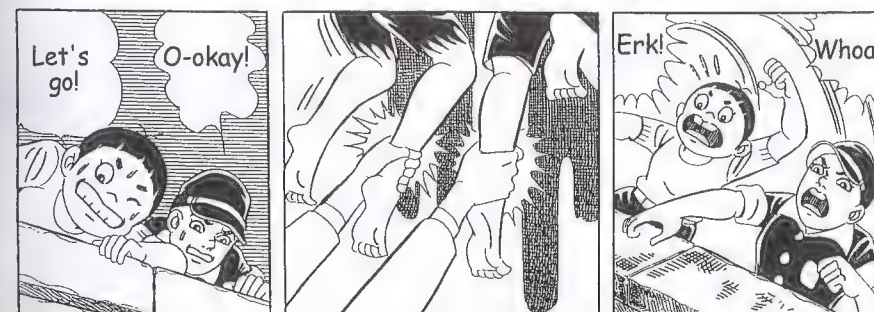
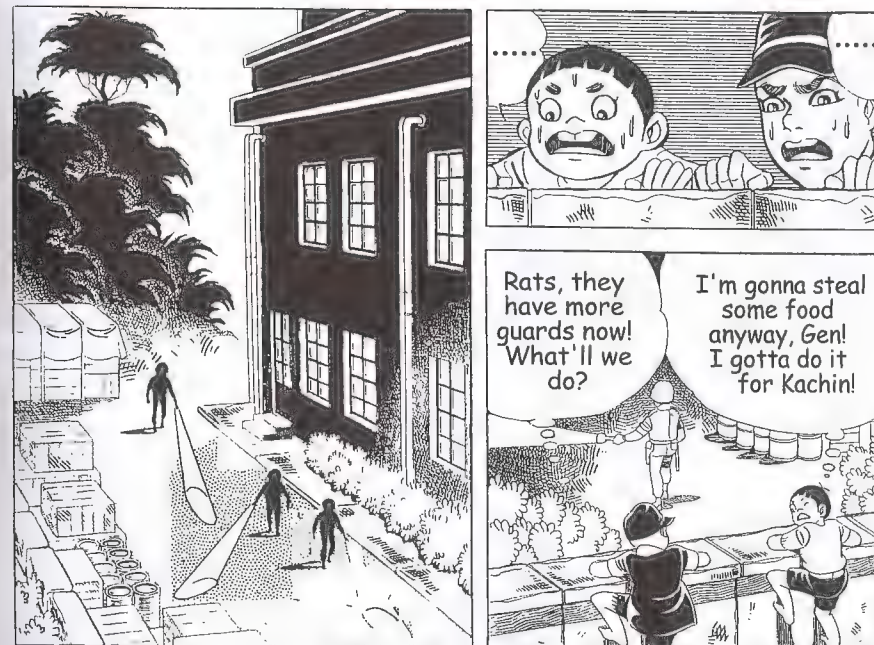
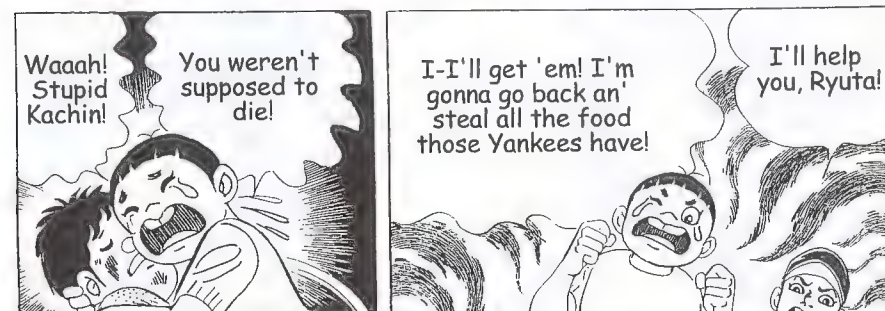


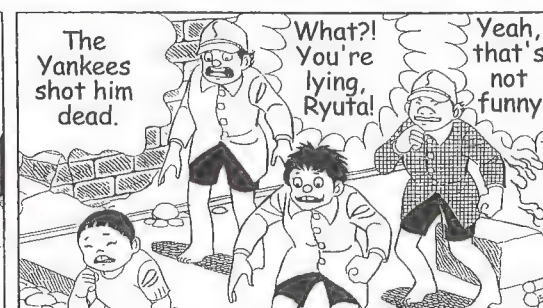
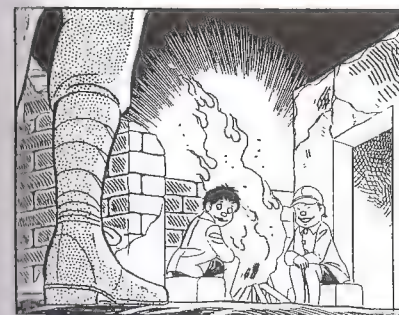
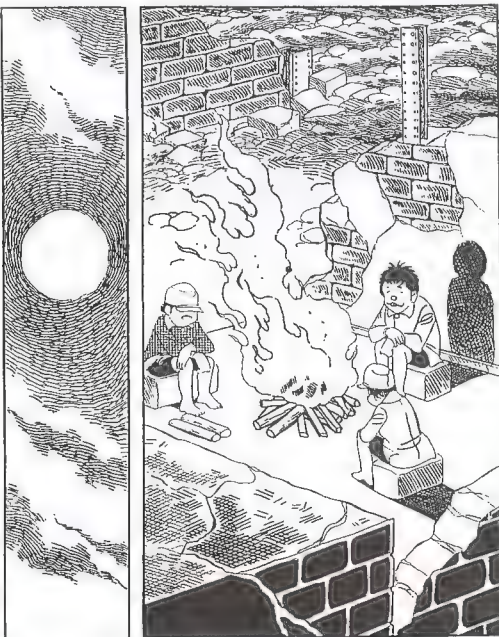






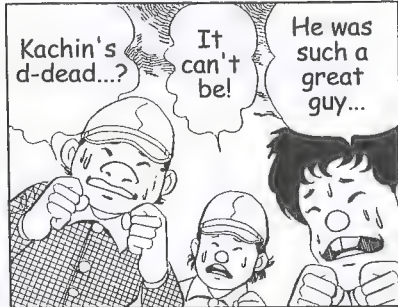








It's no lie. Gen and I buried him just a little while ago.

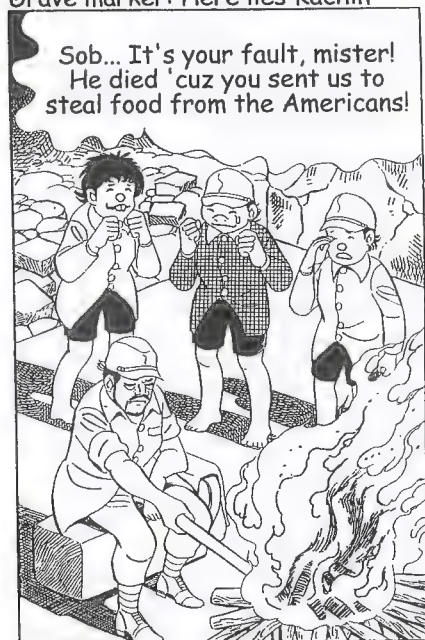


Kachin's d-dead...?

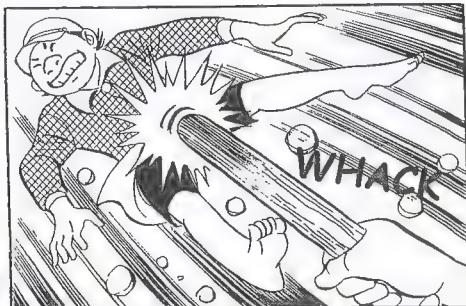
It can't be!

He was such a great guy...

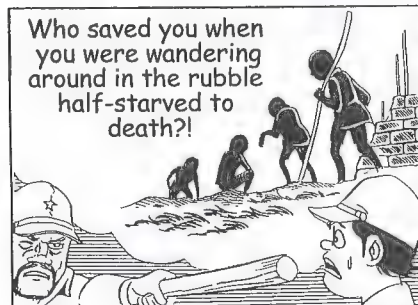
Grave marker: Here lies Kachin



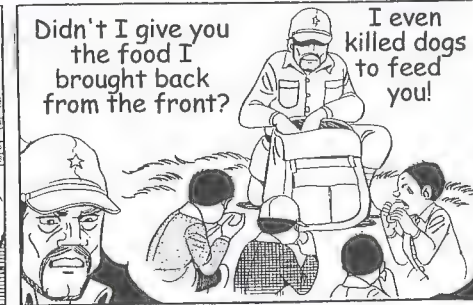
Sob... It's your fault, mister! He died 'cuz you sent us to steal food from the Americans!



Watch your mouth, you punks!!

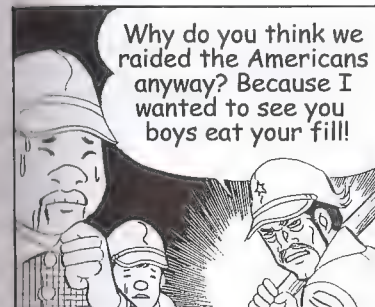


Who saved you when you were wandering around in the rubble half-starved to death?!

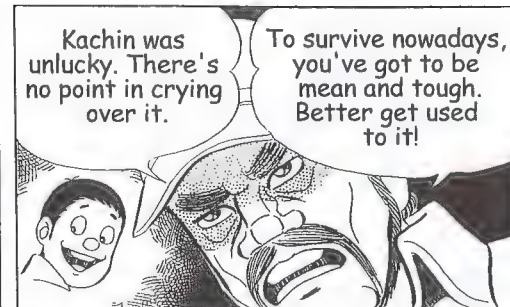


Didn't I give you the food I brought back from the front?

I even killed dogs to feed you!

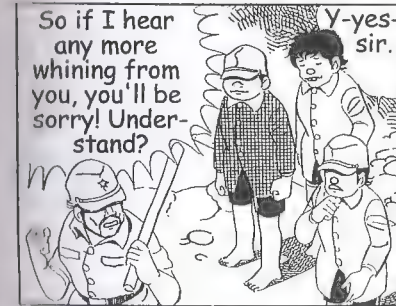


Why do you think we raided the Americans anyway? Because I wanted to see you boys eat your fill!



Kachin was unlucky. There's no point in crying over it.

To survive nowadays, you've got to be mean and tough. Better get used to it!



So if I hear any more whining from you, you'll be sorry! Understand?

Y-yes-sir.

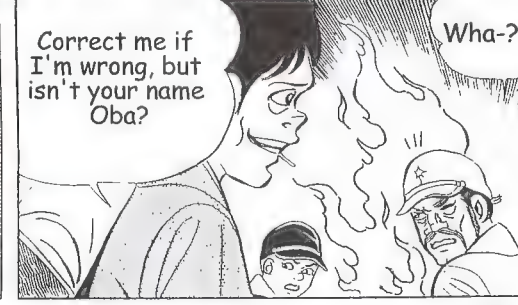
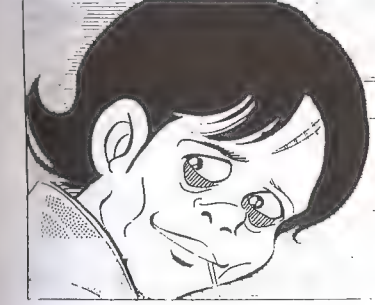


That guy's scary, Gen!

Y-yeah...

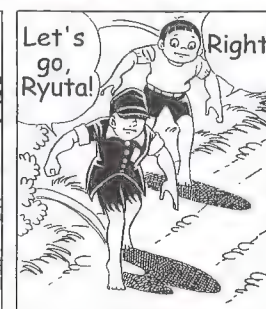
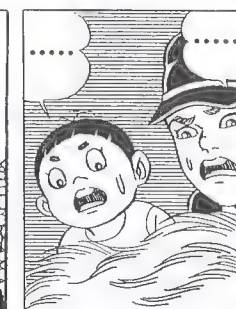
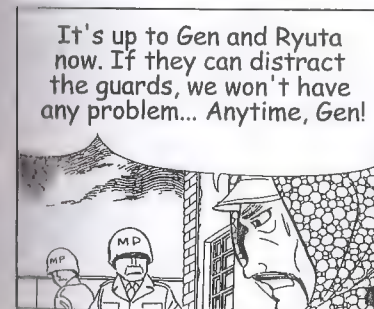
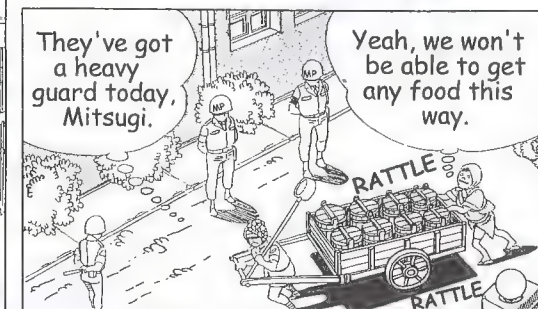
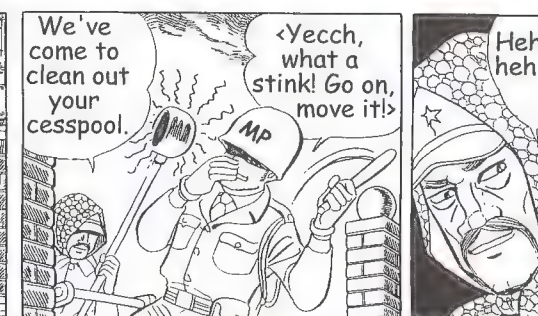
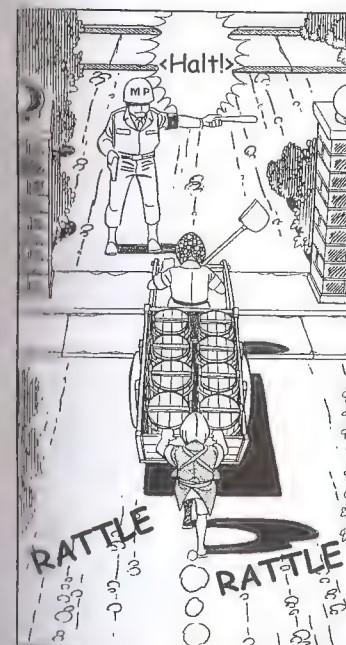
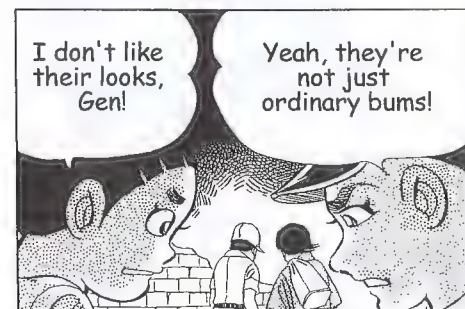
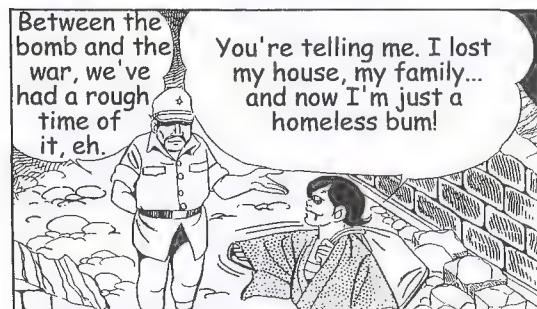


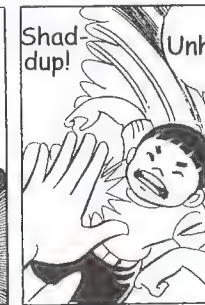
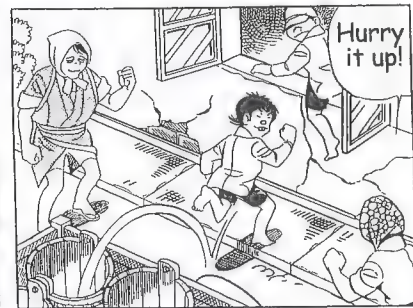
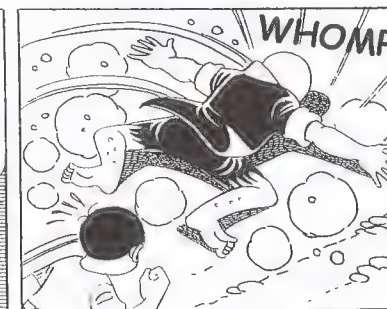
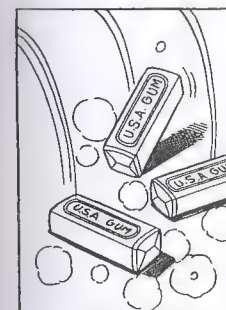
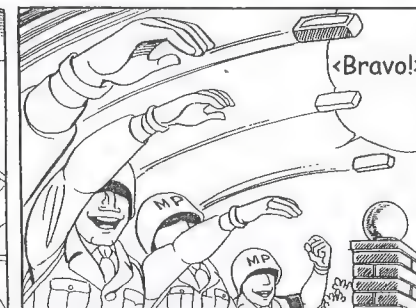
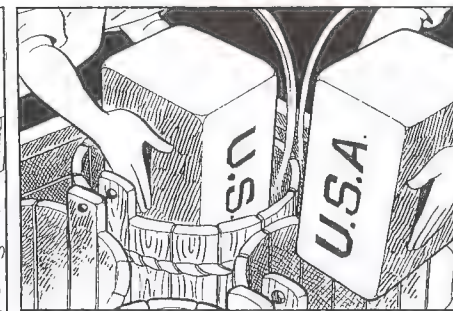
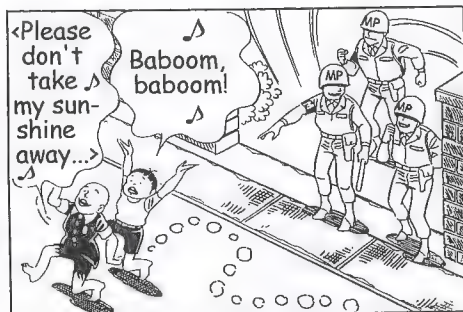
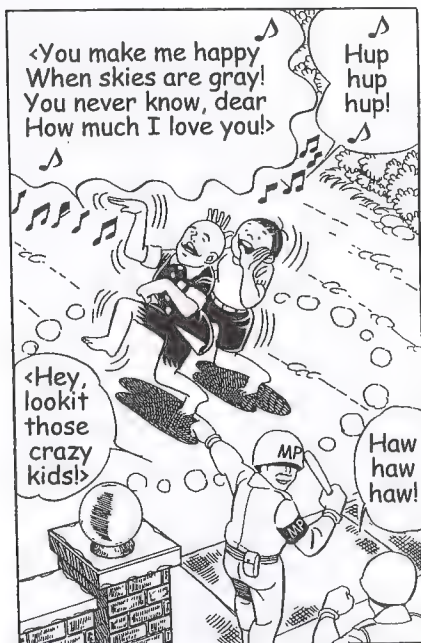
Now then, let's make some plans.

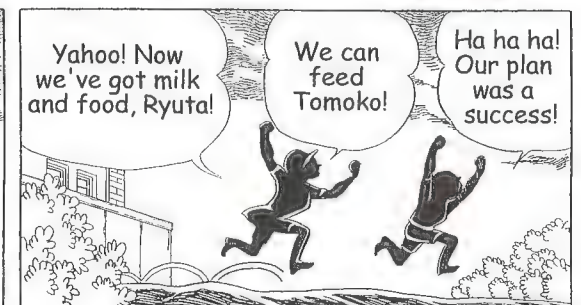
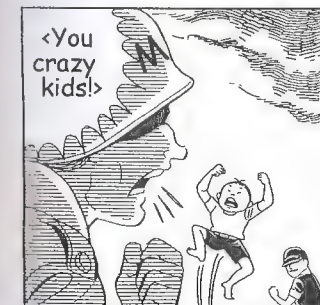
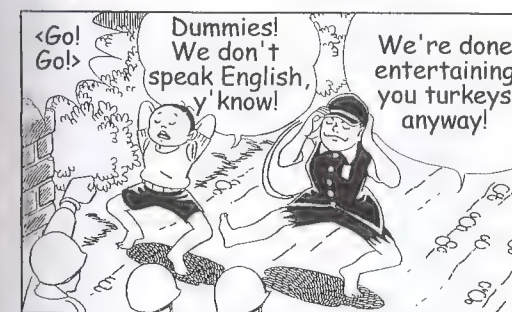
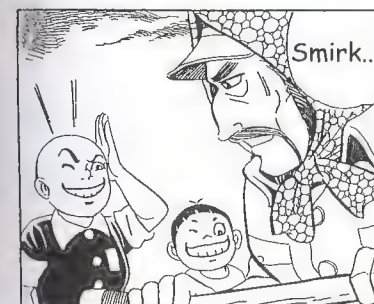
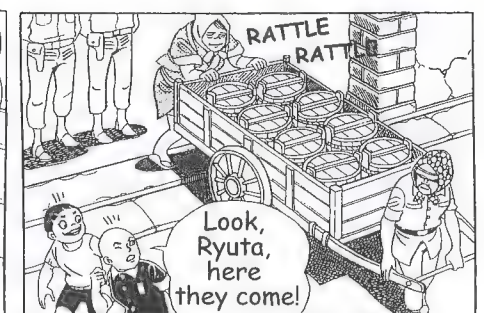
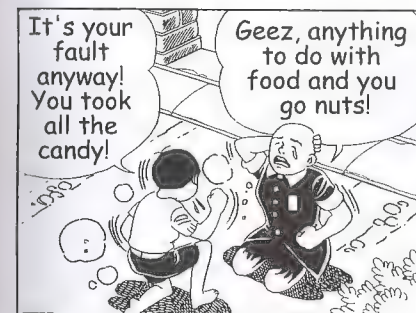
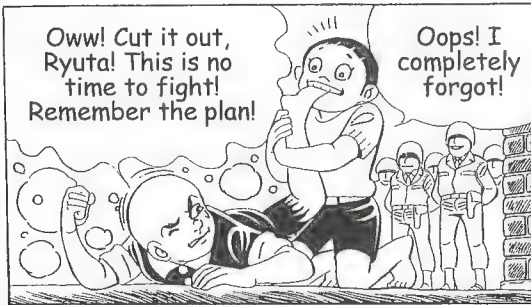
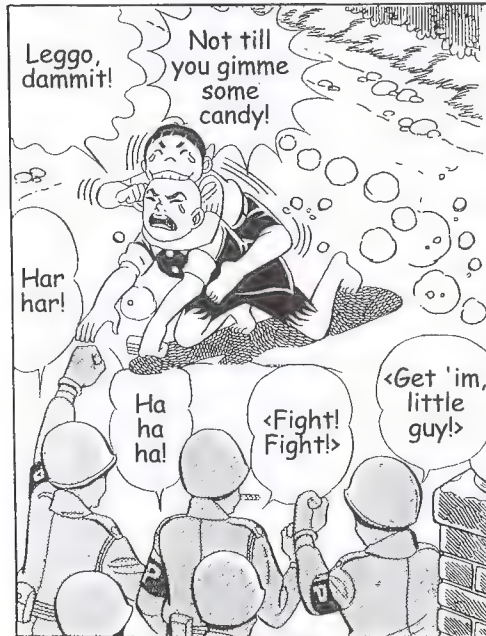
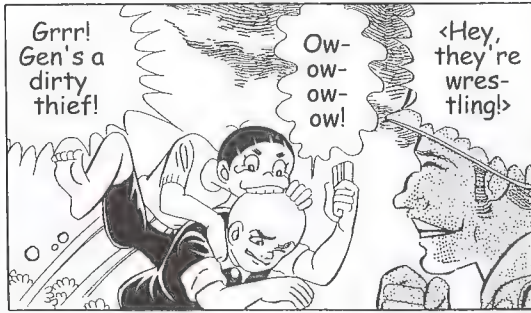


Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't your name Oba?

Wha-?



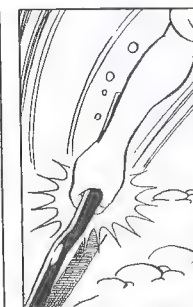
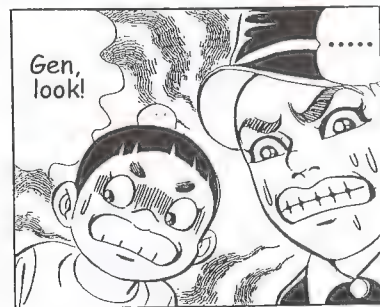
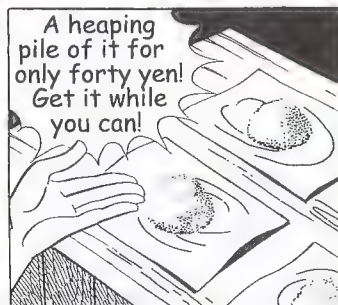
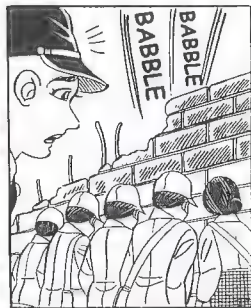


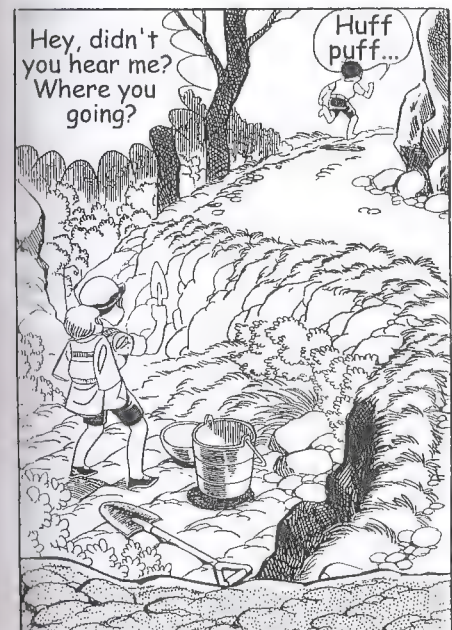
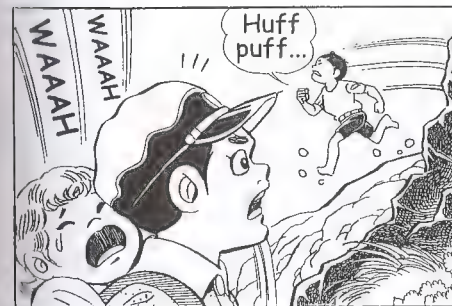
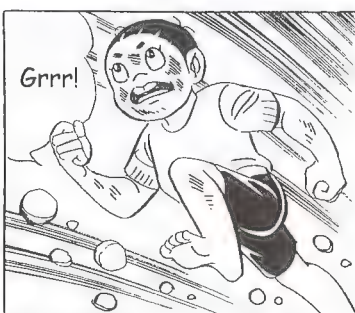
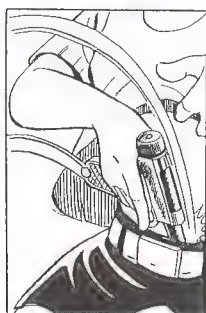
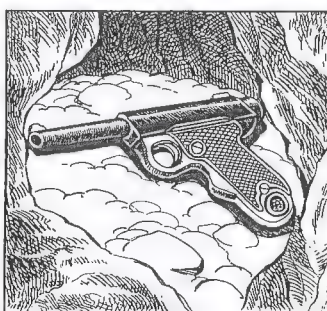
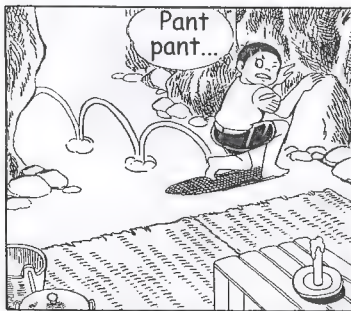
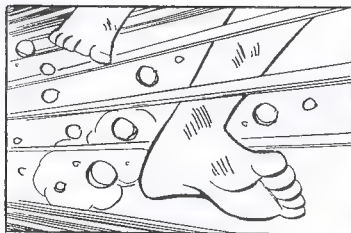


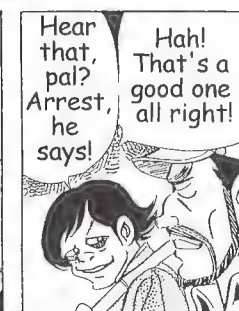
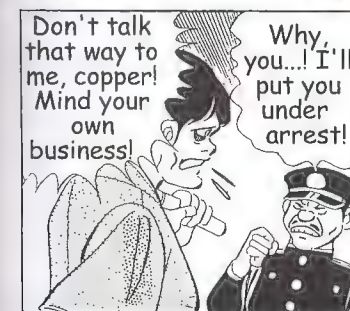
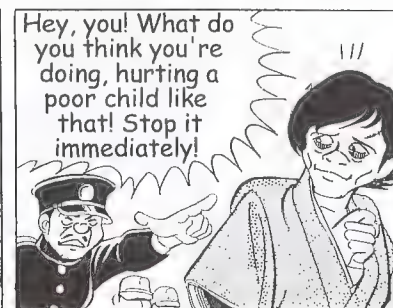
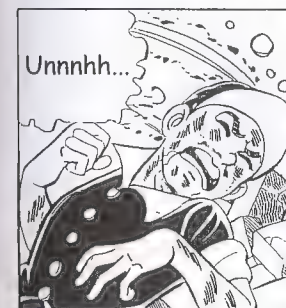
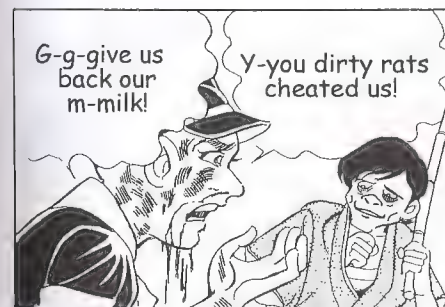
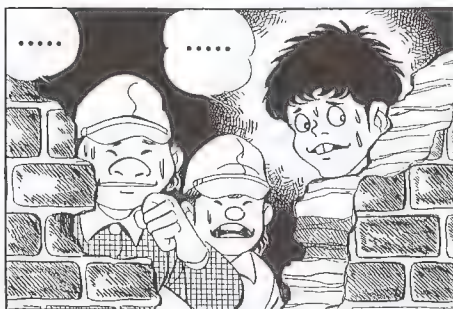
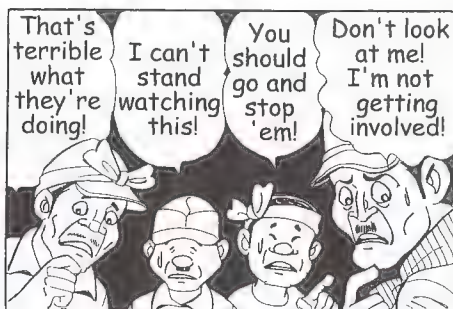
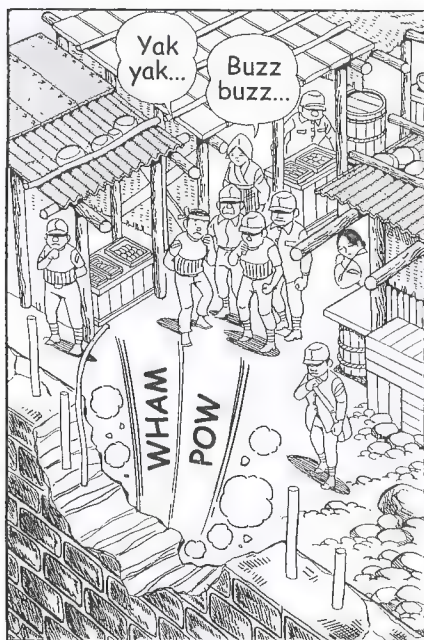


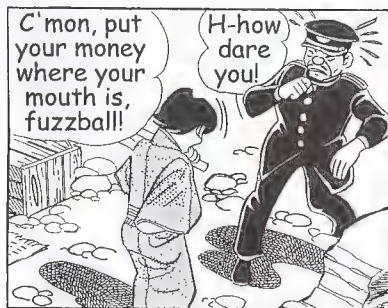
* In 1945, one yen was worth about 30 cents.





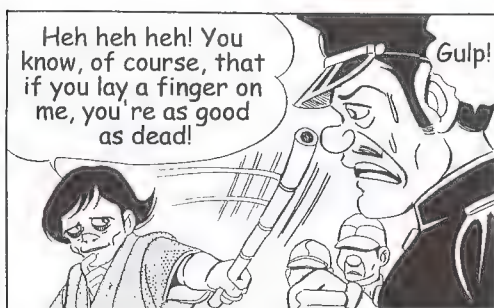






C'mon, put your money where your mouth is, fuzzball!

H-how dare you!

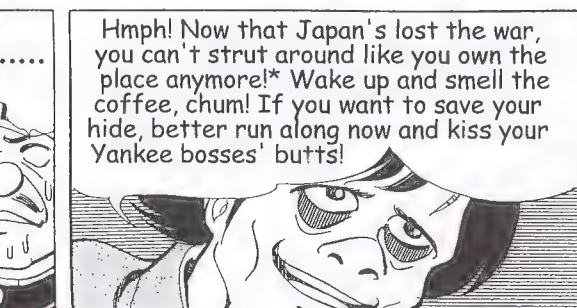


Heh heh heh! You know, of course, that if you lay a finger on me, you're as good as dead!

Gulp!



Well, how about it? You gonna arrest me or not?

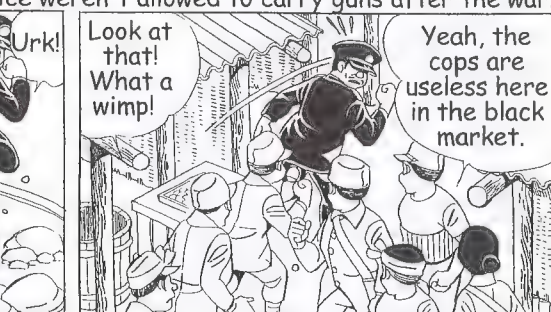


Hmph! Now that Japan's lost the war, you can't strut around like you own the place anymore! *Wake up and smell the coffee, chum! If you want to save your hide, better run along now and kiss your Yankee bosses' butts!

*Japanese police weren't allowed to carry guns after the war.

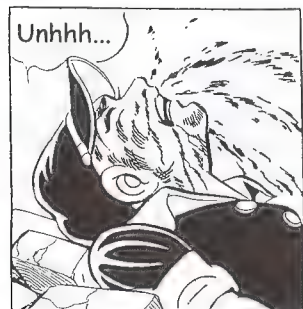


And don't show your face around here again, or you'll be sorry!

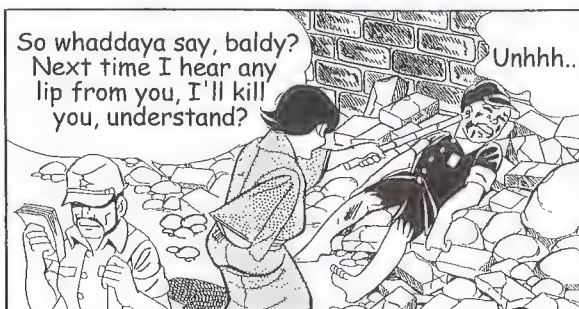


Look at that! What a wimp!

Yeah, the cops are useless here in the black market.



Unhhh...



So whaddaya say, baldy? Next time I hear any lip from you, I'll kill you, understand?

Unhhh...



.....

.....



If the rest of you don't wanna look like him, you'll do as Mister Oba tells you! Is that clear?



Har har! With the money we made off that milk, Mitsugi, we can make even more! Then we can form our own gang!

Hee hee hee! The birth of the Oba Gang, eh, pal?

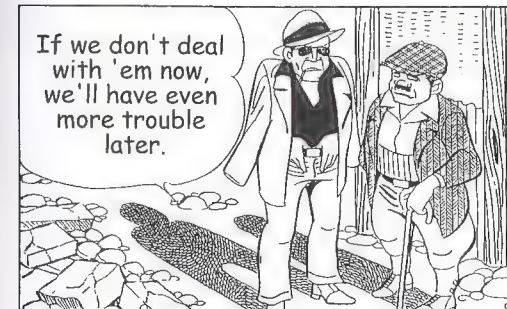
S-shit! Those two are nothing but gangsters...



Let's celebrate with a little drink! You boys come along too.

Boss, we can't let them move in on our turf!

That's Oba and Mitsugi from the old Shimada Gang.



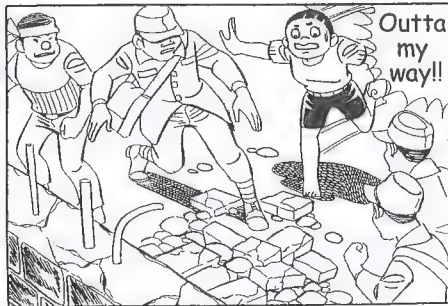
If we don't deal with 'em now, we'll have even more trouble later.



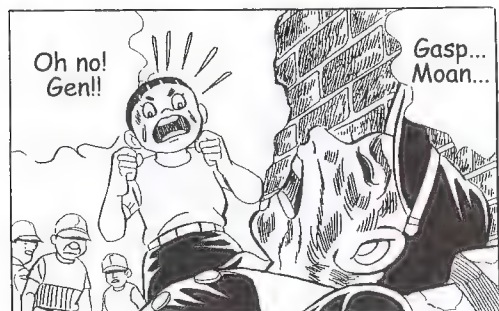
You're right... Better nip this one in the bud.



Puff
pant...

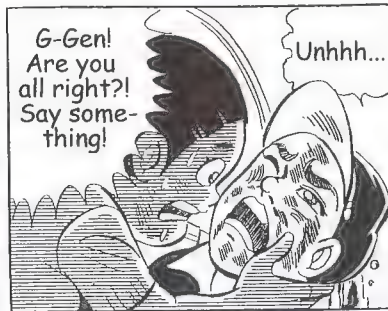


Outta
my
way!!



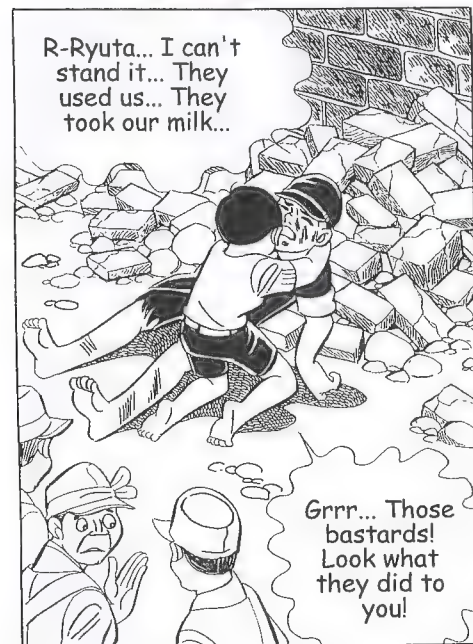
Oh no!
Gen!!

Gasp...
Moan...



G-Gen!
Are you
all right?!
Say some-
thing!

Unhhh...



R-Ryuta... I can't
stand it... They
used us... They
took our milk...



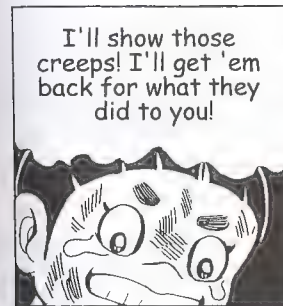
We were
so stupid,
Ryuta...

Moan...
G-Gen...!



PLOP

Nooo! Talk to
me, Gen! ...
Damn, he's
out cold!



I'll show those
creeps! I'll get 'em
back for what they
did to you!



Leave it
to me,
Gen!



I'll
show
'em...



Fill 'er
up again,
Pops!

Yes-
sir!

Oh, the taste
of a ripe red
apple,
♪The blue of an
autumn sky...♪

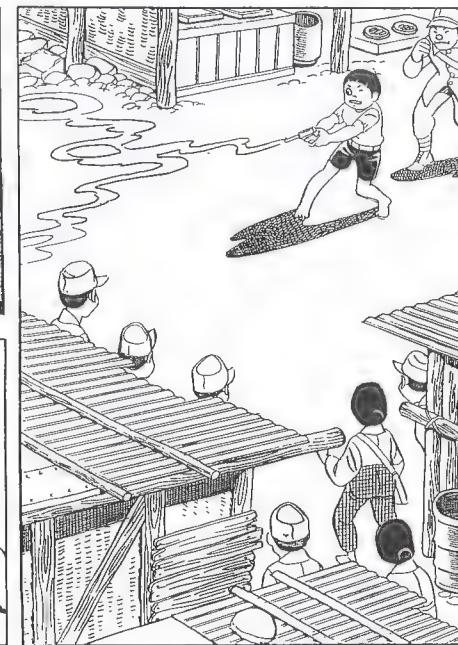
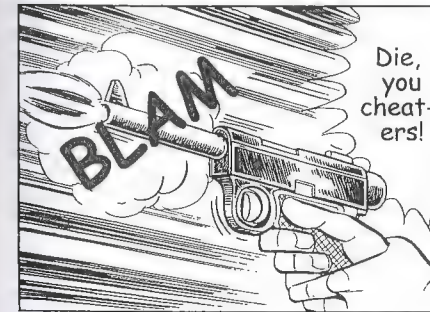
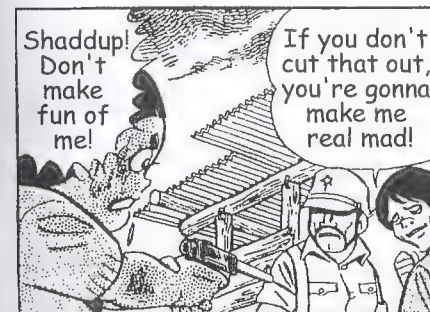
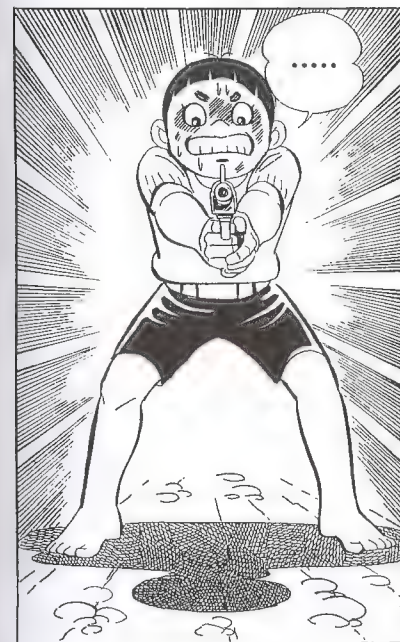
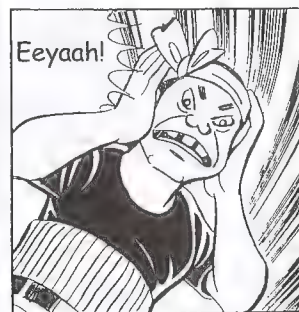
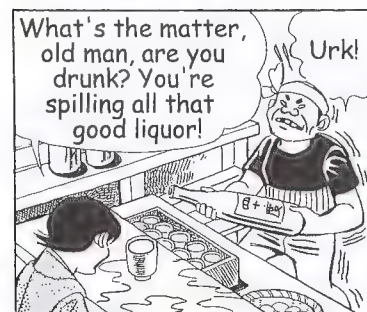
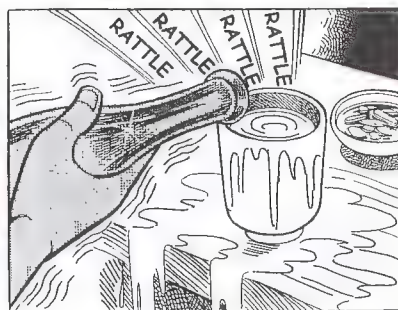
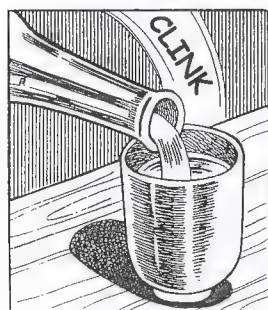
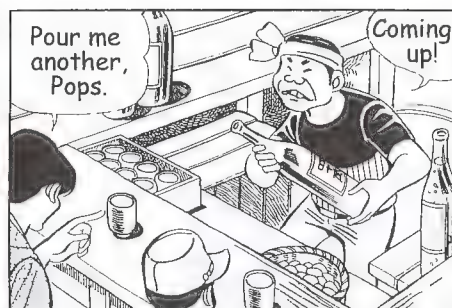
Hic...

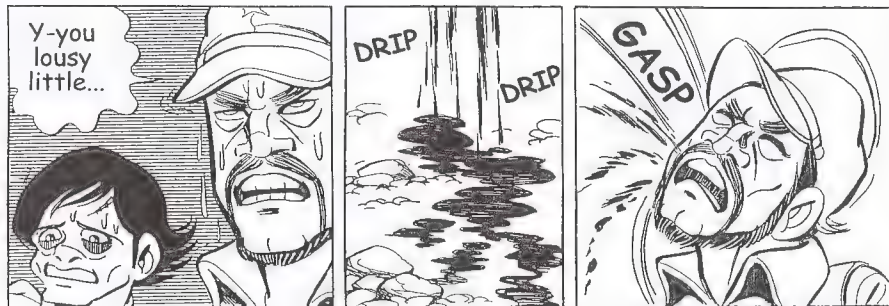


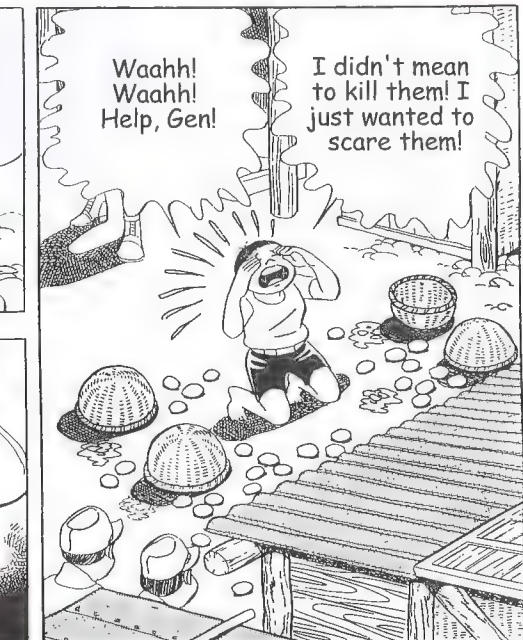
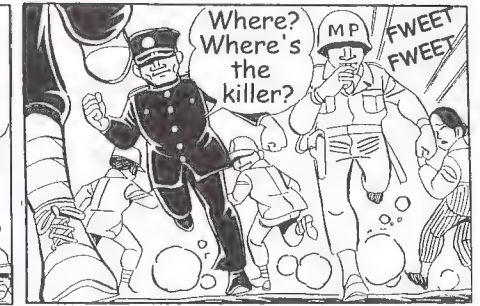
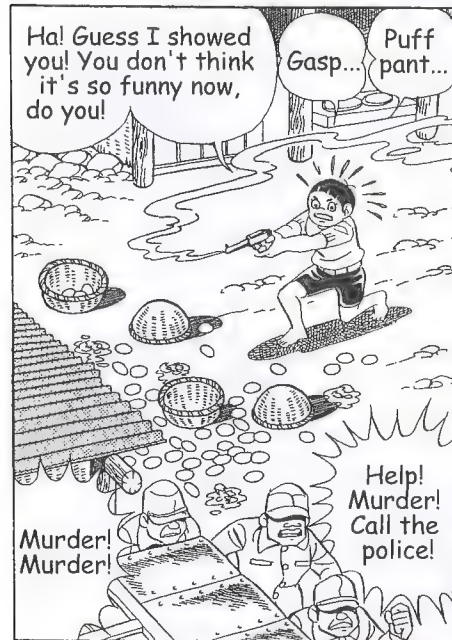
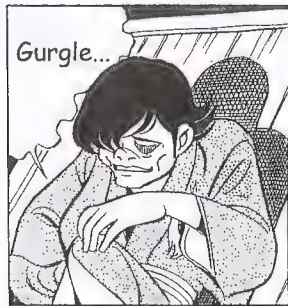
Once we take over
this black market,
Mitsugi, the
money's gonna
come rolling in!

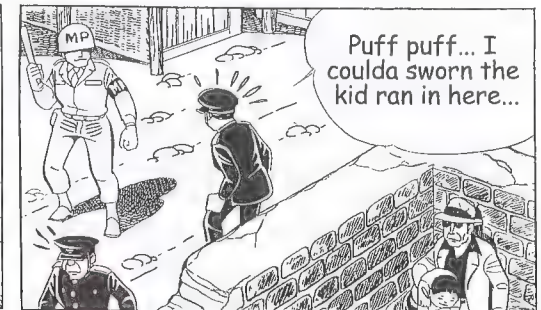
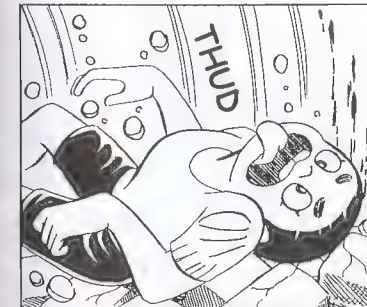
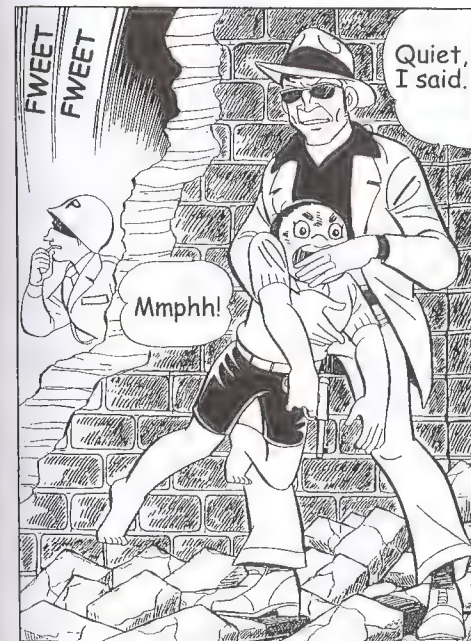
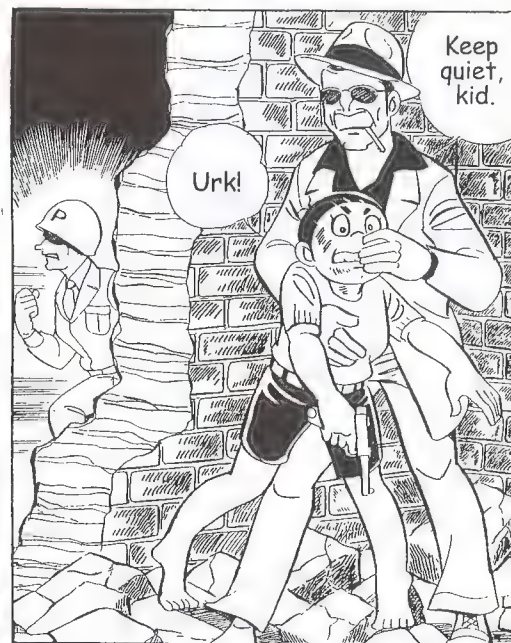
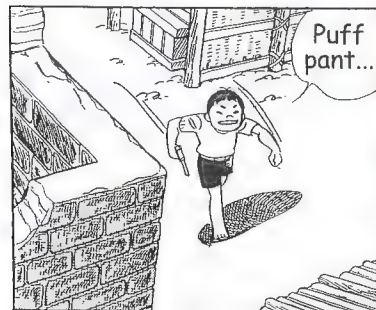
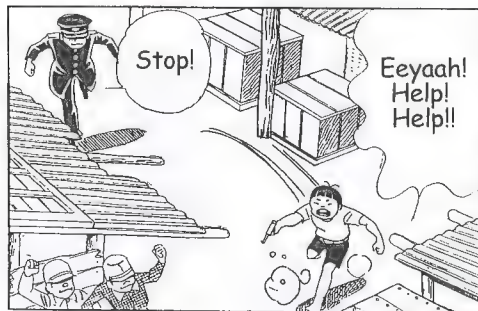
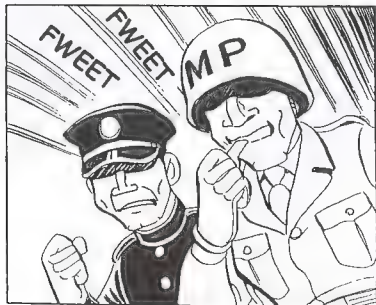
With a little work,
we can be the
biggest gang
in Hiroshima!

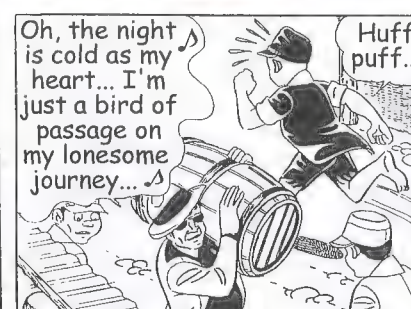
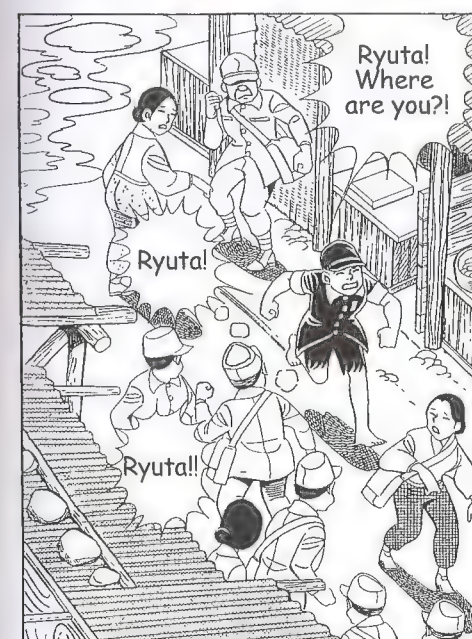
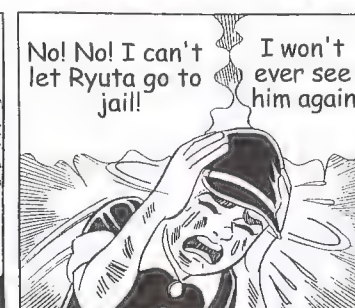
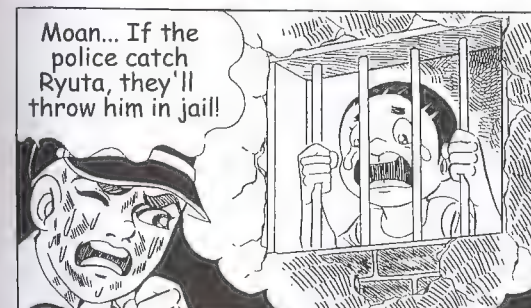
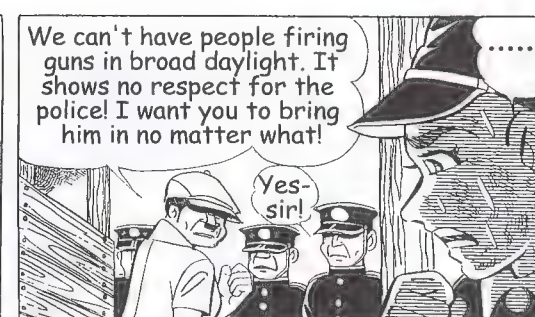
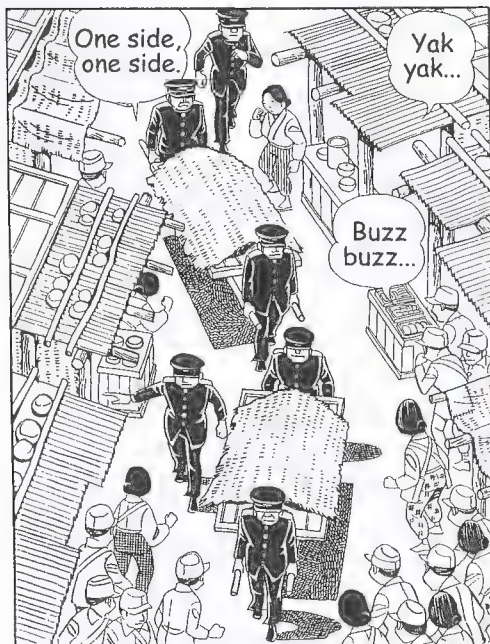
Heh heh...
Count me
in, buddy!





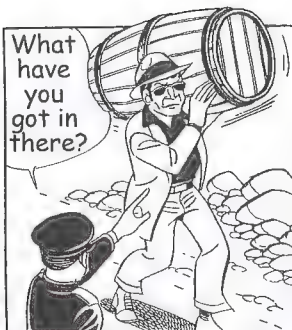








Hey, you! Stop!



What have you got in there?



Guess you don't know who I am, eh, rookie? You better watch how you speak to me!

Why, you...!



Leave him alone.

But why?!

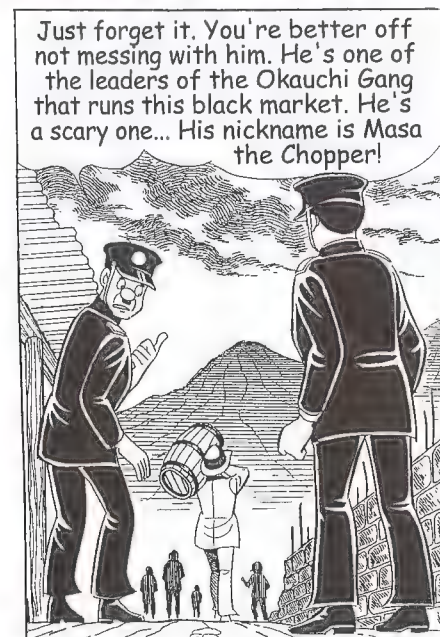


P-please excuse the interruption.

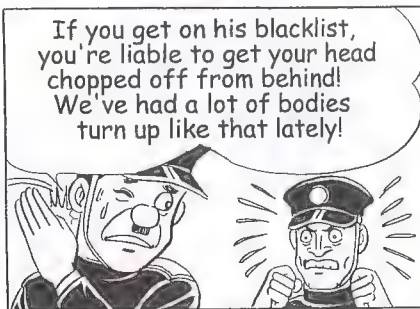
Hmph.



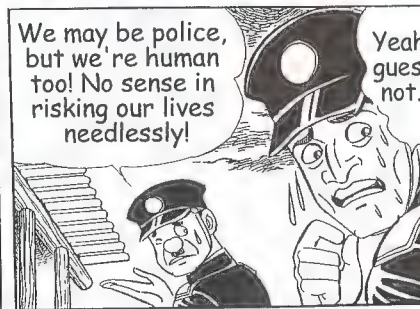
Why are you letting him go? He could have the killer in there!!



Just forget it. You're better off not messing with him. He's one of the leaders of the Okauchi Gang that runs this black market. He's a scary one... His nickname is Masa the Chopper!



If you get on his blacklist, you're liable to get your head chopped off from behind! We've had a lot of bodies turn up like that lately!



We may be police, but we're human too! No sense in risking our lives needlessly!

Yeah, guess not...

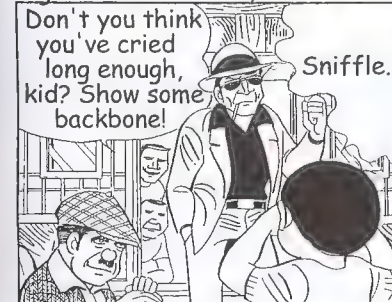


Signs: Okauchi & Co., General Contractors



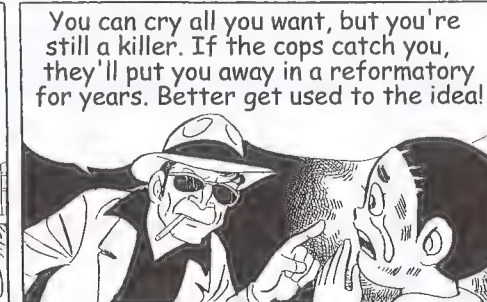
Waahh! Sob...

I'm scared, Gen! I'm a murderer! The cops are gonna arrest me!



Don't you think you've cried long enough, kid? Show some backbone!

Sniffle...



You can cry all you want, but you're still a killer. If the cops catch you, they'll put you away in a reformatory for years. Better get used to the idea!

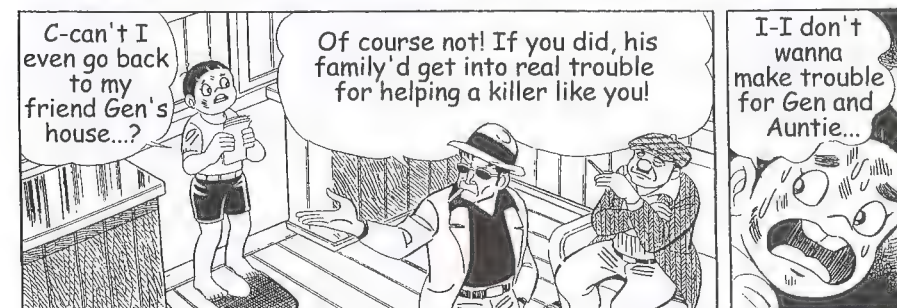


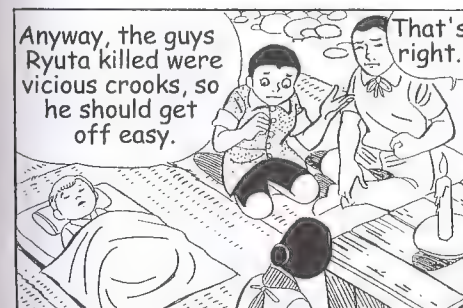
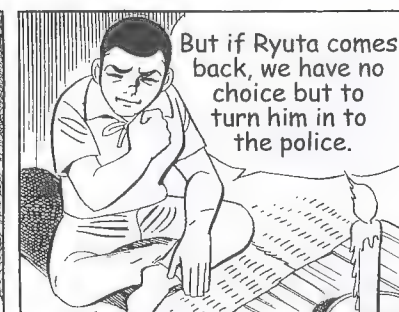
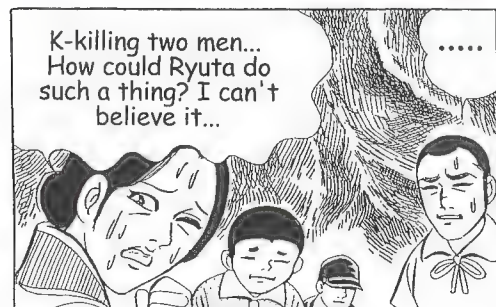
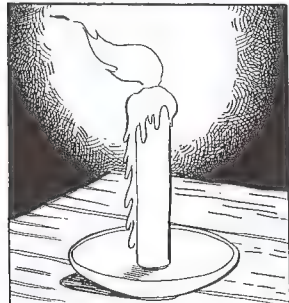
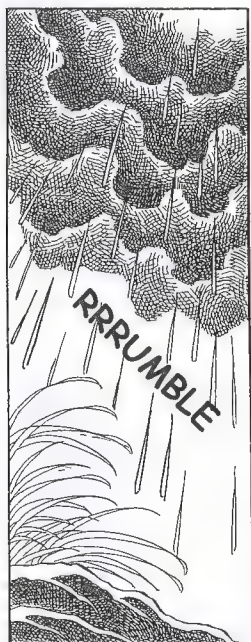
No! No! I don't wanna go to a reformatory!!

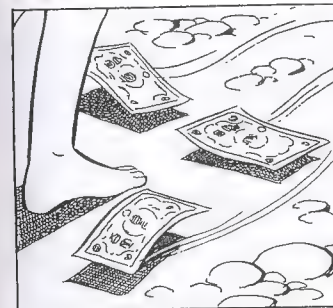
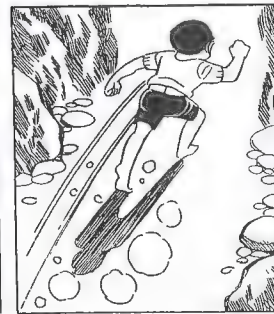
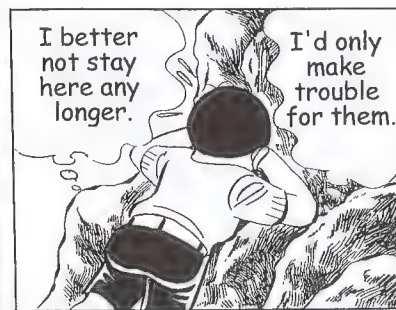


Heh heh heh... Relax, kid! As long as you stay here, I won't let the fuzz lay a finger on you.

R-really...?

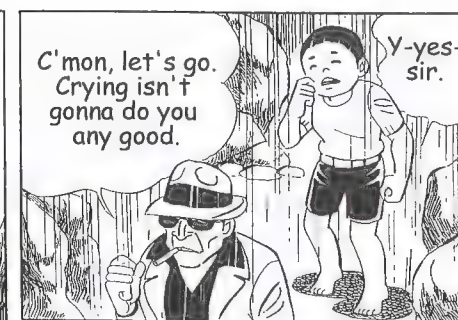
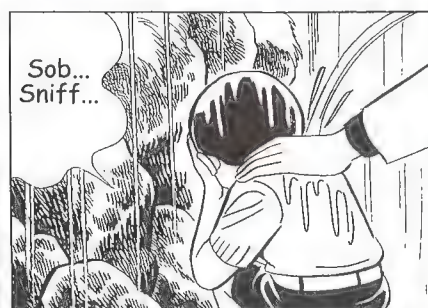
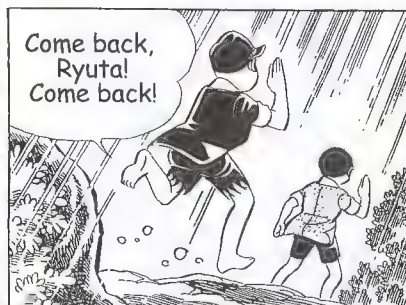
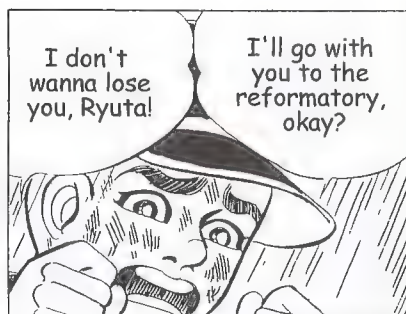


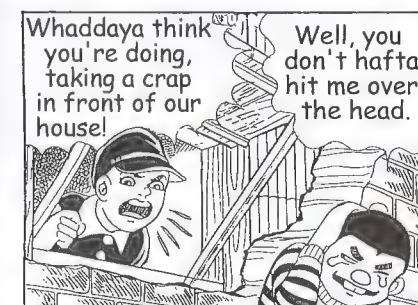
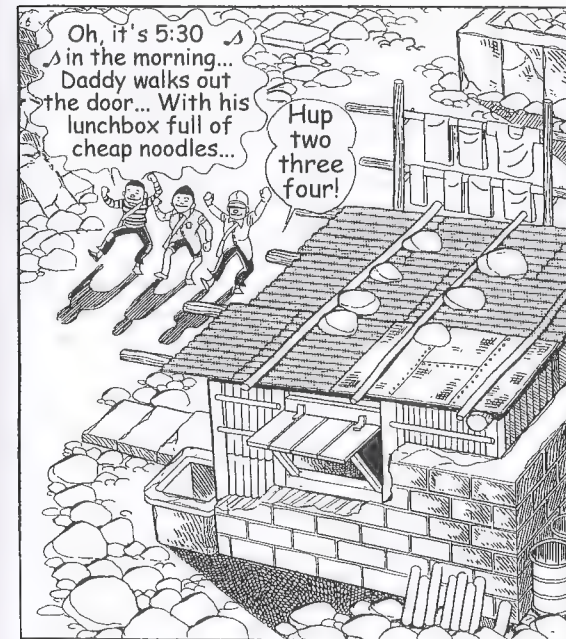
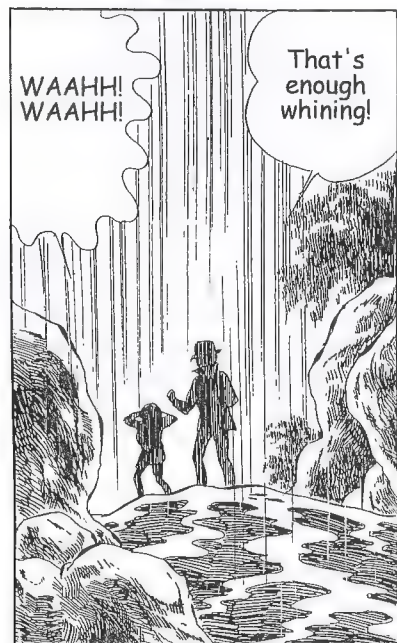


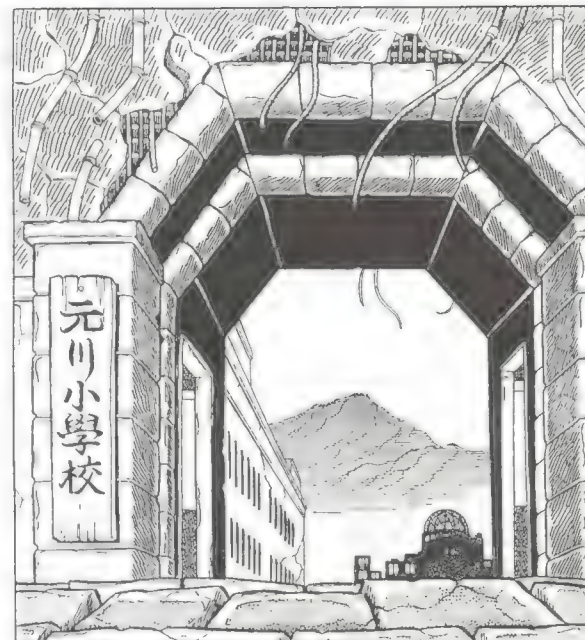
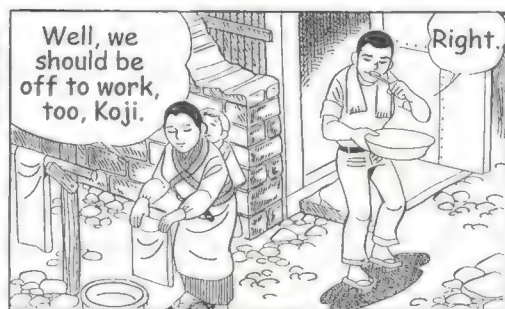
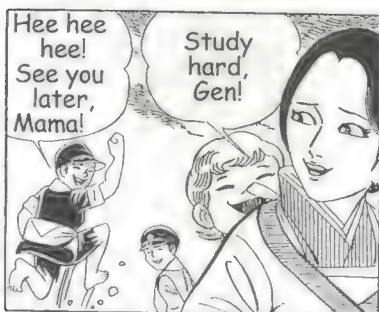
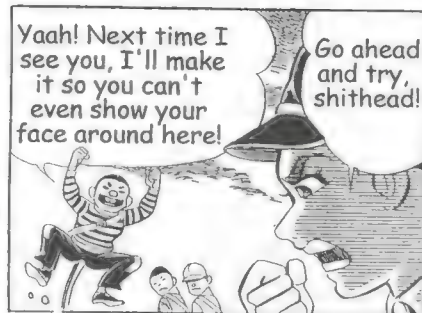


Message: Gen, Auntie, I'm sorry, goodbye





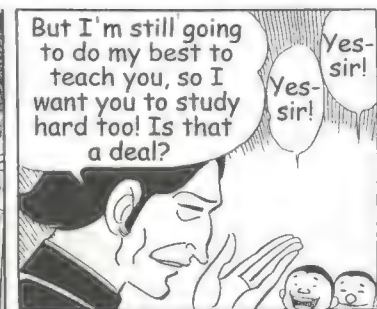
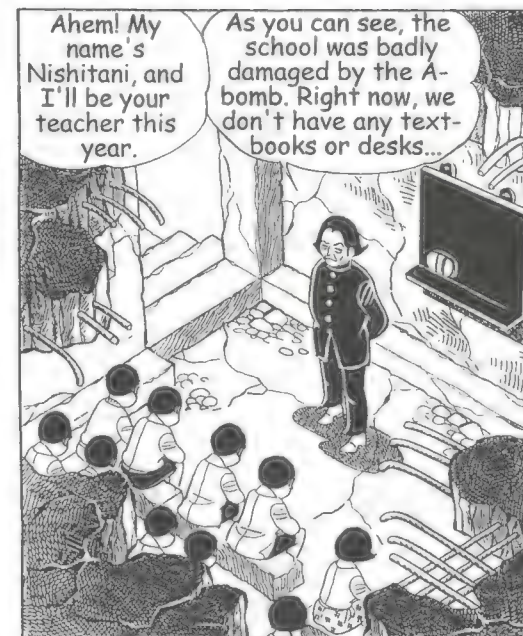
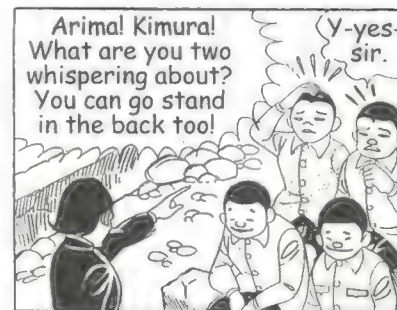
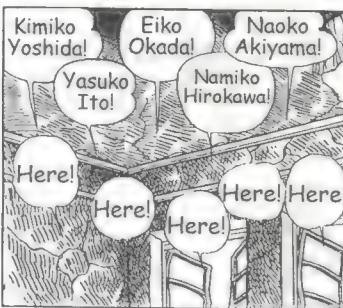
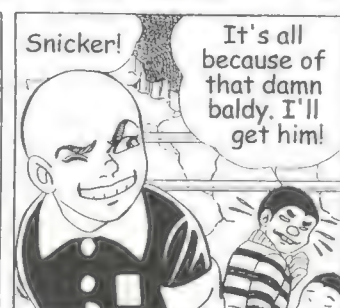
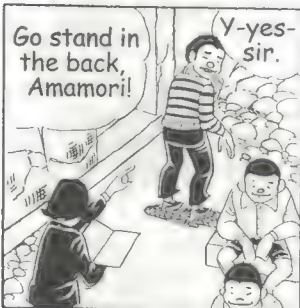
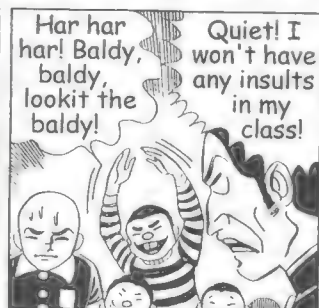
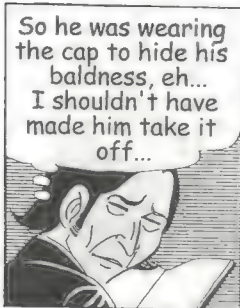
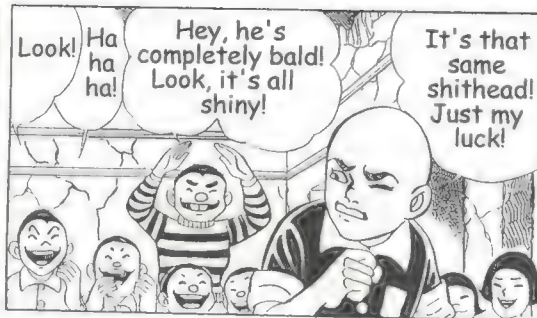


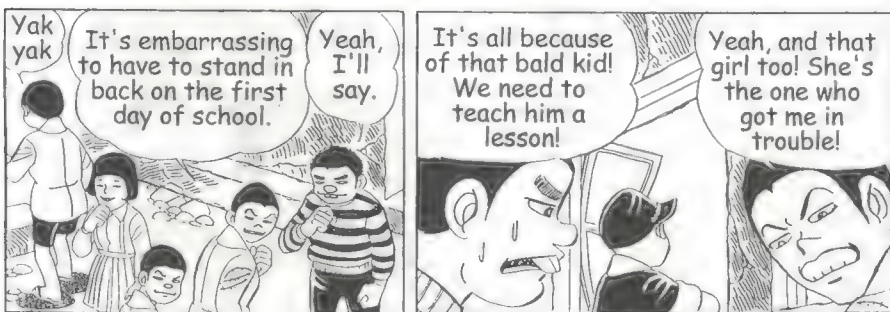
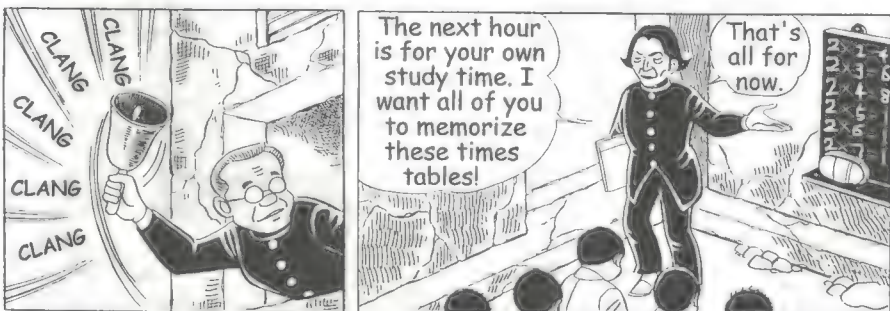
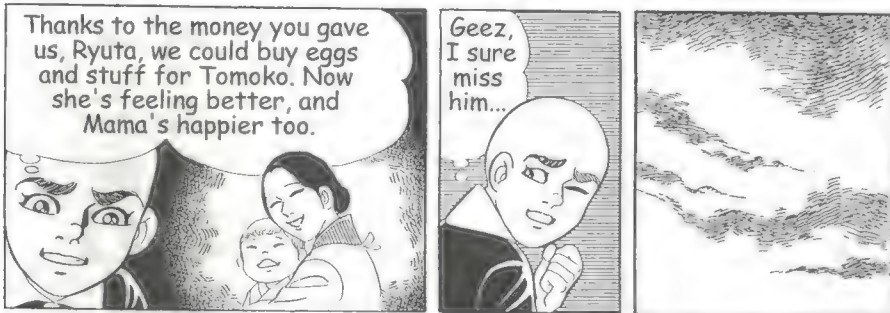
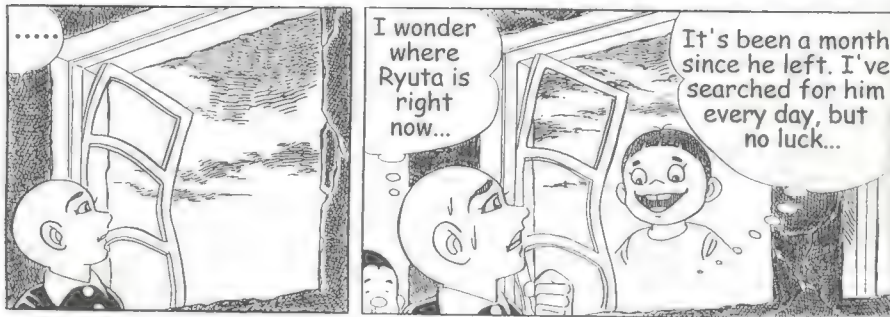


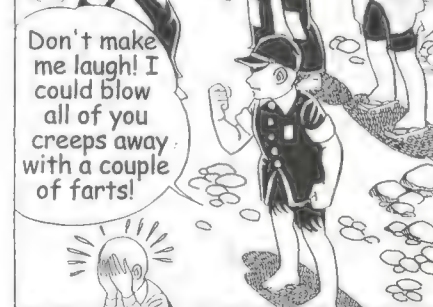
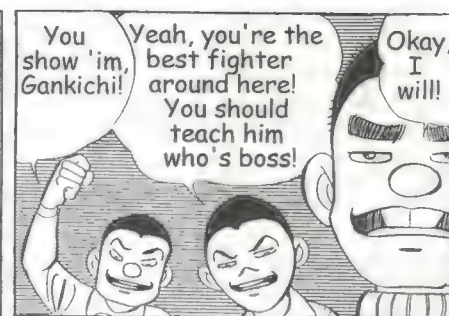
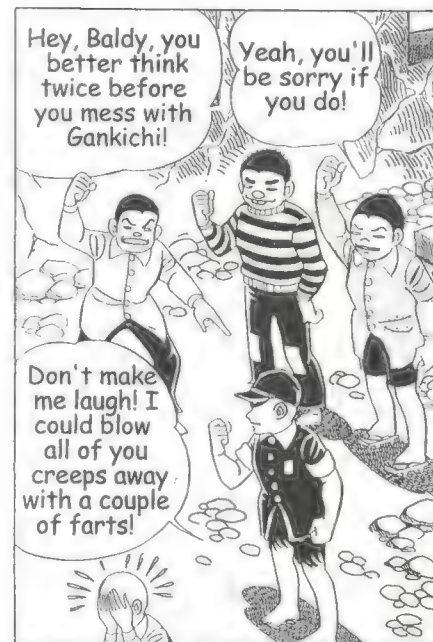
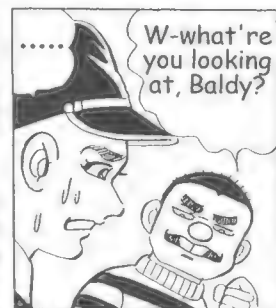
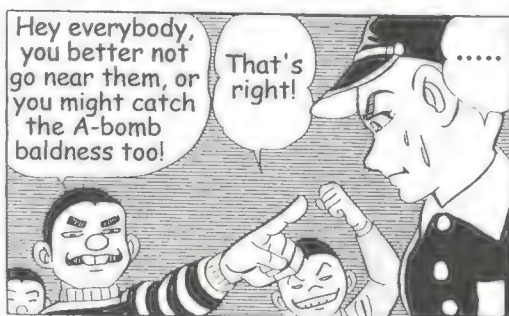
Sign: Motokawa Primary School

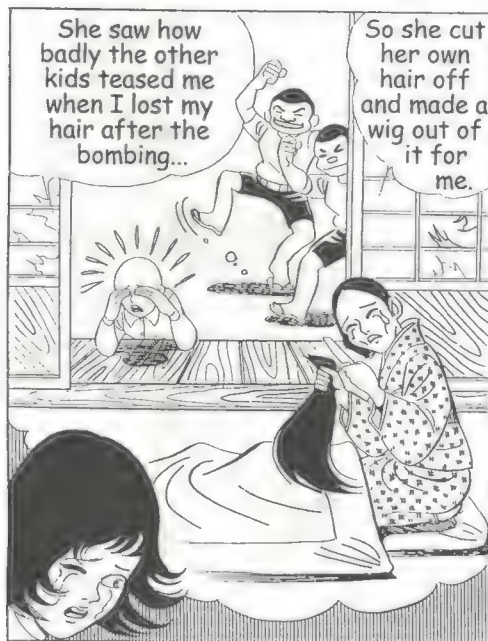
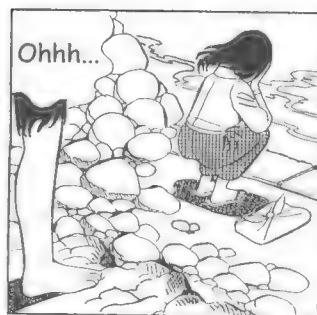
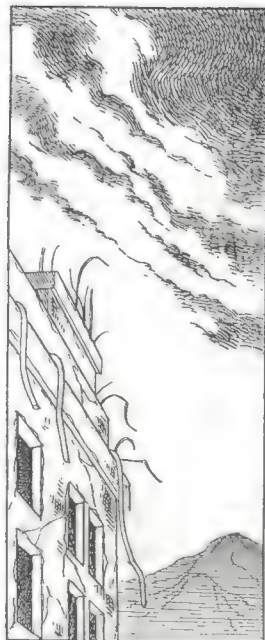
Sign: Grade 2 Class 1

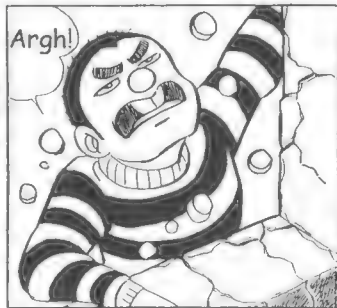
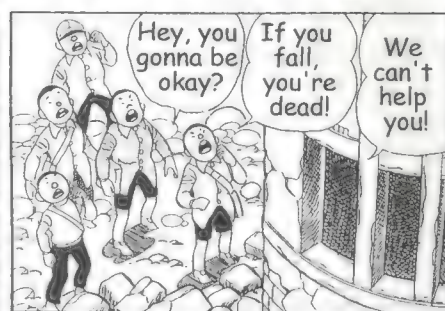
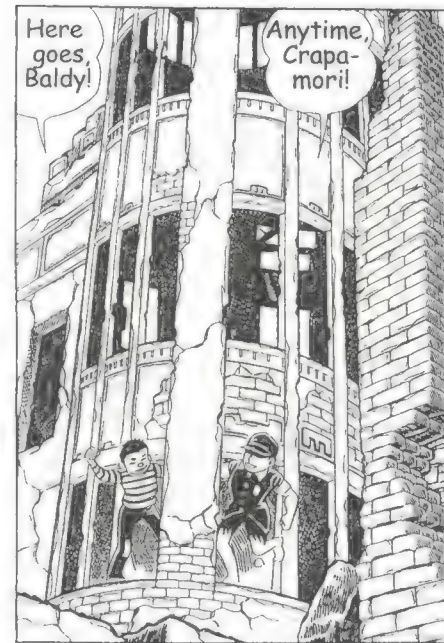
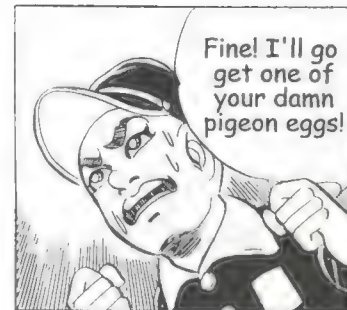
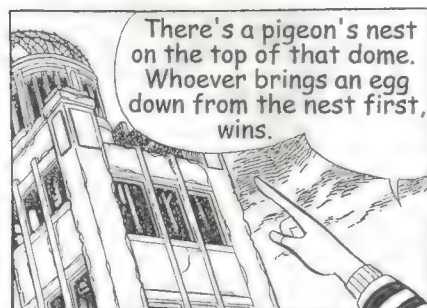
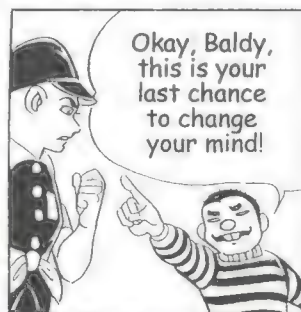
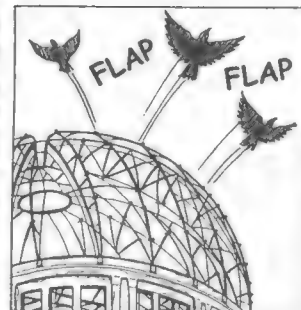
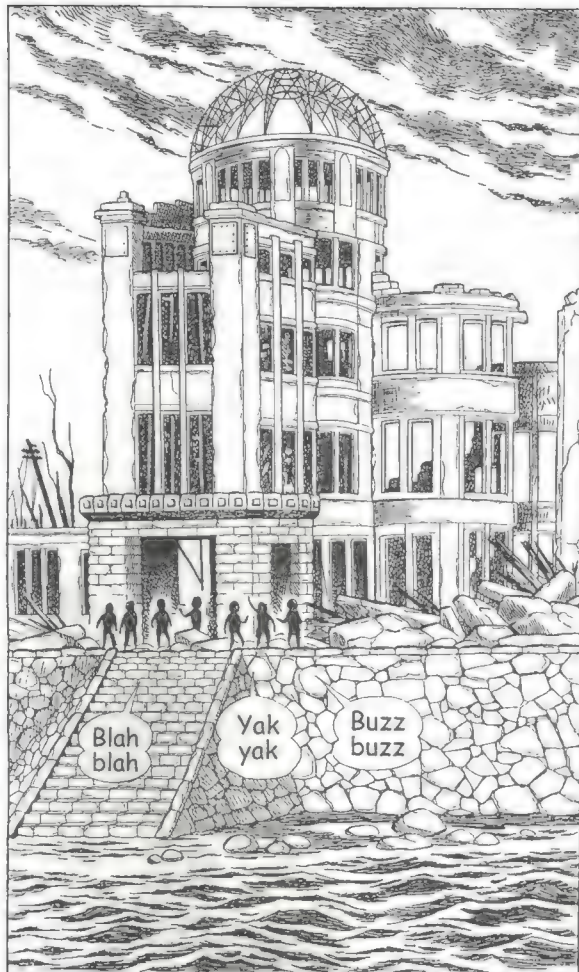


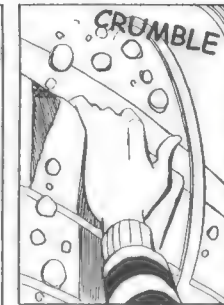
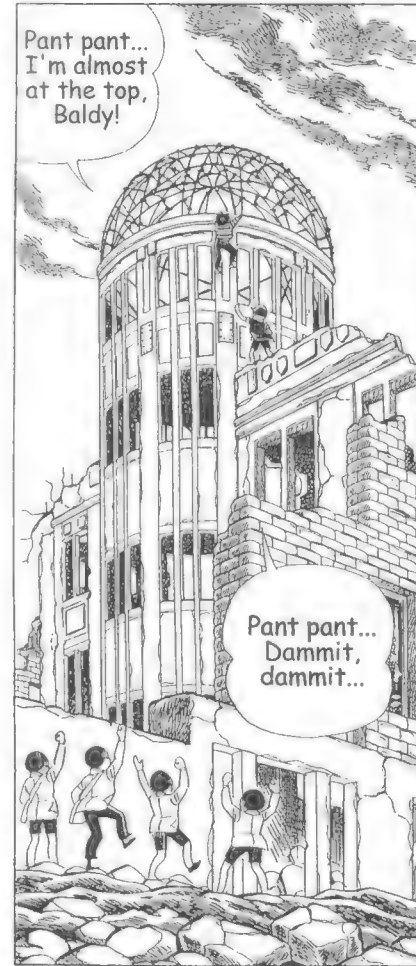
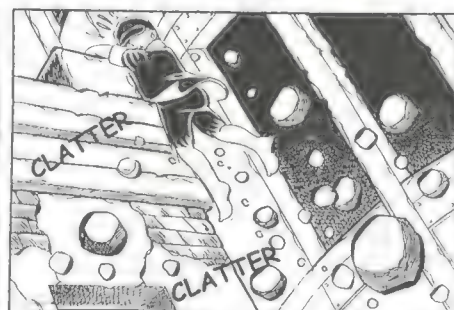
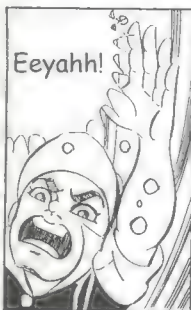
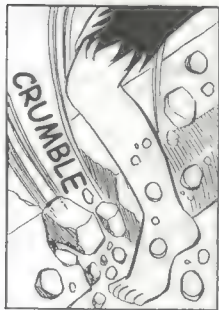
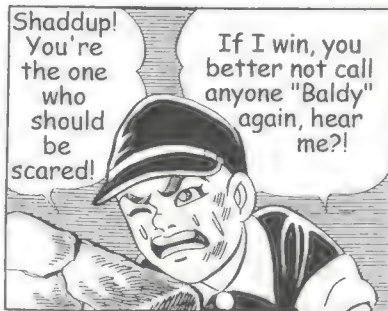
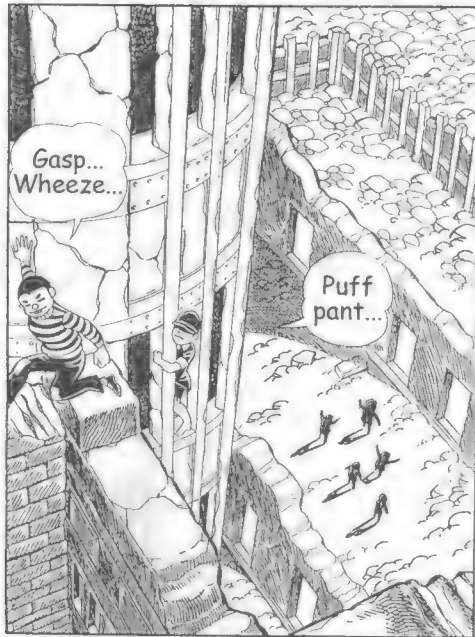


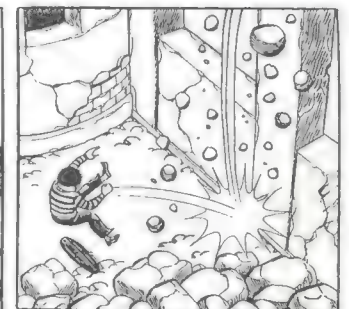
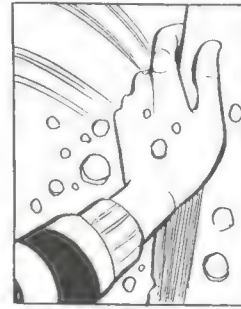
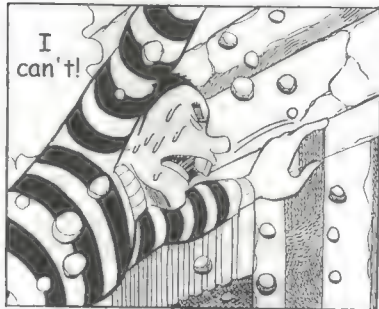
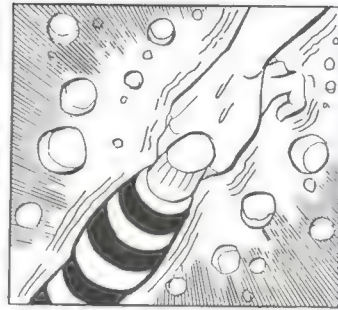


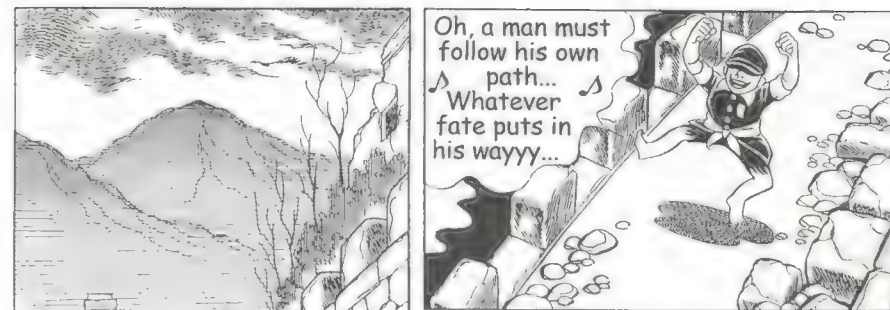


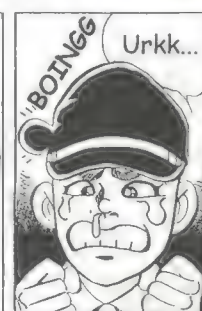
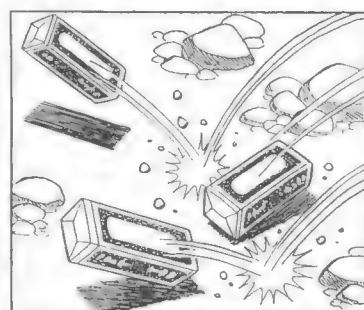
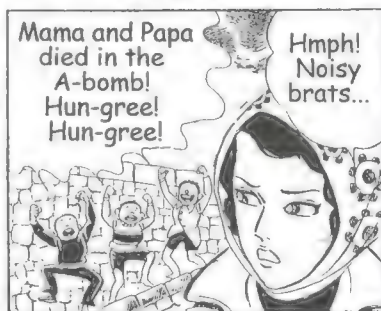


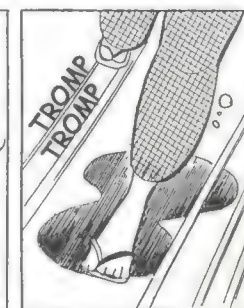
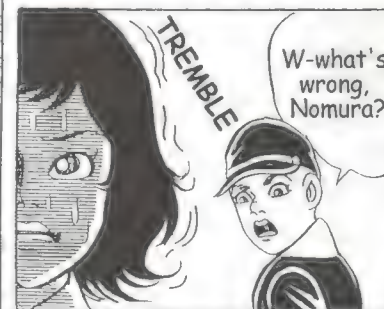
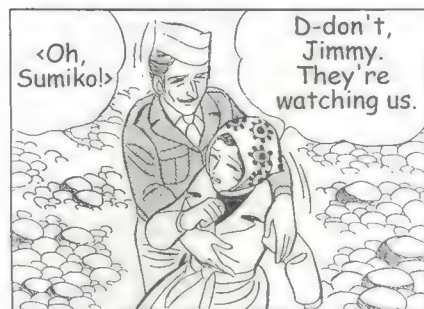
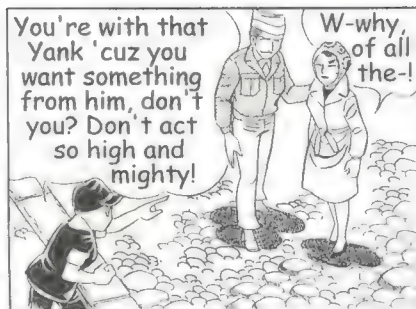


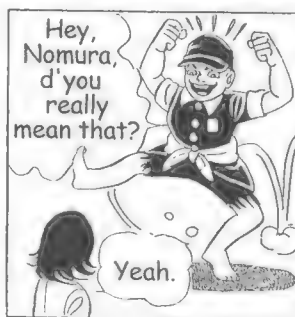
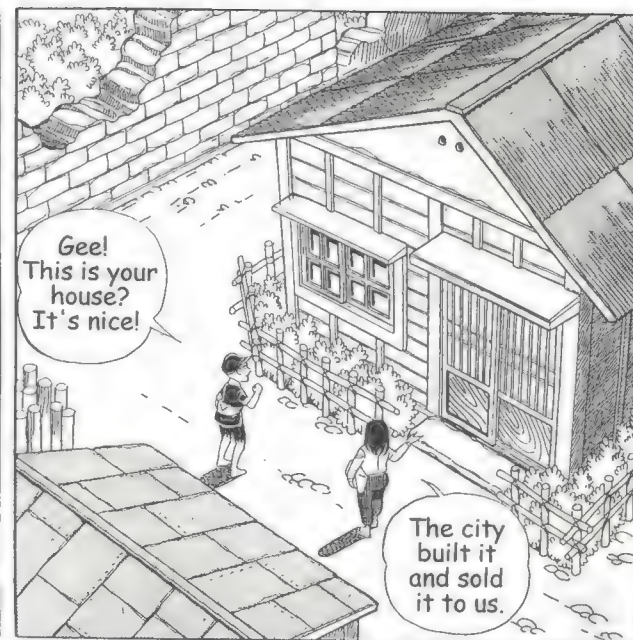
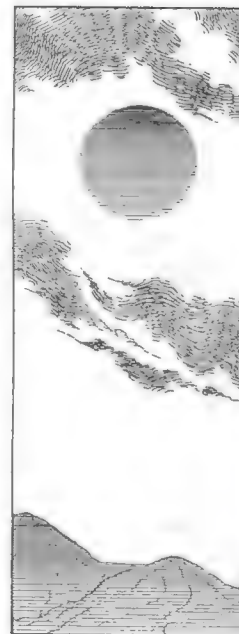
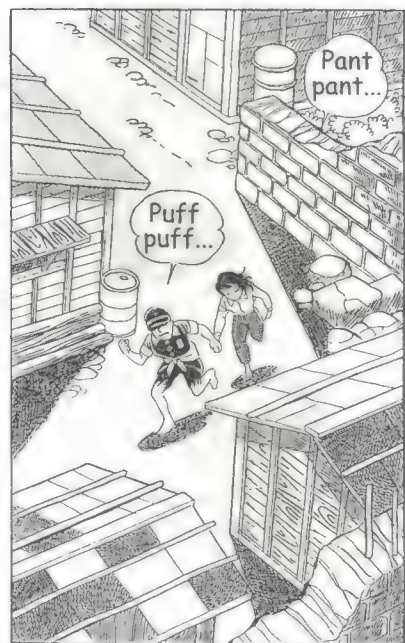


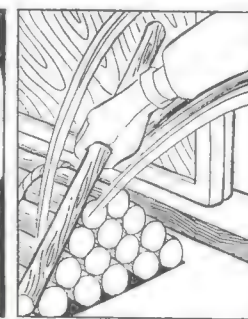
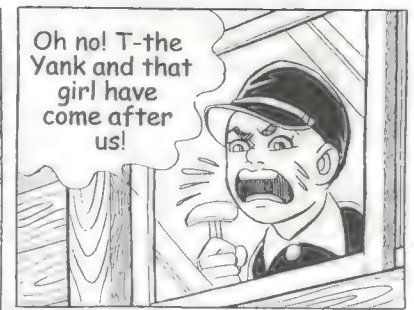
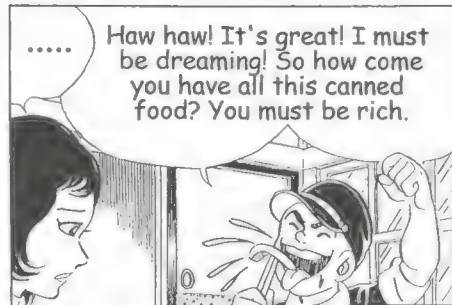
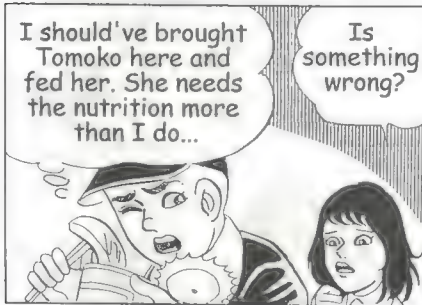
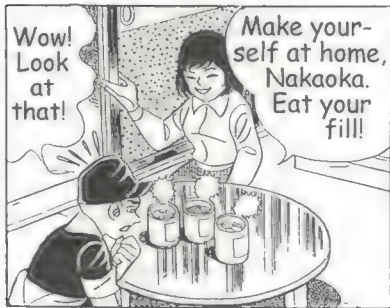
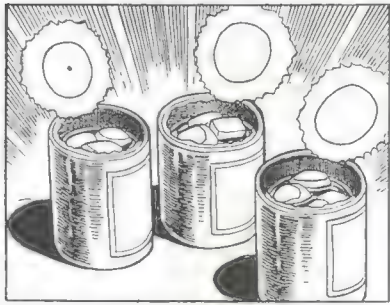














BONK

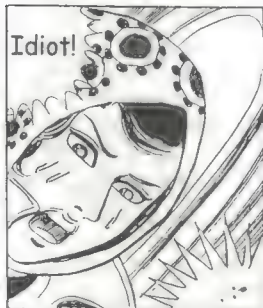
Yowch!



You fool!

WHACK

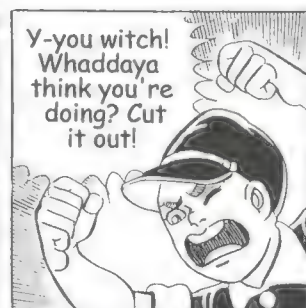
Eek!



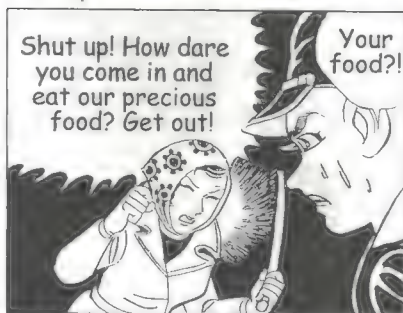
Idiot!



Idiot!



Y-you witch!
Whaddaya
think you're
doing? Cut
it out!



Shut up! How dare
you come in and
eat our precious
food? Get out!

Your
food?!



Sob... I-I'm
sorry, Sis.
I'm sorry.

"Sis"...?!



Nomura...
Is...is this
woman your
sister?...

You shut
your mouth!
Get out,
I said!



Why did you
throw stones
at me,
Michiko?

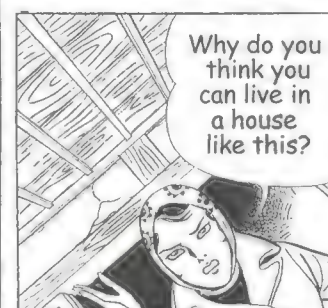


Sob...
Please,
Sumiko...
Don't go
out with
American
soldiers...

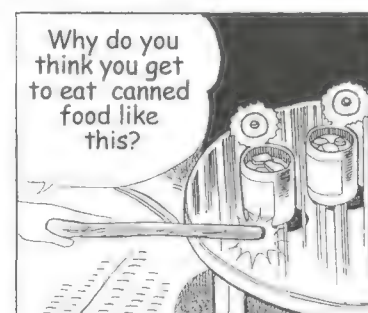
They're the ones who
dropped the bomb...
They killed Mom and
Dad... They even made
me lose all my hair... I
hate you when you go
out with them!



Don't
talk to
me like
that!



Why do you
think you
can live in
a house
like this?



Why do you
think you get
to eat canned
food like
this?



It's
because I
go out with
American
soldiers!

Nooo! I hate it.
I hate it when
you go out
with them!



You hug them and
kiss them on the
lips...
It's shameful!
I can't stand it!



The ladies in our
neighborhood talk
about you and call
you a whore. It
makes me so sad!



Sob... You still
don't understand,
do you. What's
there to be
ashamed of?

What's to be
sad about? I'm
doing the best
I can to keep
us alive, is all.



You good-for-
nothing brat! You
have no idea how
much your big sister
suffers for your
sake!



Why don't
you just die!

I'd be
much
better off
without
you!



Well, fine,
Michiko,
I'll do it
myself!



Eek!

Yikes!



You can't
imagine what
I've gone
through just
to keep you
alive, Michiko!

Well, I've had it!
If you can't
appreciate all
I've done for you,
you're better
off dead!



Die,
Michiko!!



Help!

Urkl!



Eek!



You
fool!



I'm sorry,
Sumiko!
I'm sorry,
I was
wrong...!

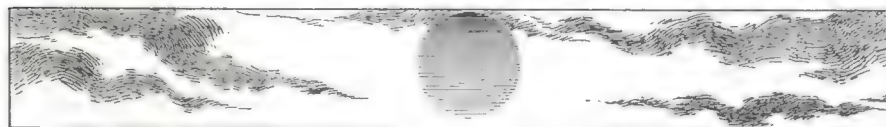
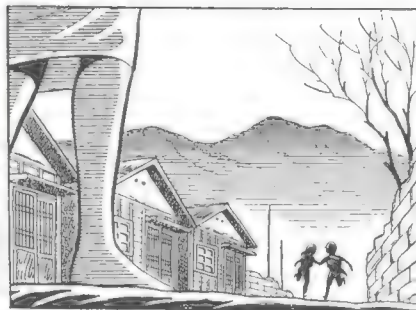


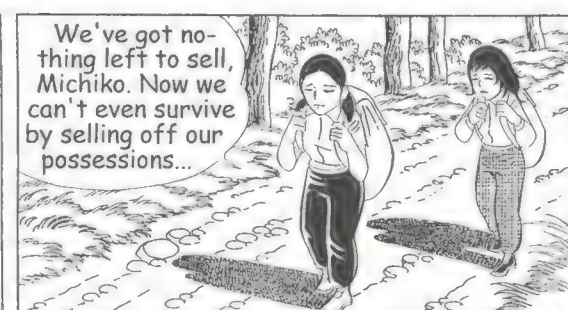
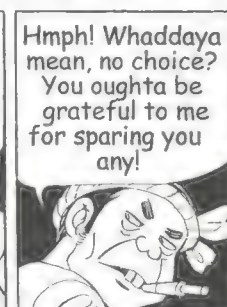
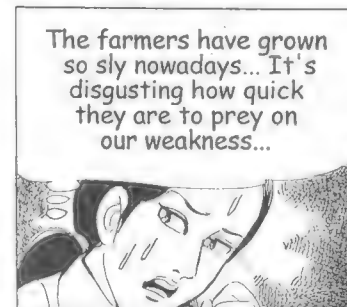
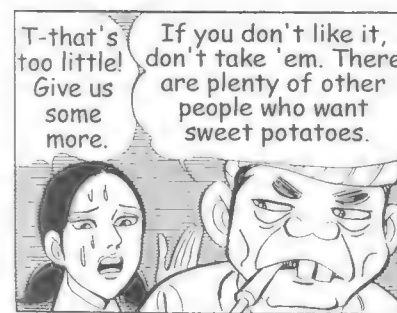
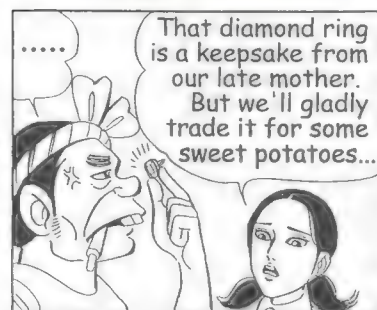
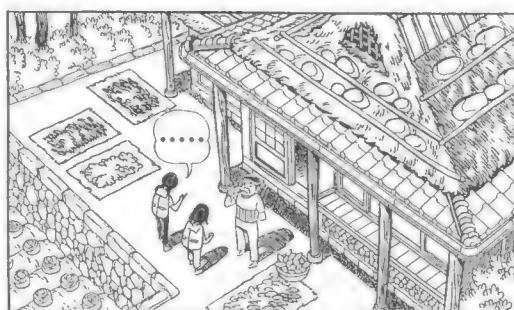
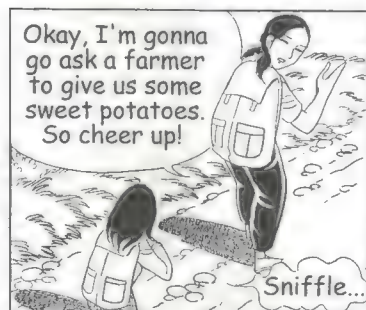
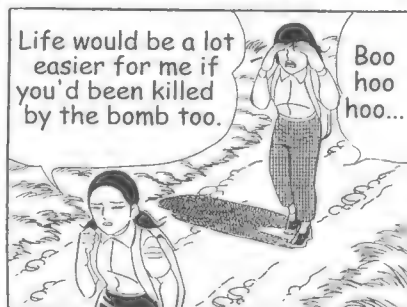
Unh!

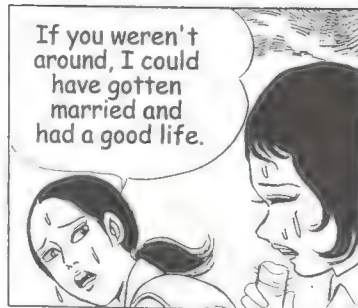
You're
crazy!
What're
you
doing?!



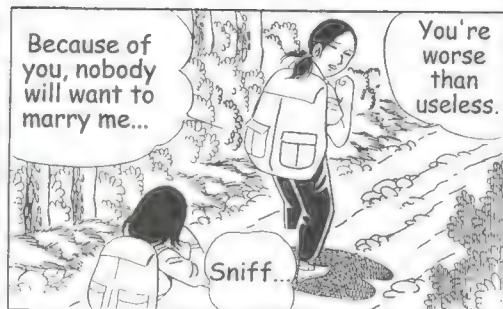
Run,
Nomura!







If you weren't around, I could have gotten married and had a good life.



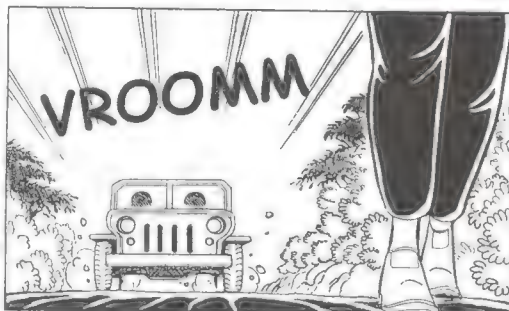
Because of you, nobody will want to marry me...

You're worse than useless.

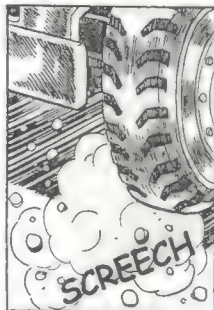
Sniff...



Boo hoo hoo! You're always picking on me!



VROOMM



SCREECH



Heh heh!



S-Sumiko...

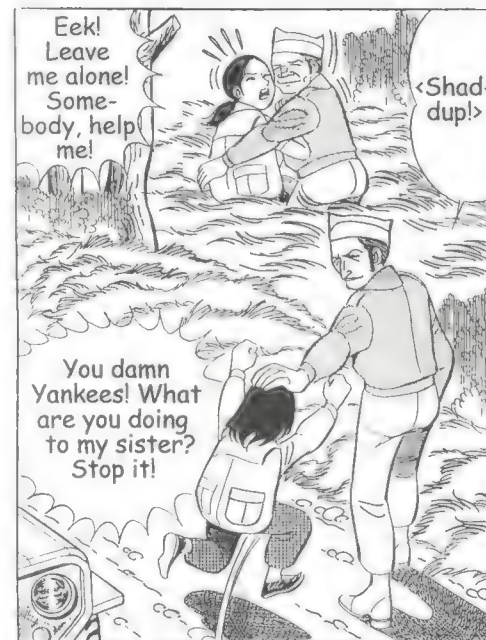


<Hey, come on!>

Eek!



W-what do you want? Stop it!



Eek! Leave me alone! Somebody, help me!

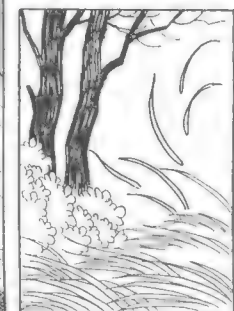
<Shad-dup!>

You damn Yankees! What are you doing to my sister? Stop it!



S-Sumiko!!

Nooo! Don't!!



Sob...

<Ha ha ha! Here!>



The American soldiers tossed us some canned food and money to pay for raping my sister...



D-damn them... Damn them...

Damn the Americans!



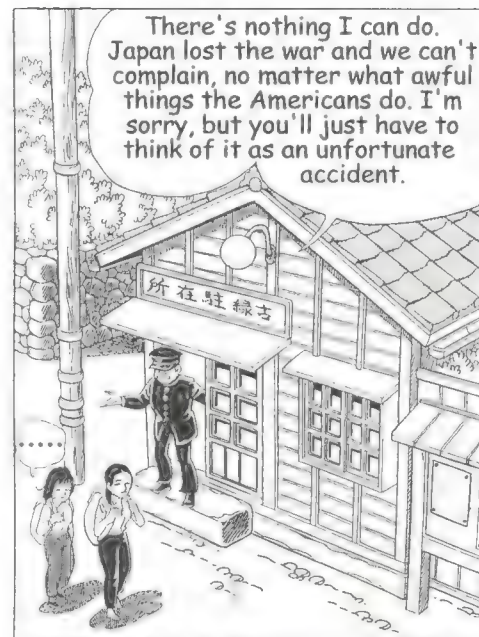
They kill Mom and Dad with their atomic bomb, then they treat us survivors like this...

Let's go to the police, Sis.



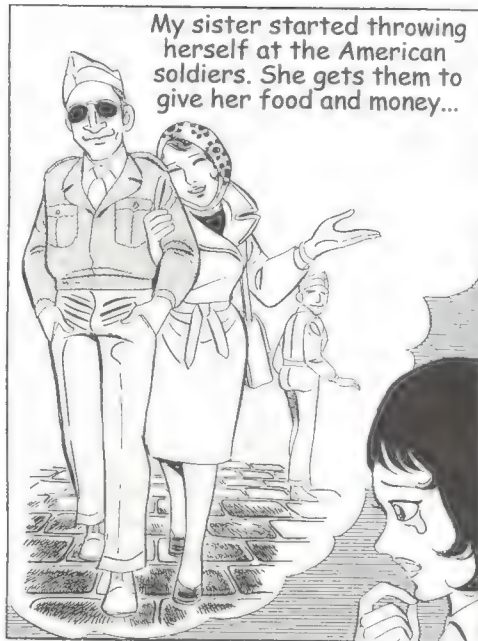
Sob... Moan...

Wait, Sumiko! Where are you going?



Sign: Police Station





My sister started throwing herself at the American soldiers. She gets them to give her food and money...



It's thanks to her that I'm alive now.

I...I see...



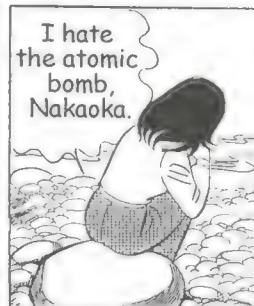
Sob... I'm so stupid. I know very well how much my sister's suffering for my sake... and yet I threw stones at her...



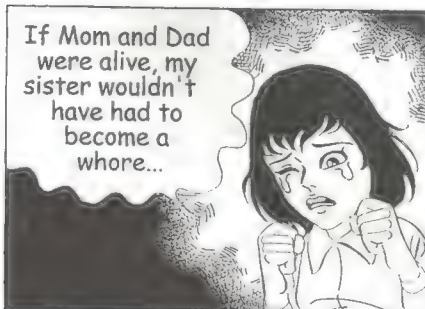
I just can't bear to see her hugging and kissing those Yankees...



So that's why you did it...



I hate the atomic bomb, Nakaoka.



If Mom and Dad were alive, my sister wouldn't have had to become a whore...



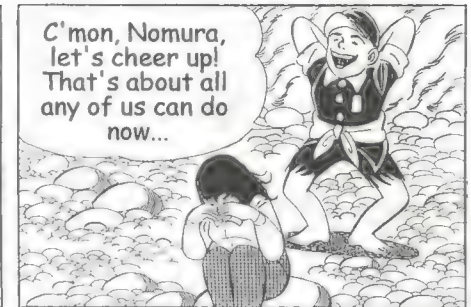
Waahh! I hate it, I hate it!

.....



So the bomb is making you suffer, too...

Sob... Sob...



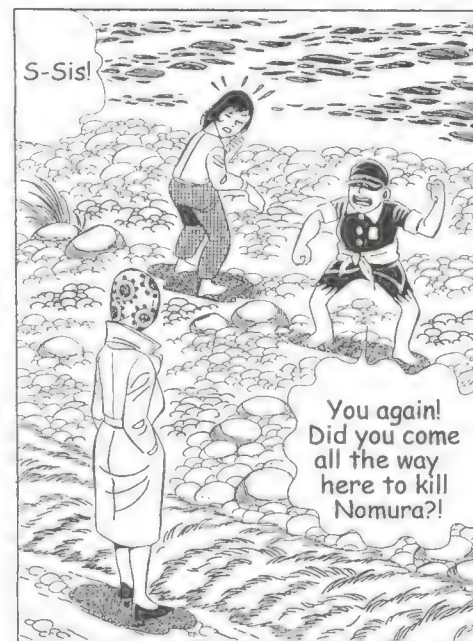
C'mon, Nomura, let's cheer up! That's about all any of us can do now...



CLATTER



Huh?!



S-Sis!

You again! Did you come all the way here to kill Nomura?!

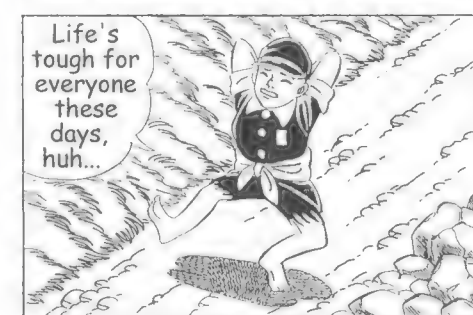
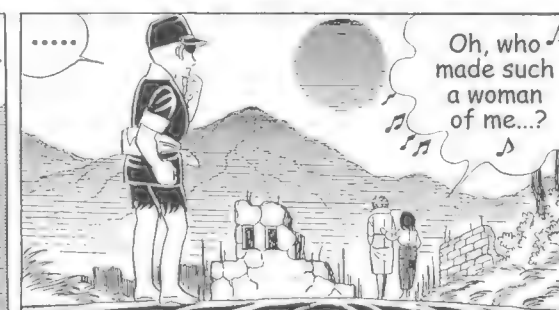


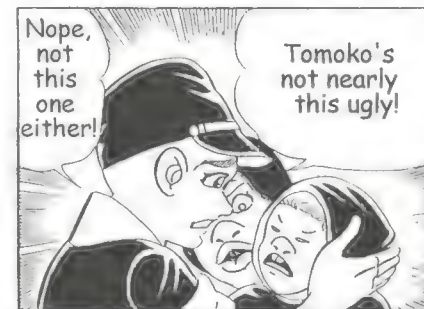
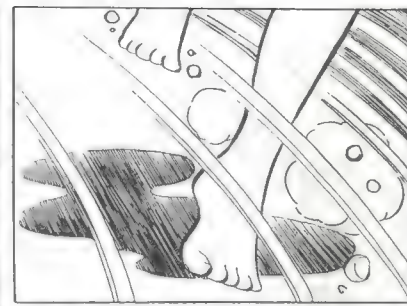
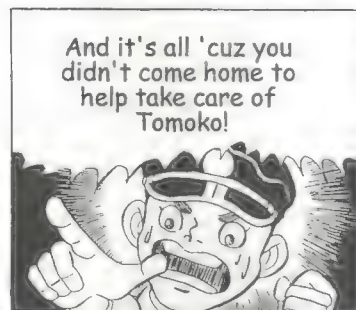
I'm sorry, Michiko. I guess I went a little crazy. I should never have done that to you.

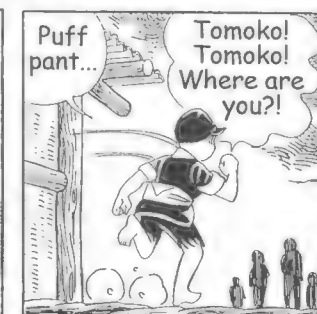
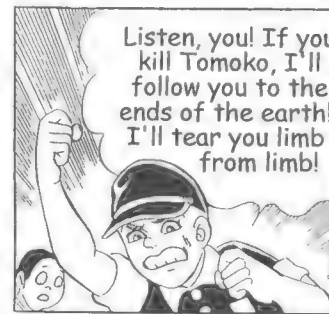
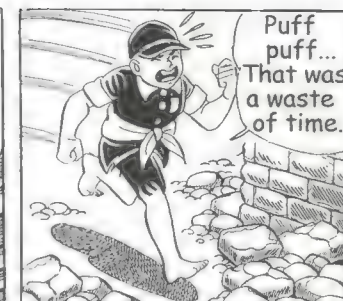
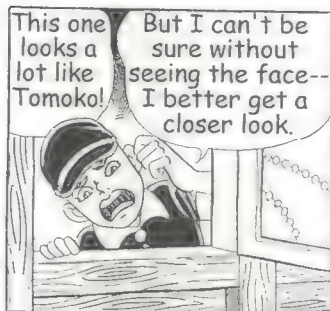
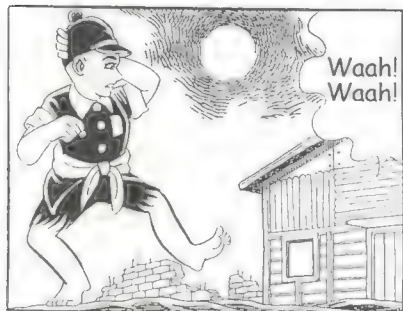


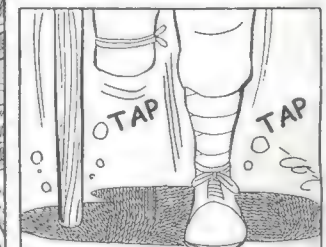
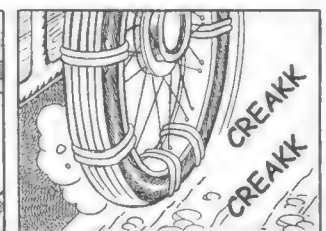
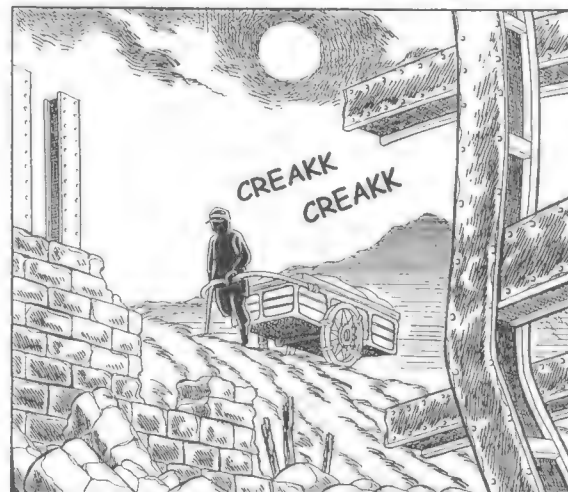
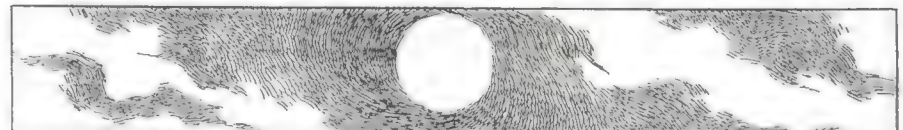
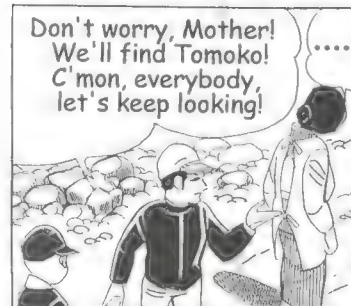
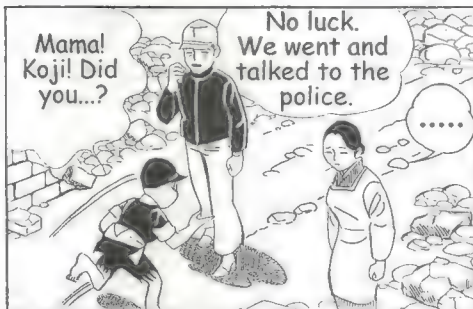
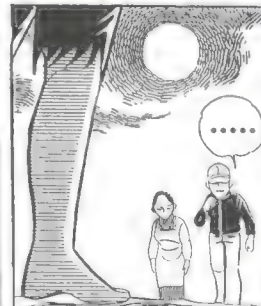
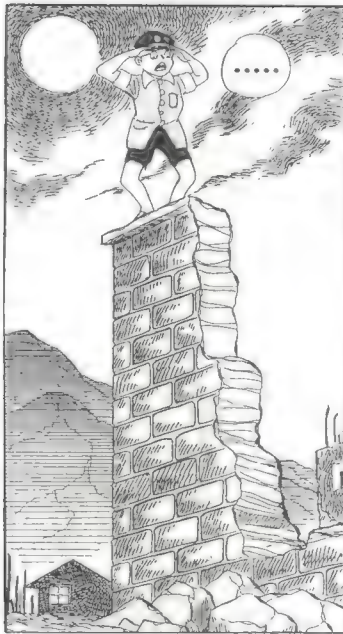
Your big sister is a big fool...

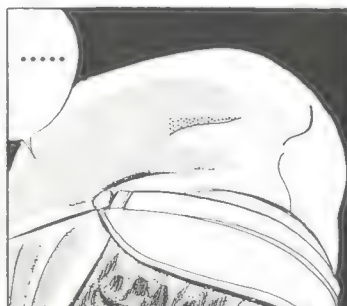
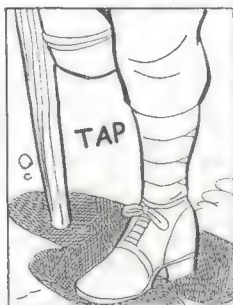
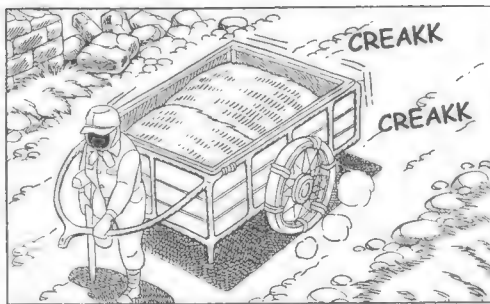
S-Sumiko!



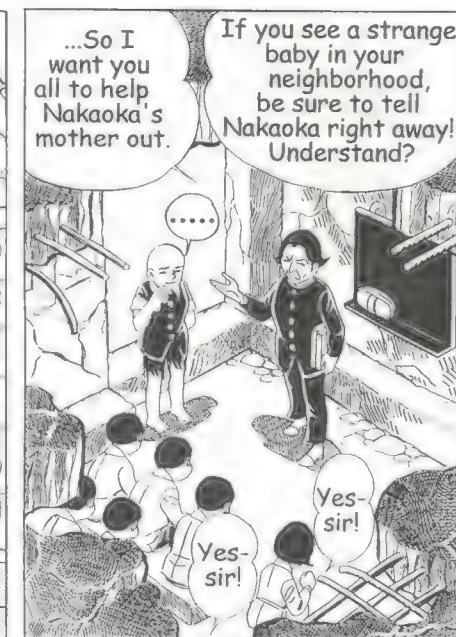
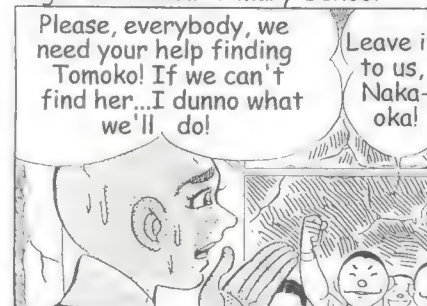


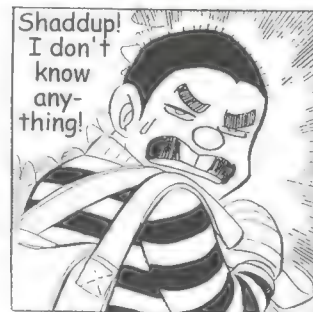
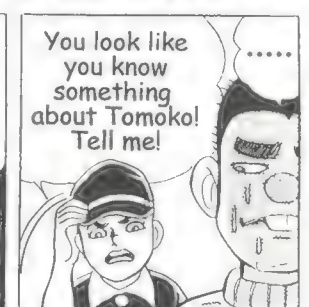
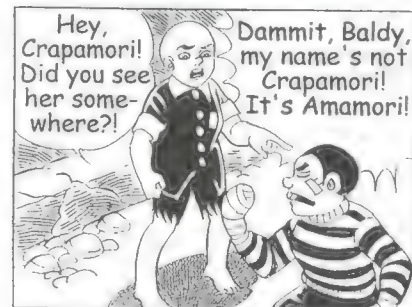
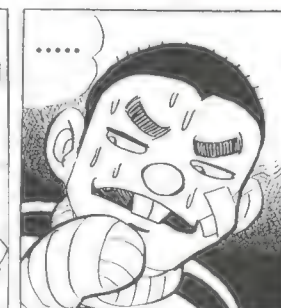
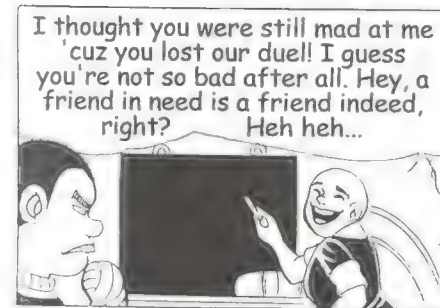
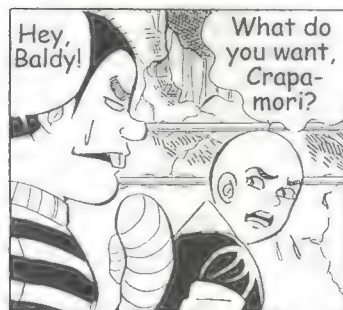
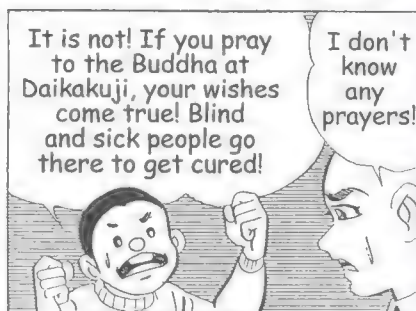
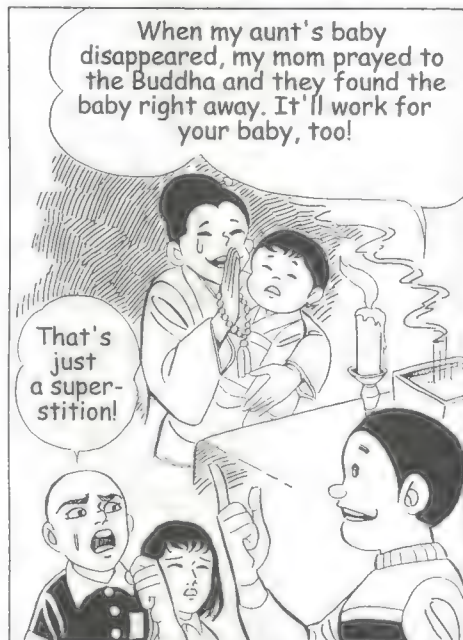
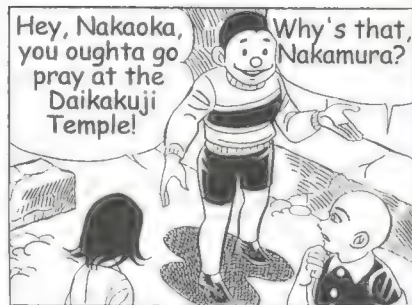






Sign: Motokawa Primary School







Waa!
Waa!



Heh
heh
heh...



If I eat a baby's
liver, it'll heal my
wounds. Sorry,
kid...

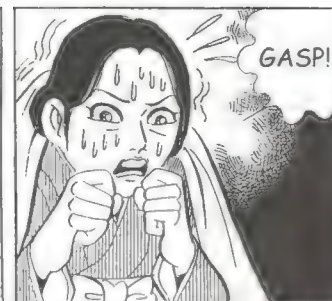
WAAH!
WAAH!



Now
die!!



EEEKK!



GASP!



W-what
happened,
Mama? You
screamed!

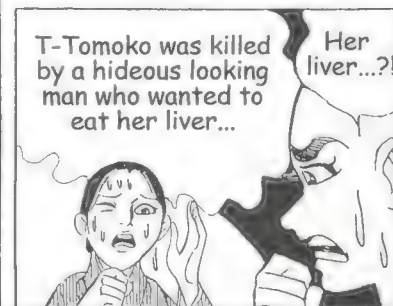
Yeah,
you
scared
us!

Moan...



Pant pant... S-so it
was just a dream...
Thank heavens...
but what a horrible
dream...

What
kind of
dream?



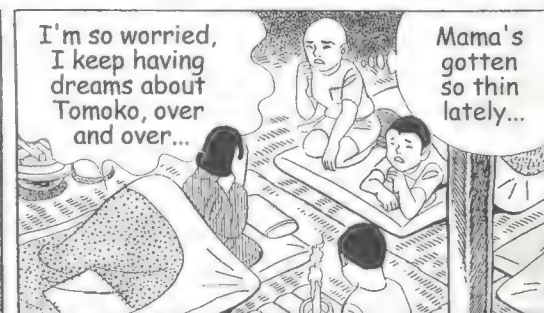
T-Tomoko was killed
by a hideous looking
man who wanted to
eat her liver...

Her
liver...?!



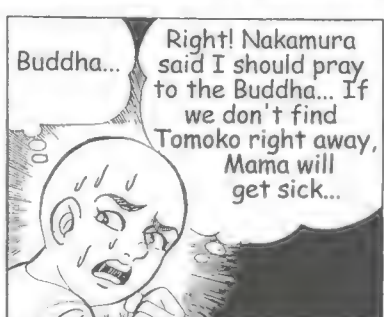
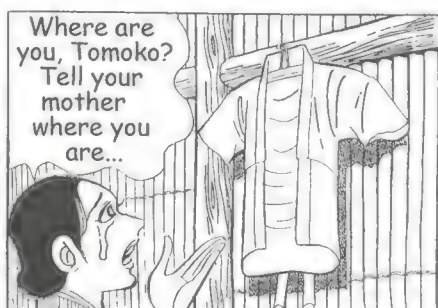
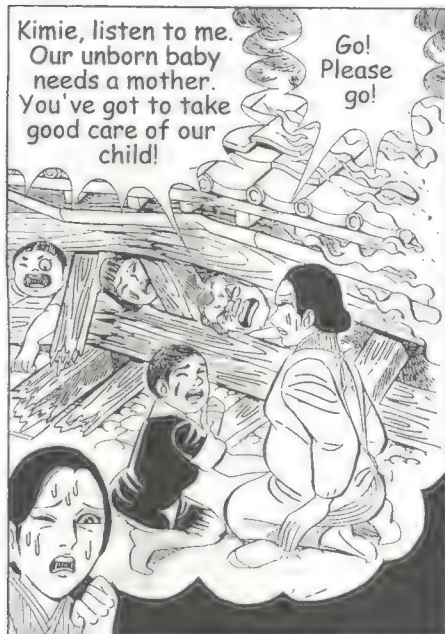
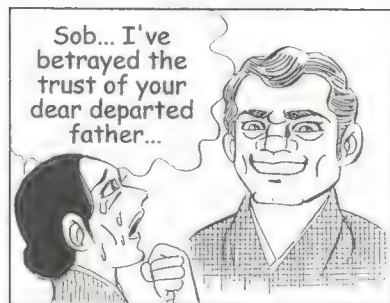
Sob... Where
on earth has
Tomoko been
taken to...?

I just
want her
returned
safe and
sound...

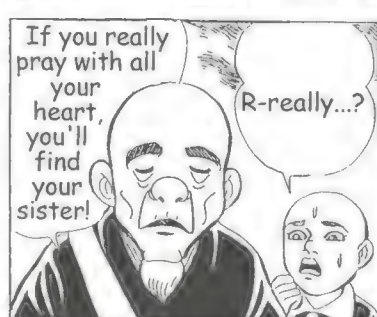
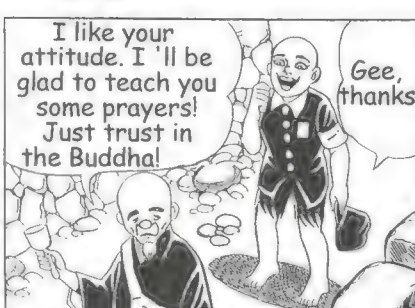
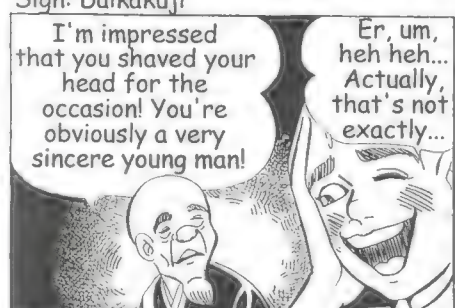
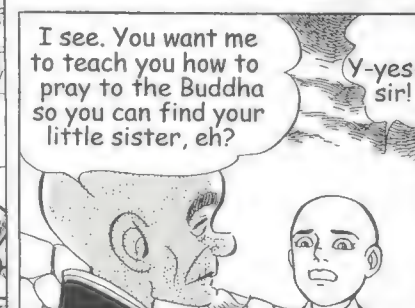


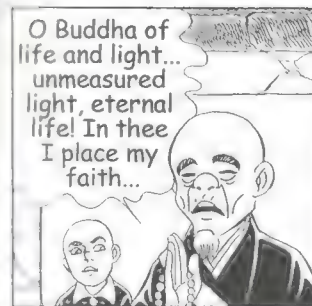
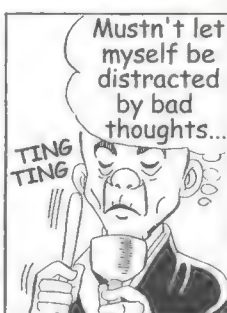
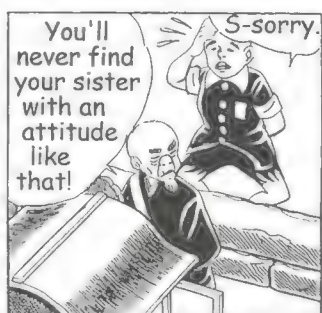
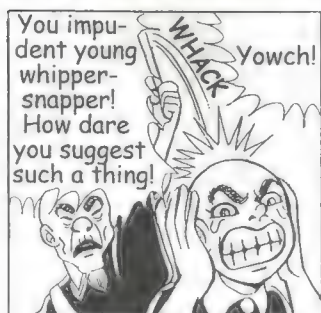
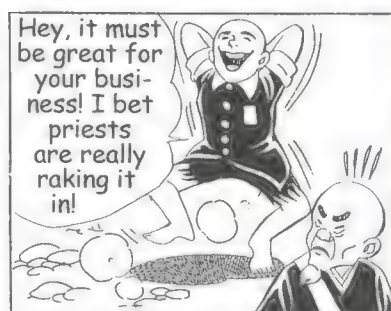
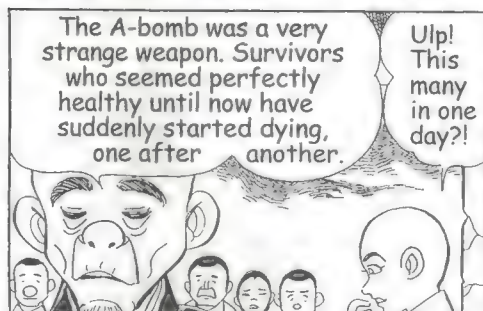
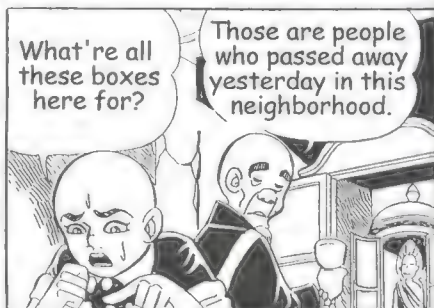
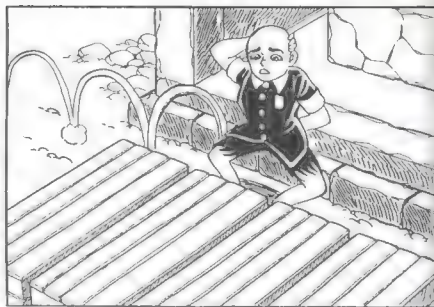
I'm so worried,
I keep having
dreams about
Tomoko, over
and over...

Mama's
gotten
so thin
lately...

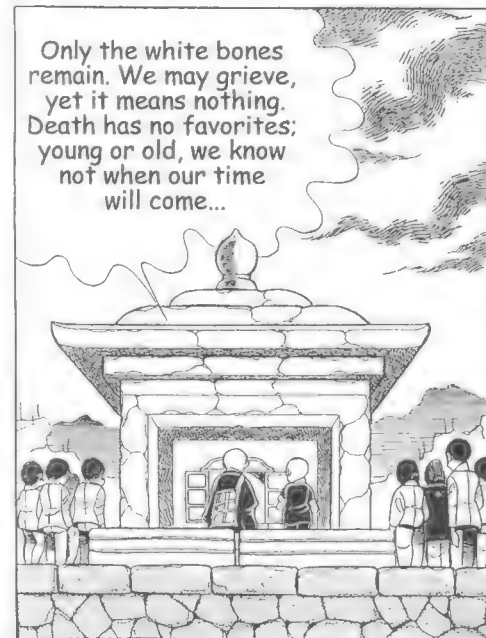
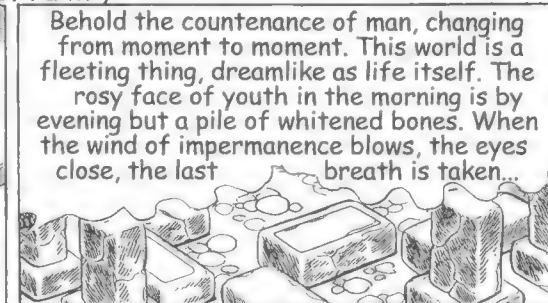
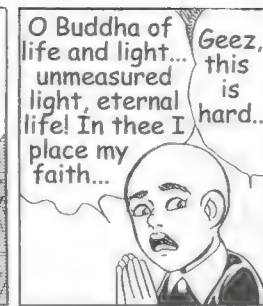
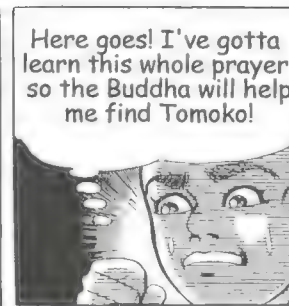


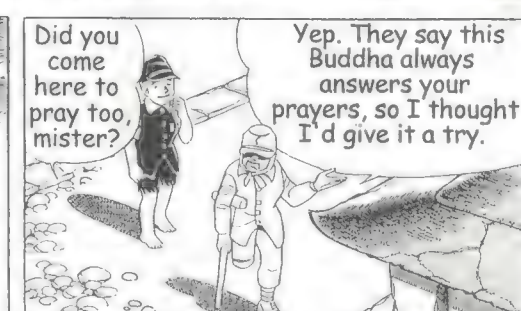
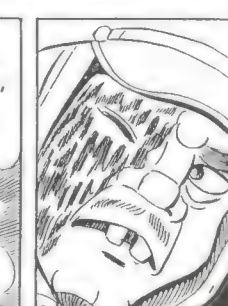
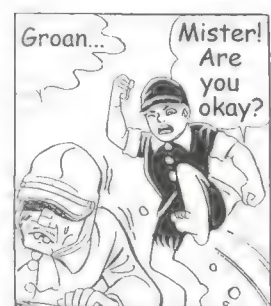
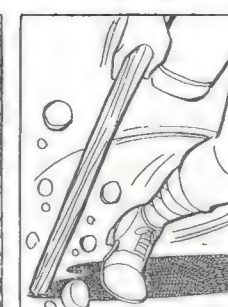
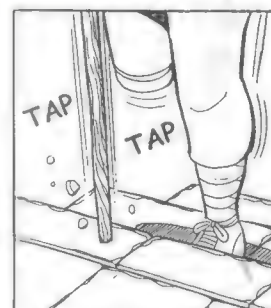
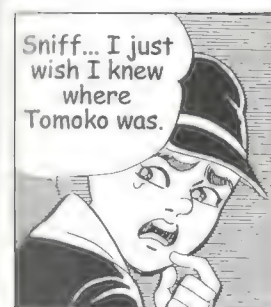
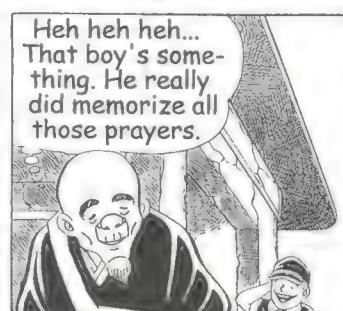
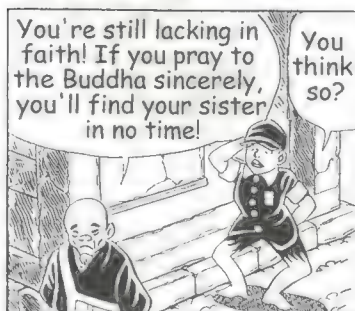
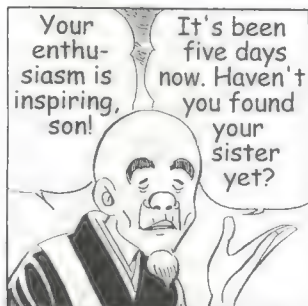
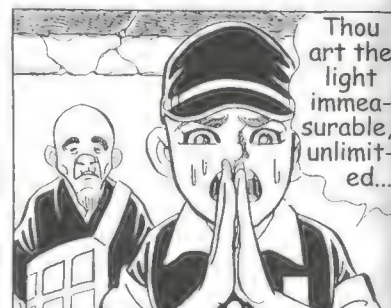
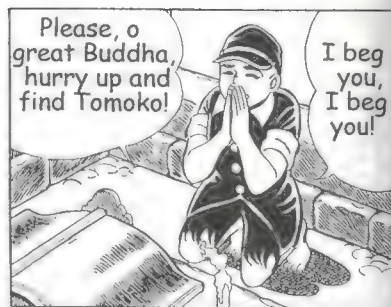
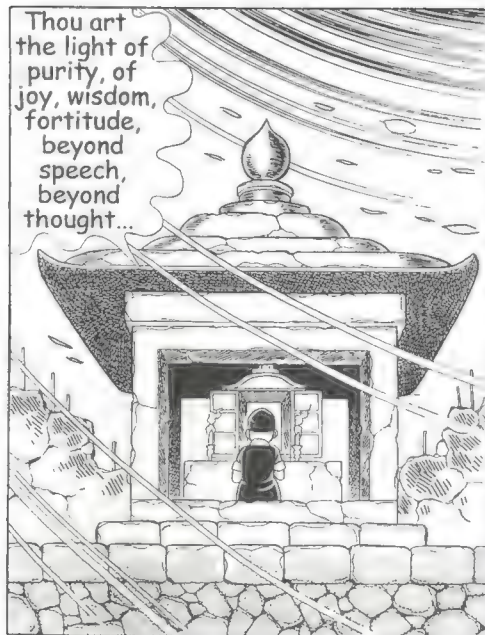
Sign: Daikakuji

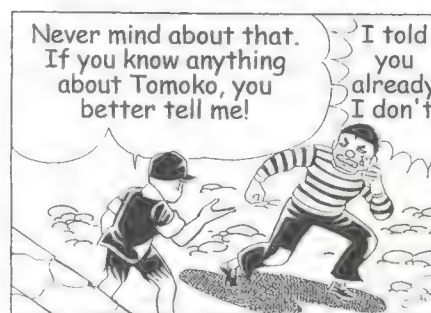
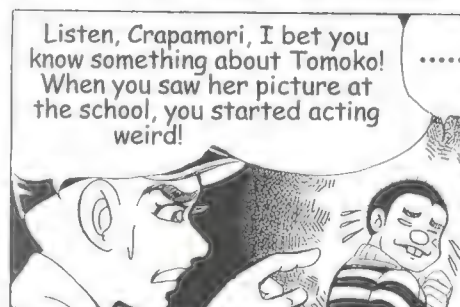
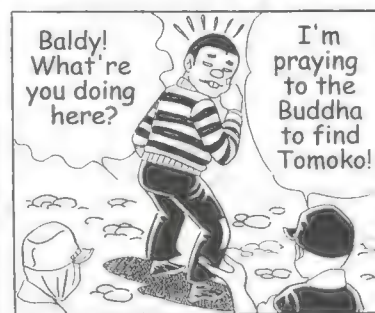
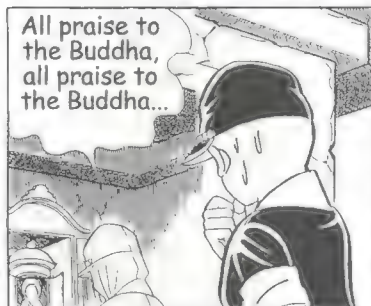


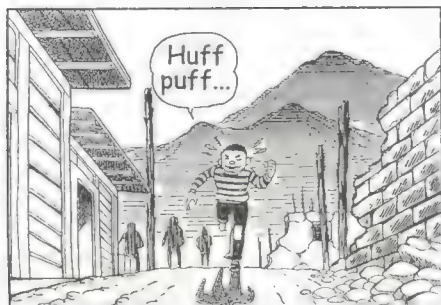


(From the Buddhist "Hymn of Faith")

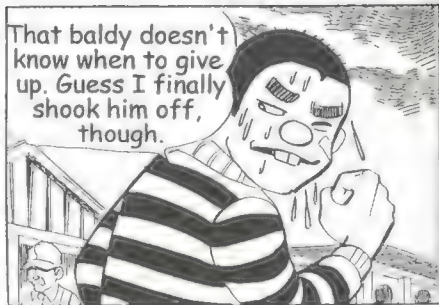








Huff puff...



That baldy doesn't know when to give up. Guess I finally shook him off, though.



Pant pant... If that Crapamori won't tell me anything, I'll follow him and see for myself!



I'll drink to that!

Oh, the taste of a ripe red apple, the blue of an autumn sky...



There's something fishy about him. I just know he knows about Tomoko!

Signs: Used Clothes Daruma Bar



Well, if it ain't Gankichi!

Hi, Mister Ginta, Mister Tetsu!



So tell us, Gankichi, how's our little princess doing today?

Uh, she's fine...



Good! Good!



We pooled our money and bought this for her.

Hurry up and take it to her, will you?

Yes-sir!



Heh heh heh! Think she'll like it?

Oh yeah, she'll love it!



Take good care of her, now!

Yes-sir!



Who's this princess, anyway? What a bunch of weirdos!



Fill her up, pal!

Comin' up!



WHACK



Whadja do that for, Ginta?

Save your cash, Tetsu! Don't you remember? We agreed to use our extra cash to buy the princess something good to eat!



Oh yeah, that's right! Heh heh!

C'mon, let's go. No sense wasting our money just to line this old geezer's pockets!

Hmph!



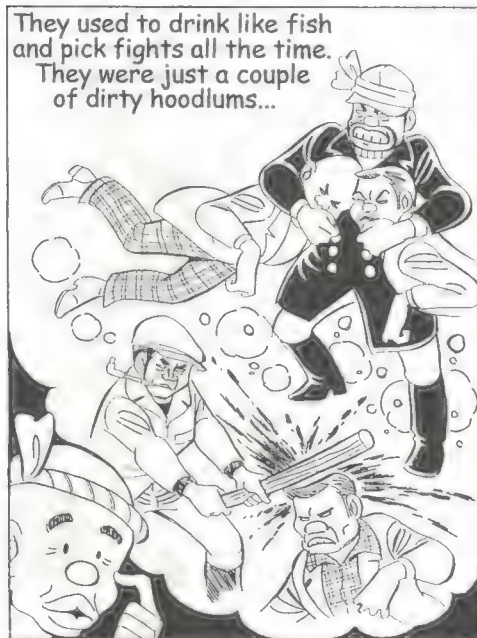
Oh, the taste of a ripe red apple...



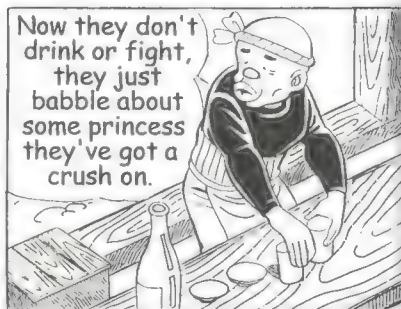
Hurrah for our princess!

Hurrah for our princess!

Huh! Those two sure have changed. What's got into 'em, I wonder?



They used to drink like fish and pick fights all the time. They were just a couple of dirty hoodlums...

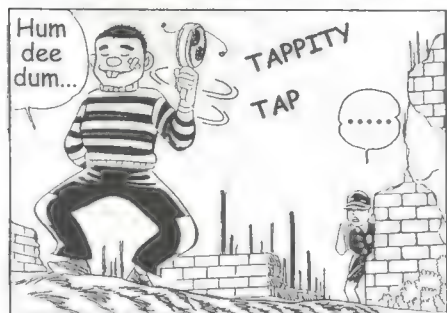


Now they don't drink or fight, they just babble about some princess they've got a crush on.



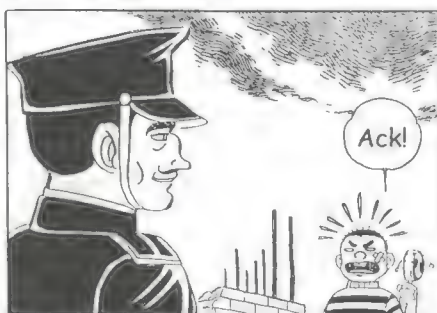
That princess must be quite a gal to turn 'em into such upstanding citizens overnight!

But thanks to their damn princess, my liquor sales are down...



Hum dee dum...

TAPPITY TAP



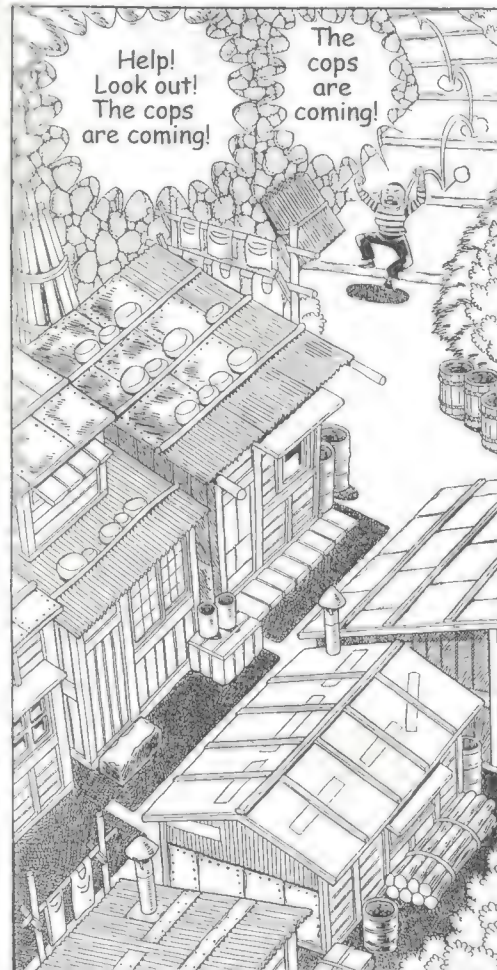
Ack!



Uh-oh!



Weird... Crapamori ran away the moment he saw those cops...



Help! Look out! The cops are coming!

The cops are coming!



What? The police?

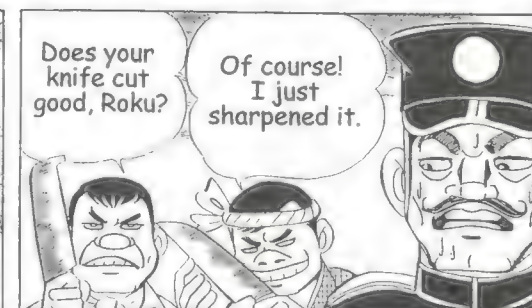
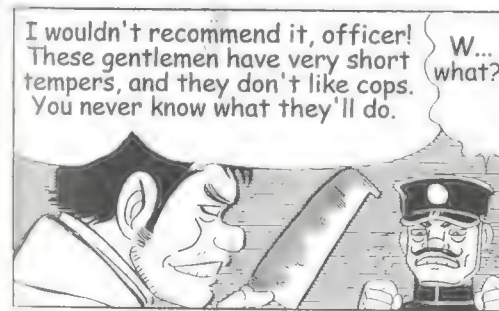
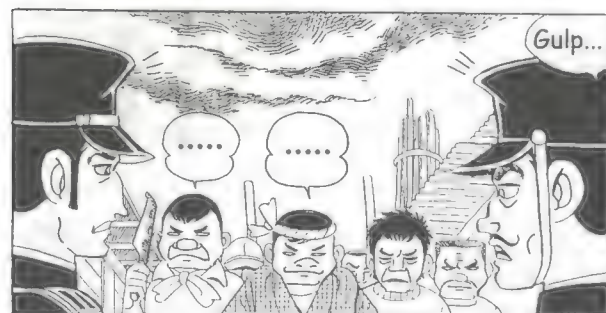


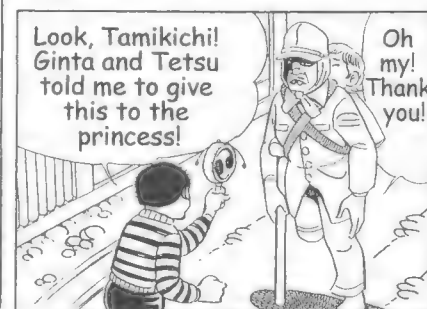
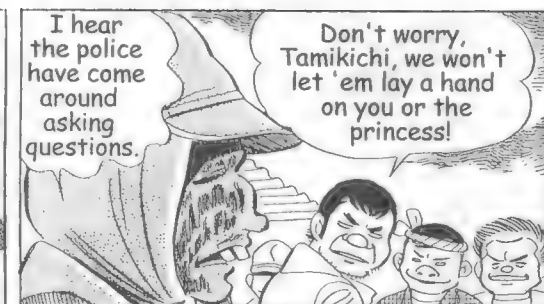
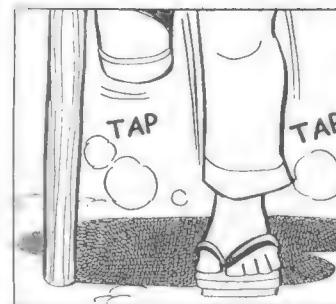
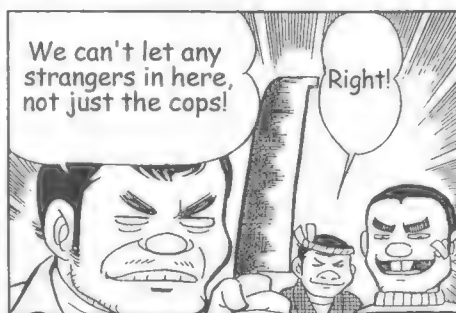
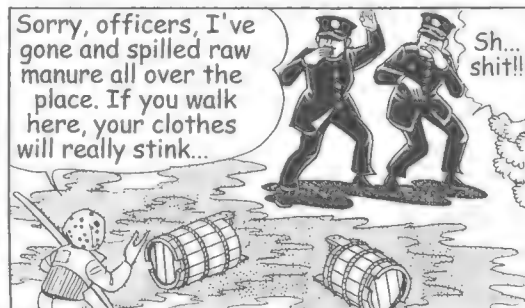
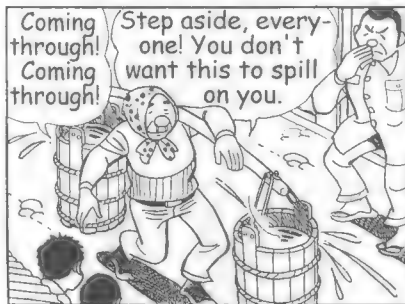
The cops, you say?



Yak yak

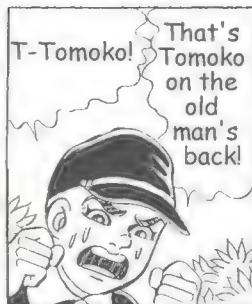
Buzz buzz







Aaahh!!



T-Tomoko! That's Tomoko on the old man's back!



Sob... S-she's alive!! That princess of theirs is Tomoko!



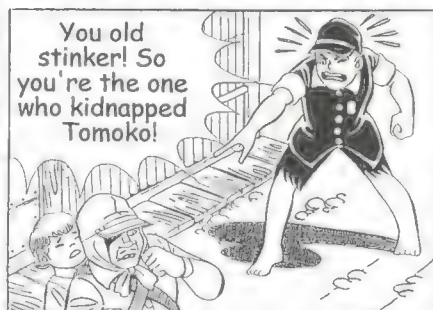
Waaahh! Tomoko!!

Urk!

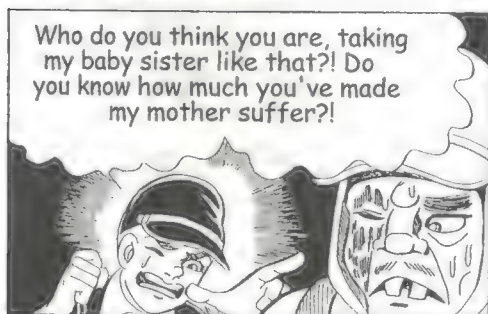


Crapamori! You jerk! You knew where she was all along!

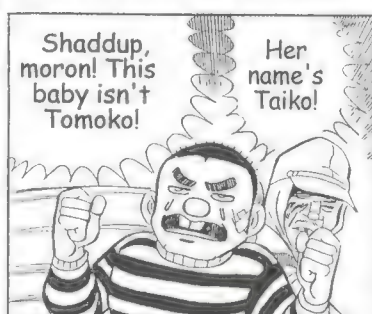
B-Baldy! So you followed me, did you?!



You old stinker! So you're the one who kidnapped Tomoko!



Who do you think you are, taking my baby sister like that?! Do you know how much you've made my mother suffer?!



Shaddup, moron! This baby isn't Tomoko! Her name's Taiko!



She's Tami-kichi's baby! Don't try to fool me! I know my own sister when I see her!



Give her back! Give me back my sister!



WHOMP



Unhh... You tryin' to make trouble for our princess, punk? Mister Ginta...



Let's teach this brat a lesson!

Yeah!

Groan...



Moan... G-give her back... Give Tomoko back...

Tomoko...

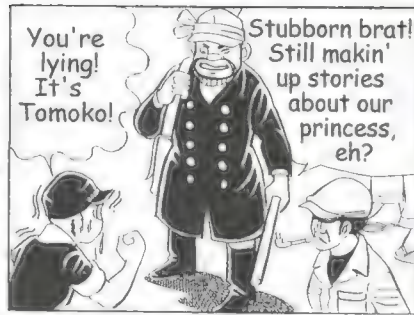


Take that! And that! Don't show your face around here again!



G-give me back my baby sister...

Idiot! I told you, this baby's name is Taiko! She belongs to Tamikichi!



You're lying! It's Tomoko!

Stubborn brat! Still makin' up stories about our princess, eh?



Get outta here!!

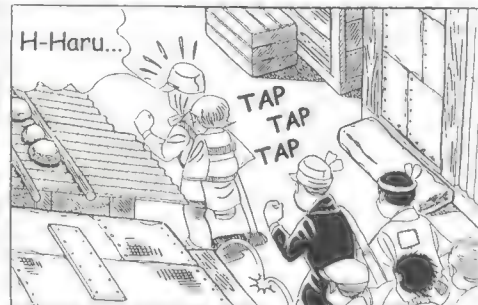
WHACK!

Oww!!



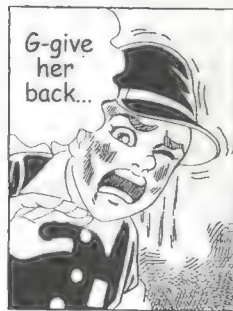
Tamikichi! Come quick! Haru's in pain!

Haru! Oh no!



H-Haru...

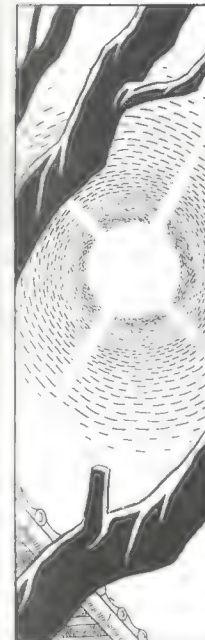
TAP TAP TAP



G-give her back...



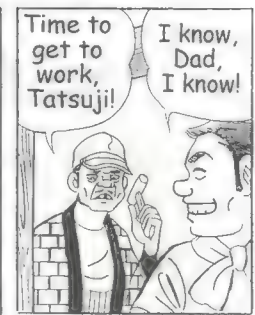
Unhhh...



Koochy koochy koo!

C'mon, Taiko, show us a smile!

Giggle... It's too early, dear! She's only two weeks old!



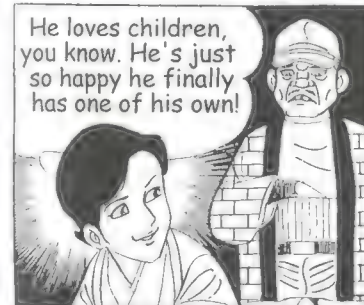
Time to get to work, Tatsuji!

I know, Dad, I know!



I dunno what to do with your husband. He spends all day mooning over Taiko!

Ha ha ha!

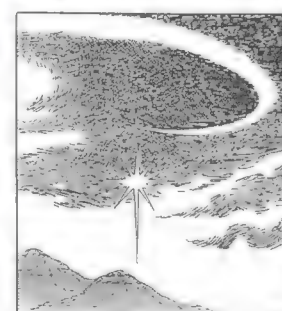


He loves children, you know. He's just so happy he finally has one of his own!



Look, Papa! There's a B-29 up there...

That's strange... There was no air raid siren. They must not have seen it...

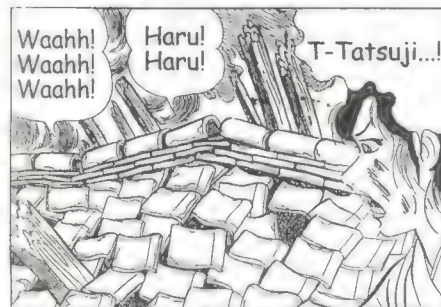
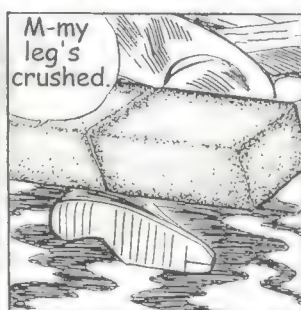
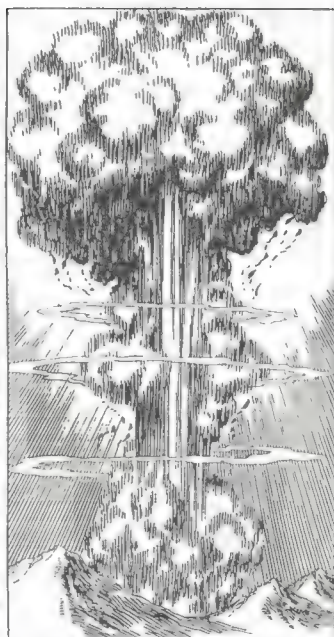


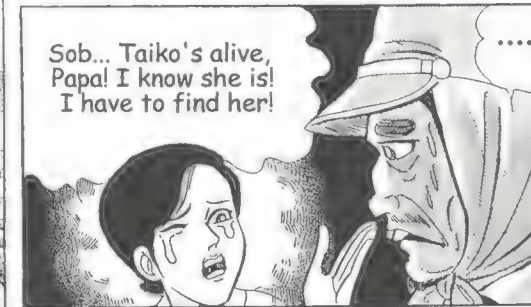
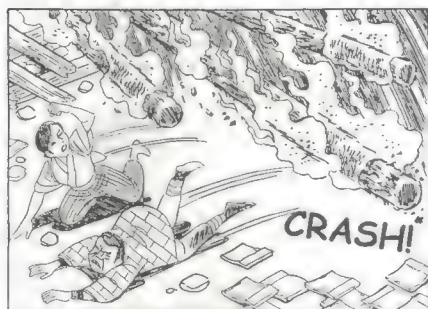
Something's falling from it!

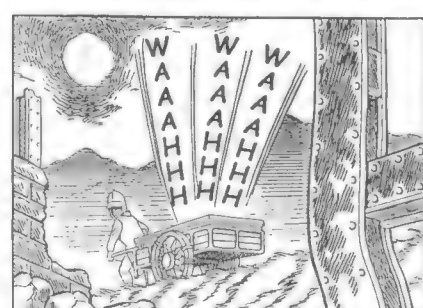
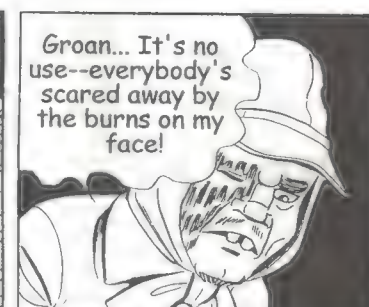
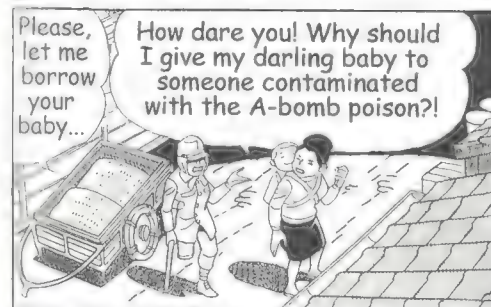
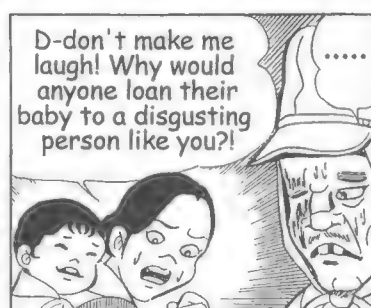
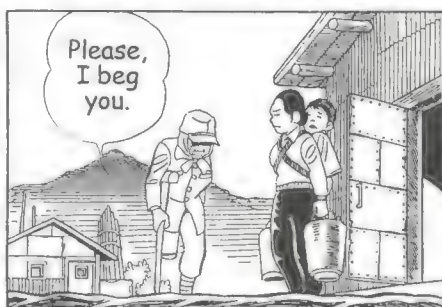
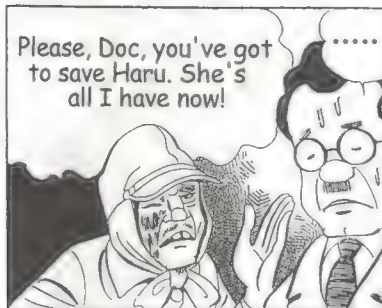
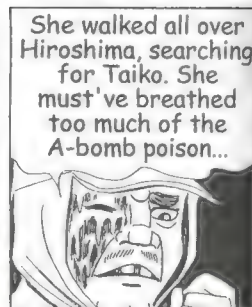
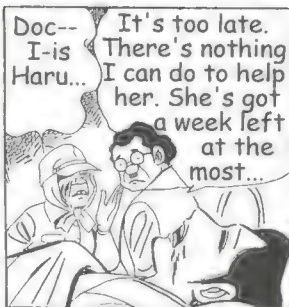
Where?



Koochy koochy koo!









Sob... Oh, Taiko, you're alive! I'm so glad, so glad...



See, Haru? Now you've got to live, for Taiko's sake as well as your own.

I will, Papa, I will! I'll get better, you'll see!



Zzz...

Oh Taiko, I'm so happy!



Tami-kichil!

Urk!



Must've dozed off... I'm all tired out from taking care of Haru...



Gasp... Gasp...

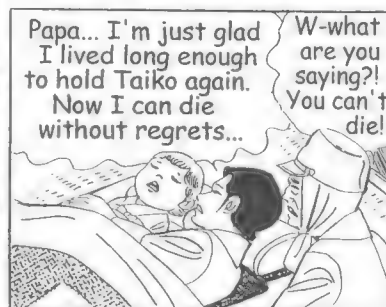
Tamikichil! Haru's taken a turn for the worse!

W-what?!



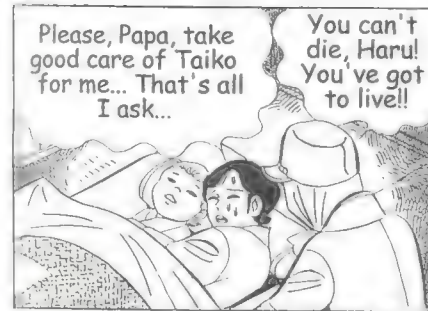
Haru...

Gasp... Pant...



Papa... I'm just glad I lived long enough to hold Taiko again. Now I can die without regrets...

W-what are you saying?! You can't die!



Please, Papa, take good care of Taiko for me... That's all I ask...

You can't die, Haru! You've got to live!!



Gasp...

Haru! Be strong!

Don't give up now!



Gasp... T-Taiko, your mother wanted to be with you always... But she can't...

I want so badly to live, but it's no use... Gasp... Forgive me, forgive me...



WAAHHH WAAHHH WAAHHH

Sob... Don't cry, Taiko, don't cry!



Waah! Waah!

There, there... Let mama sing to you...



♪ Pant pant... Hush-a-bye, baby, don't you cry... ♪

Sob...

Sniff...



M-mama's going to sing you a lullaby... Sleep, my little one, sleep...



Haru!

Haru...

Miz Haru!



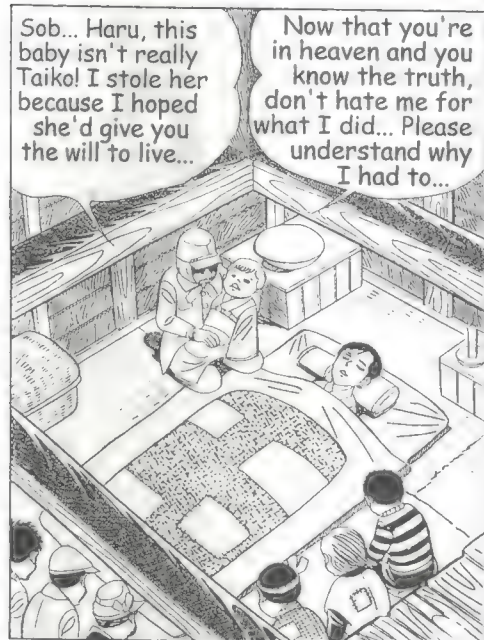
She's dead...



Moan... Haru, Haru...

Over six months since the damn A-bomb, and it's still killing us one by one!

Who knows who'll be next...

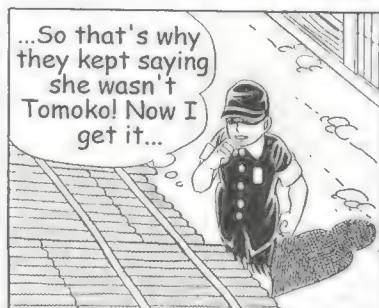


Sob... Haru, this baby isn't really Taiko! I stole her because I hoped she'd give you the will to live...

Now that you're in heaven and you know the truth, don't hate me for what I did... Please understand why I had to...



.....



...So that's why they kept saying she wasn't Tomoko! Now I get it...



Sob... That bomb has taken everyone from me now... everyone...

We're still here for you, Tamikichi!

That's right! If we all stick together, we'll make it!



.....



Go find a priest, Gankichi! We'll have him say a prayer for Haru!

Y-yes-sir.



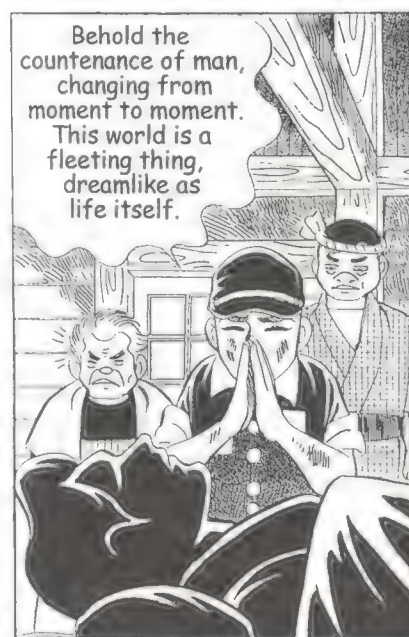
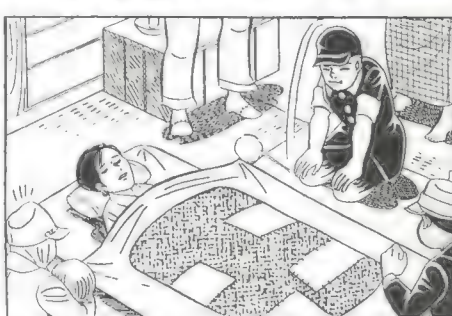
Baldy!!

BANG

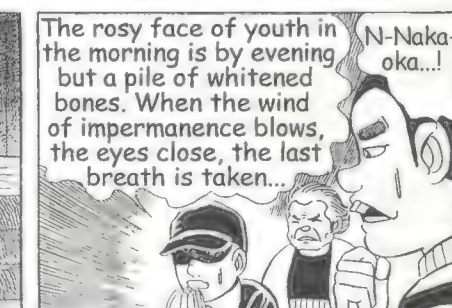


Wha-?! That same punk is still hanging around here!

.....

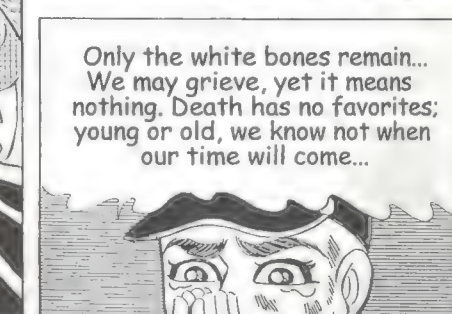


Behold the countenance of man, changing from moment to moment. This world is a fleeting thing, dreamlike as life itself.

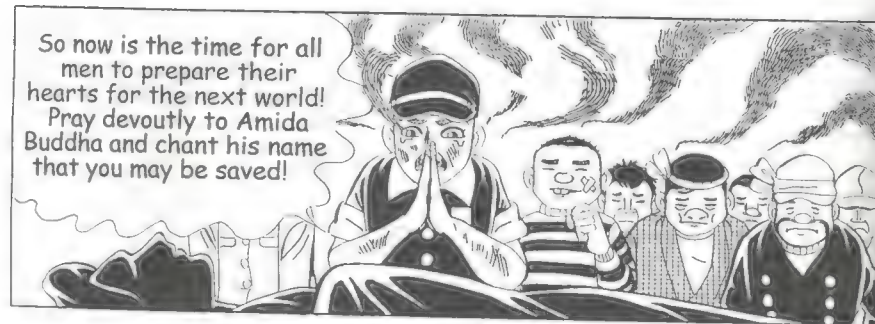


The rosy face of youth in the morning is by evening but a pile of whitened bones. When the wind of impermanence blows, the eyes close, the last breath is taken...

N-Naka-oka...!



Only the white bones remain... We may grieve, yet it means nothing. Death has no favorites; young or old, we know not when our time will come...

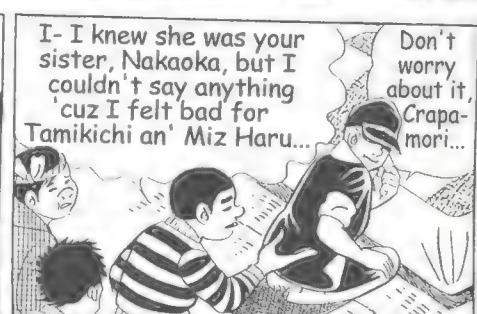


So now is the time for all
men to prepare their
hearts for the next world!
Pray devoutly to Amida
Buddha and chant his name
that you may be saved!



F-forgive me,
sonny... I don't
blame you for
being mad at me...

.....



I- I knew she was your
sister, Nakaoka, but I
couldn't say anything
'cuz I felt bad for
Tamikichi an' Miz Haru...

Don't
worry
about it,
Crapa-
mori...



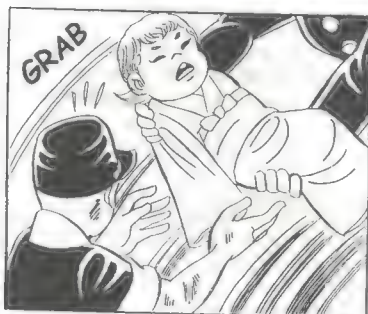
It's
okay,
mister.

Sob...
Forgive
me,
forgive
me...



Okay,
Tomoko,
let's
head
home!

Mama's been
so worried
about you!



GRAB



W-what're
you doing?!



I'm not
lettin' you
take this baby
anywhere!!

What?!



That's
right!
She's
ours!

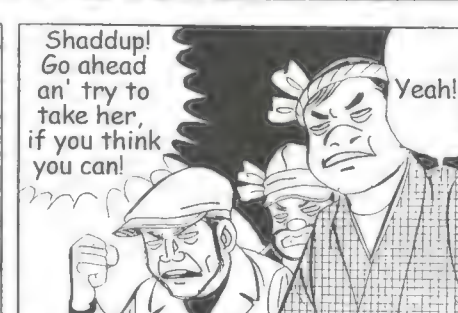


T-the
hell you
say!

Miz Haru's
dead! You
don't need
Tomoko
anymore!



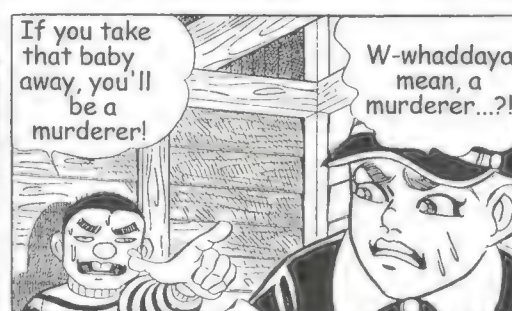
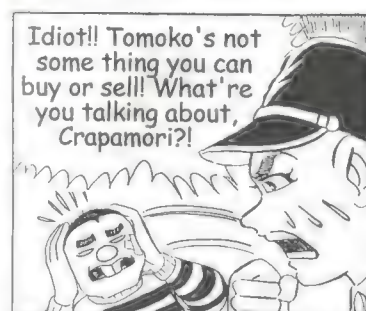
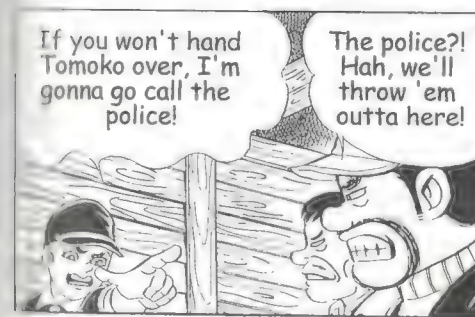
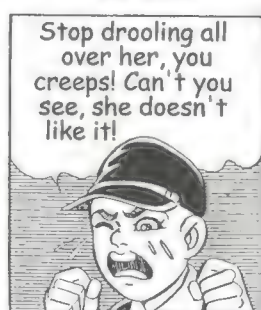
Give her
back! Give
Tomoko
back!

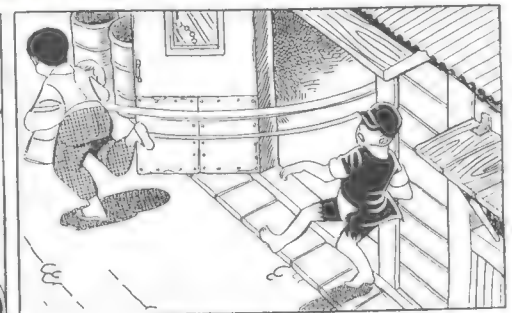
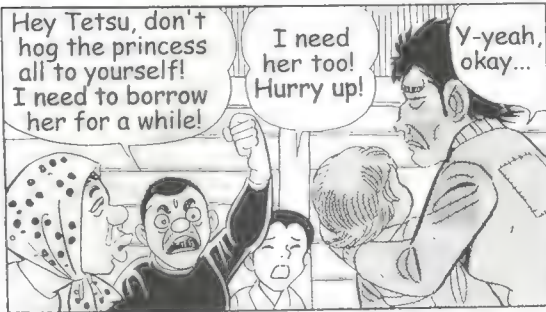
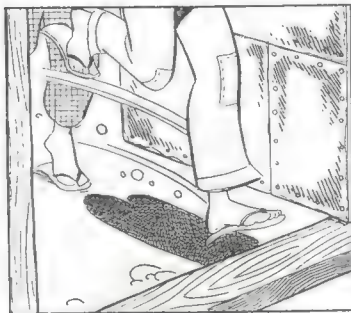


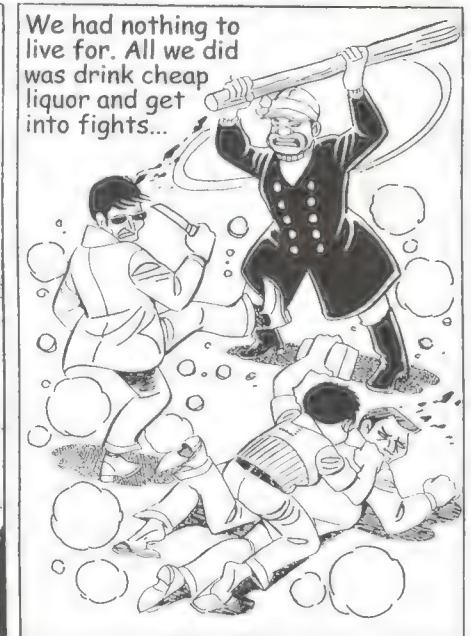
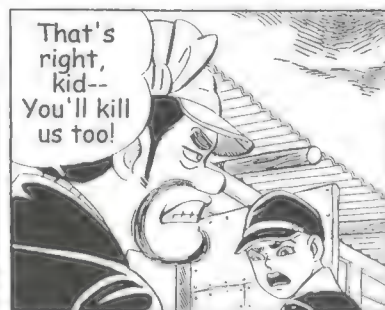
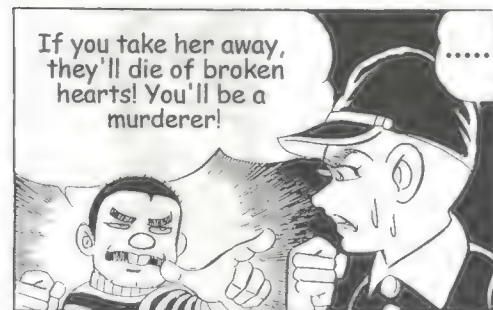
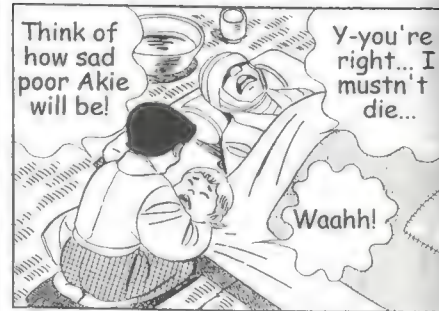
Shaddup!
Go ahead
an' try to
take her,
if you think
you can!

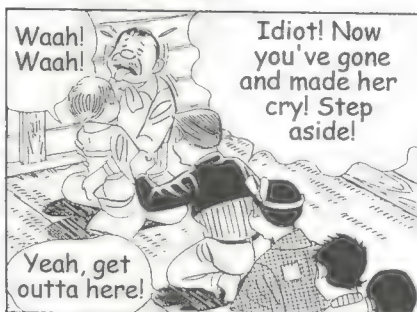
Yeah!

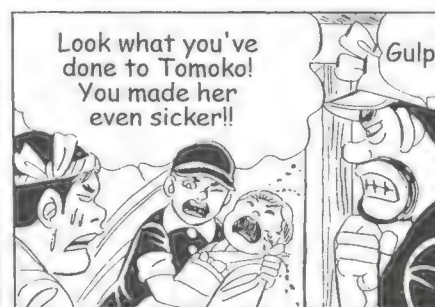
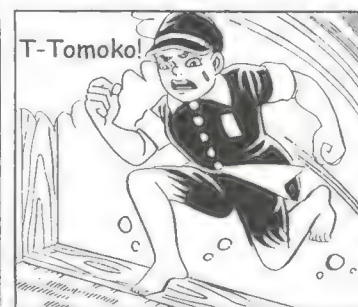
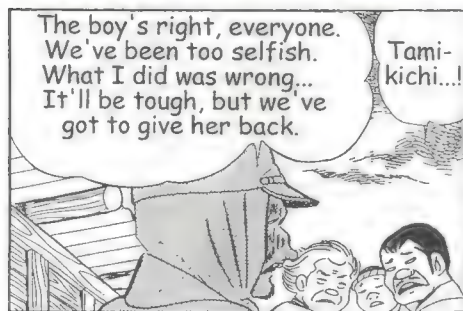
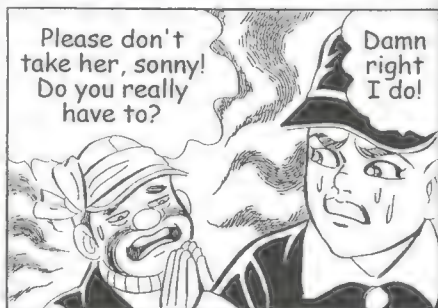
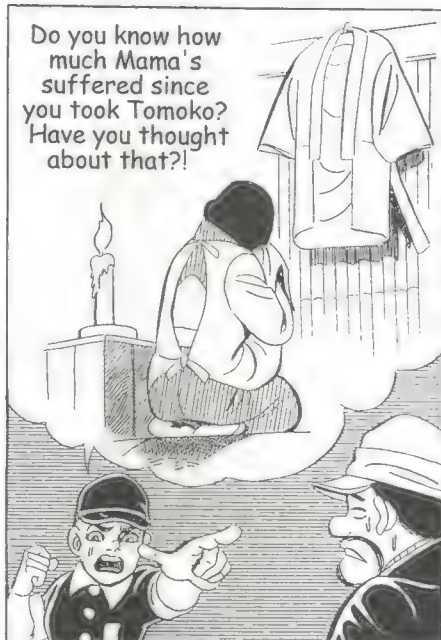
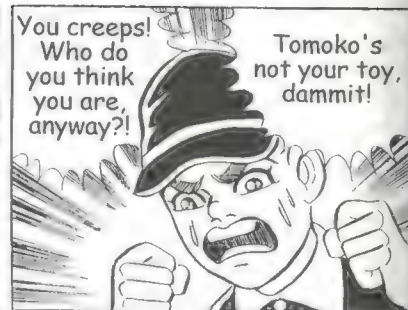


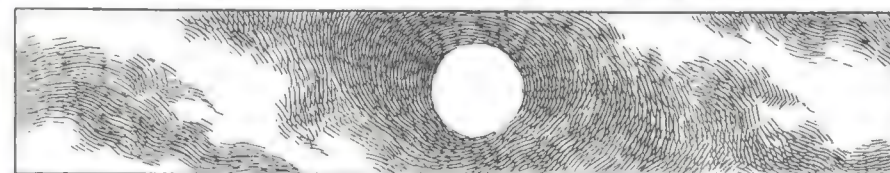
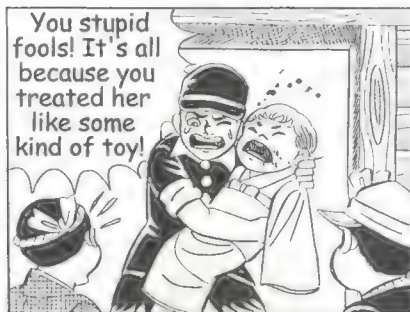




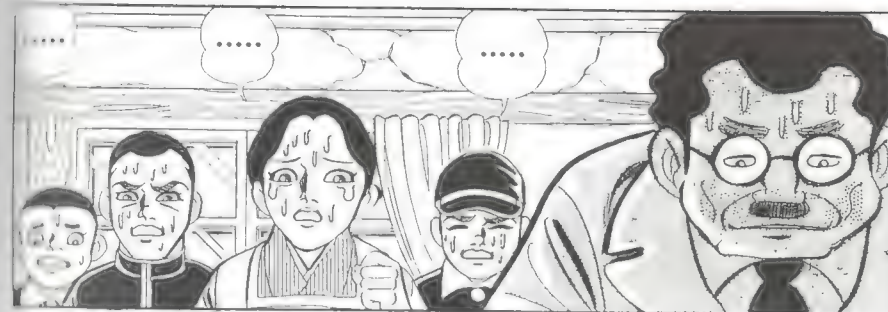
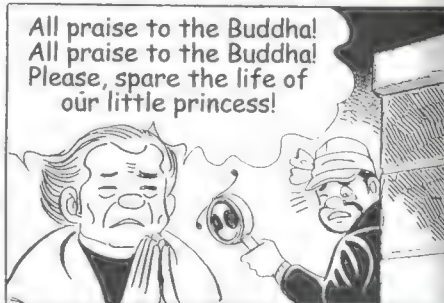


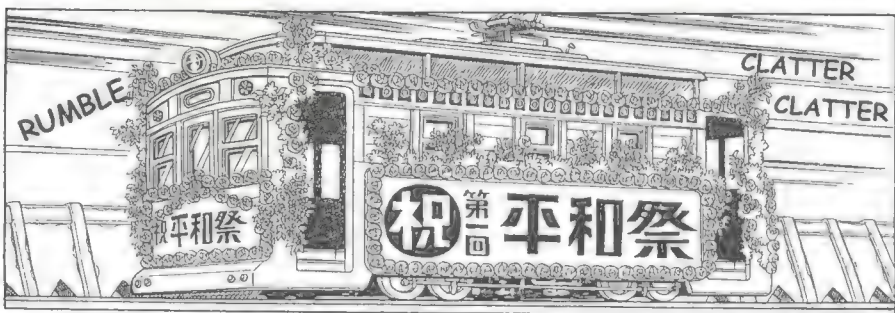
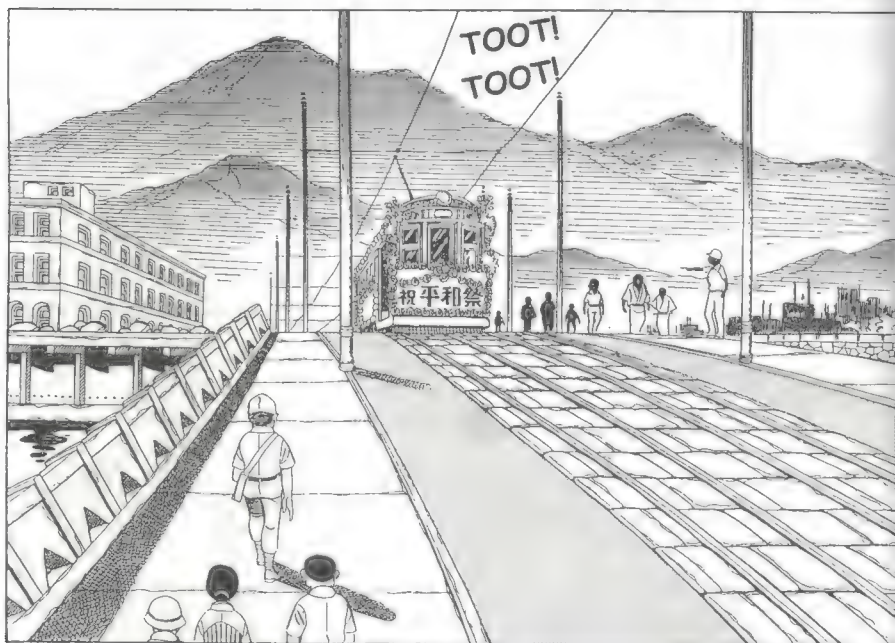
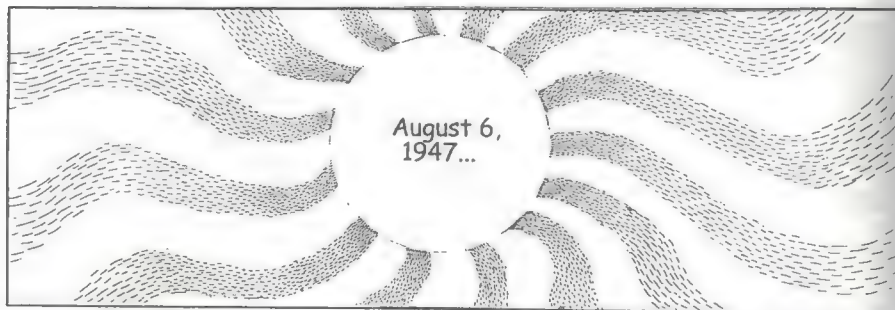




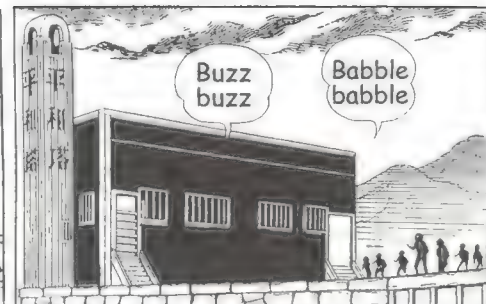
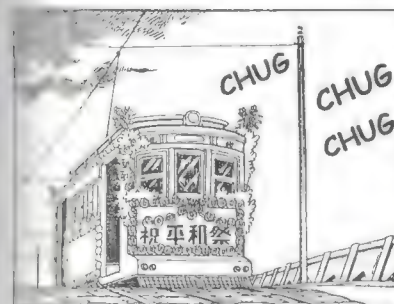


Sign: Nakao Clinic



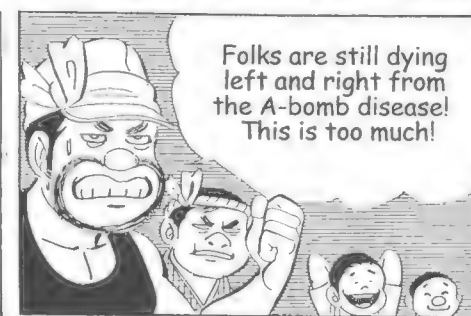
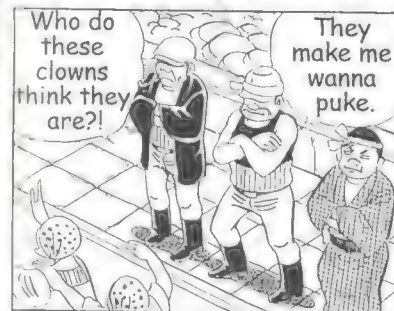
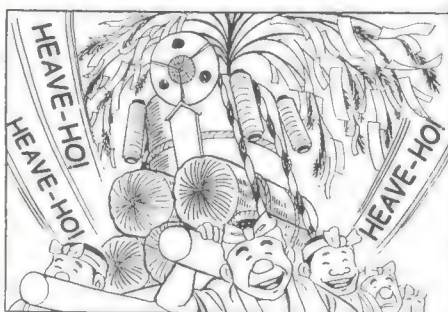
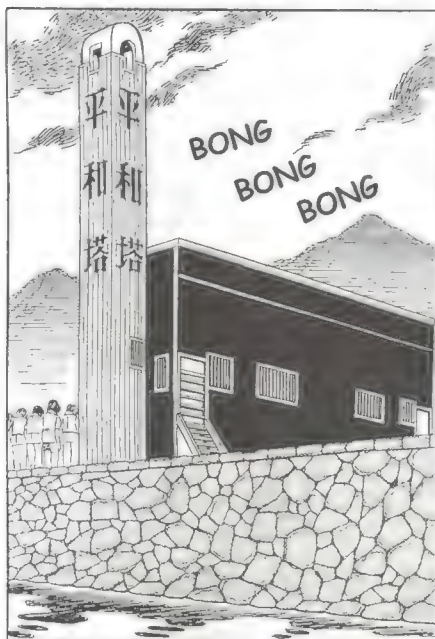
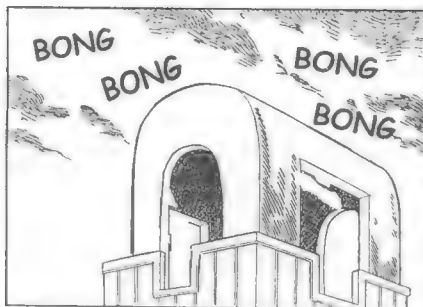


226 Sign: First Annual Peace Festival



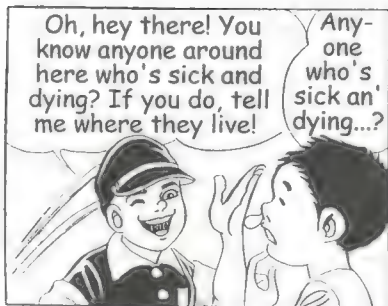
Sign: Peace Tower





Sign: Peace Festival--Lottery tickets on sale





Oh, hey there! You know anyone around here who's sick and dying? If you do, tell me where they live!

Any one who's sick an' dying...?



Well, the old man who lives in that house is real sick...

He is? Great, thanks!



Gasp... pant...

Wow, he really is.



What do you want?

Er, ahem... Hello, there!



Y'see...



You idiot! What're you talking about?!

We're desperately trying to save his life, and you act like it's some kind of joke!

BONK

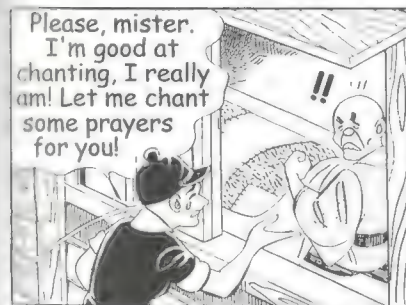
Yowch!



W-what?! You're offering to chant prayers, cheap?!

That old man's gonna die soon, right? So instead of hiring a priest to chant for him, you can hire me instead!

I'm pretty good, if I do say so myself!



Please, mister. I'm good at chanting, I really am! Let me chant some prayers for you!



You dumb brat! I'm still alive! Go on, scram!

Yikes!

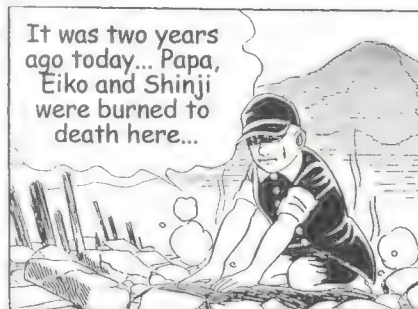
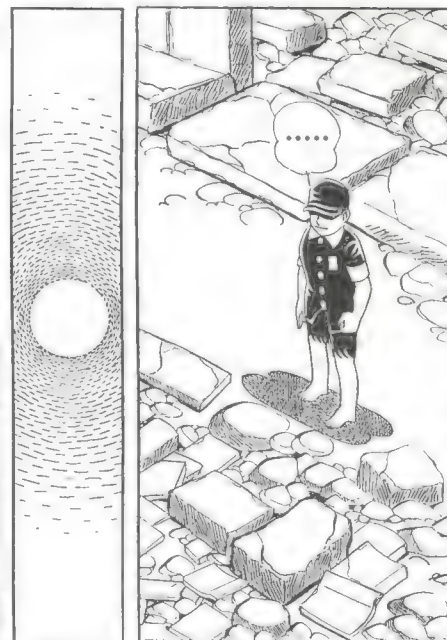


Sniff...

Dammit! I've gotta earn some money right away, and I haven't made a single yen. What'll I do?



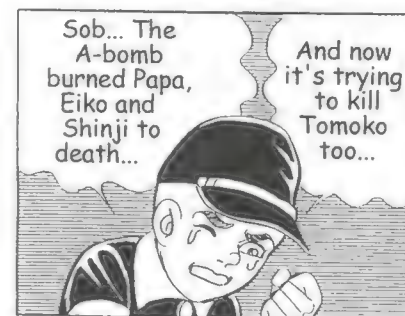
Money, I need money...



It was two years ago today... Papa, Eiko and Shinji were burned to death here...



All because of the bomb, the damn A-bomb...



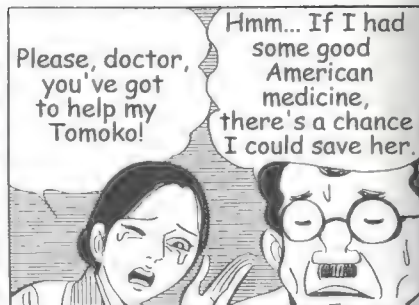


D-doctor, it can't be!

Tell me it isn't so!

Her internal organs are in terrible shape. There's nothing I can do.

I can't be certain without an X-ray, but it might be cancer.



Please, doctor, you've got to help my Tomoko!

Hmm... If I had some good American medicine, there's a chance I could save her.



Then please, give her the American medicine!

Unfortunately, it's almost impossible to get. Even on the black market it's very expensive.



W-we'll pay you somehow. Just do whatever you can to save Tomoko!

Sorry, I'd have to get cash up front.



Just how much money do you need?

About 100,000 yen to start with.



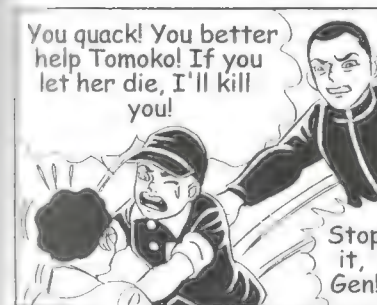
O-one hundred thousand?! ...W-we can't get that kind of money.

.....



Then I'm sorry, but you might as well give up.

Noooo... Sob...



You quack! You better help Tomoko! If you let her die, I'll kill you!

Stop it, Gen!



Sob...



P-please, doctor. You've got to save her! Please!!



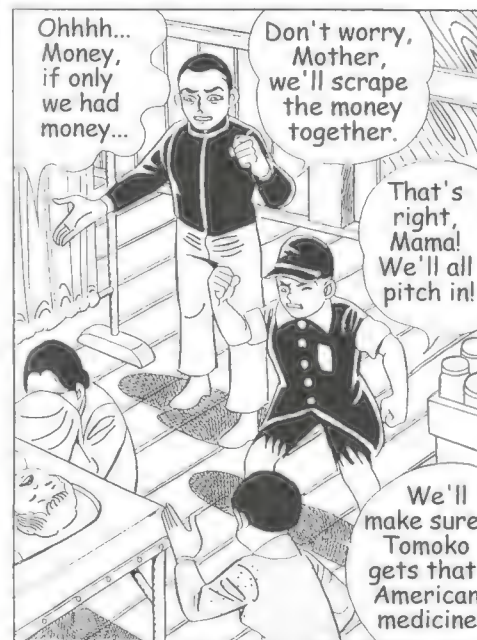
Doctor, if we give you one hundred thousand yen, you'll give Tomoko the American medicine, right? Can you promise us that?

Um, yes...



Pant pant...

Sob... Tomoko, Tomoko...



Ohhhh... Money, if only we had money...

Don't worry, Mother, we'll scrape the money together.

That's right, Mama! We'll all pitch in!



So we need a hundred thousand yen to save the princess, eh?

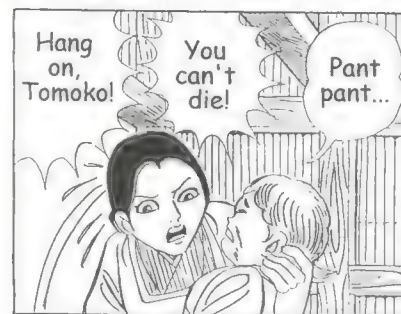
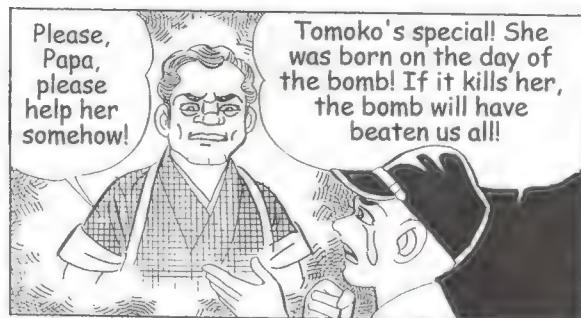
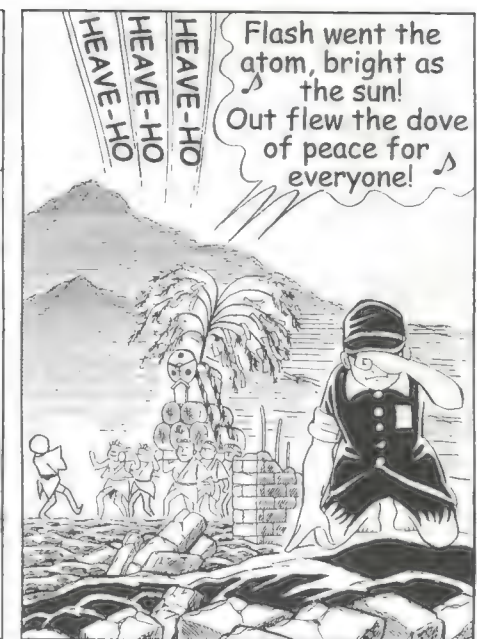
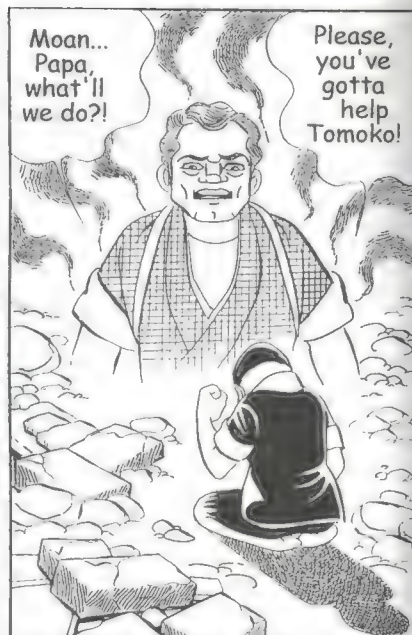
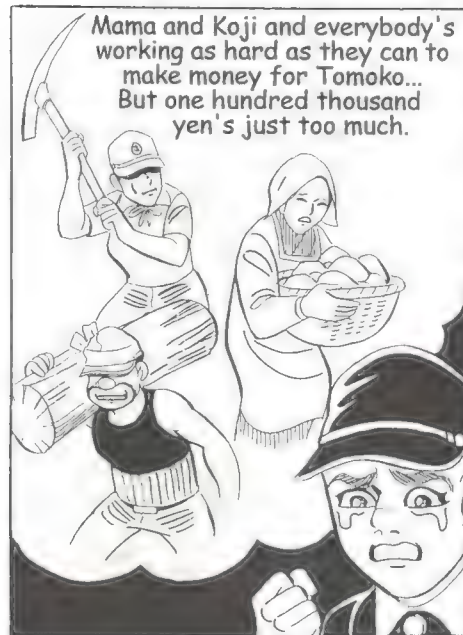
.....

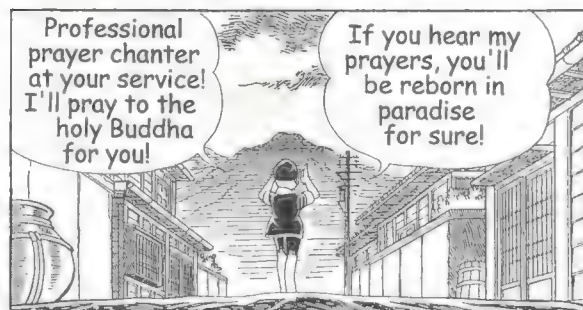
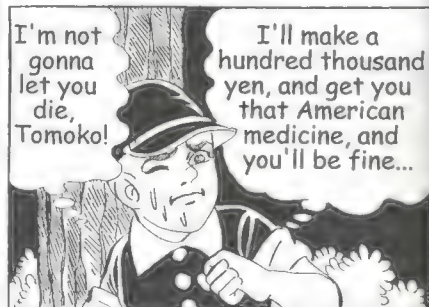


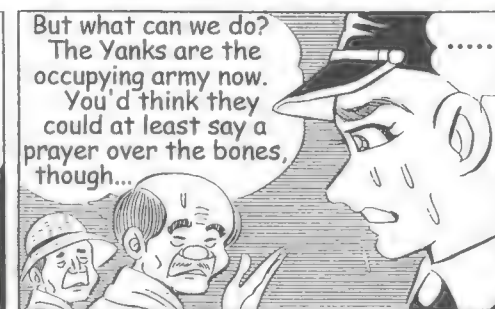
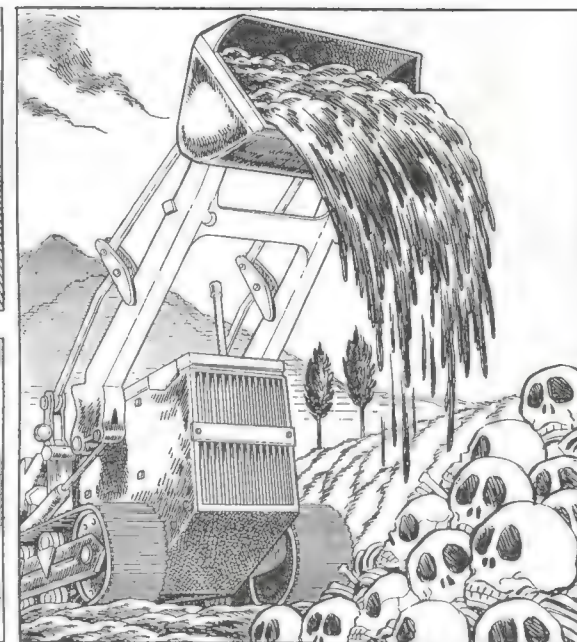
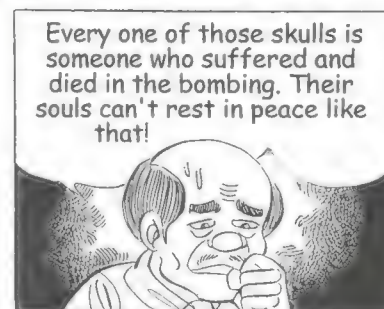
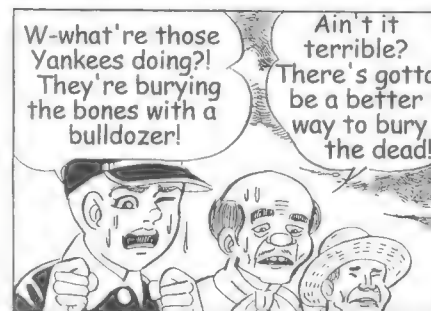
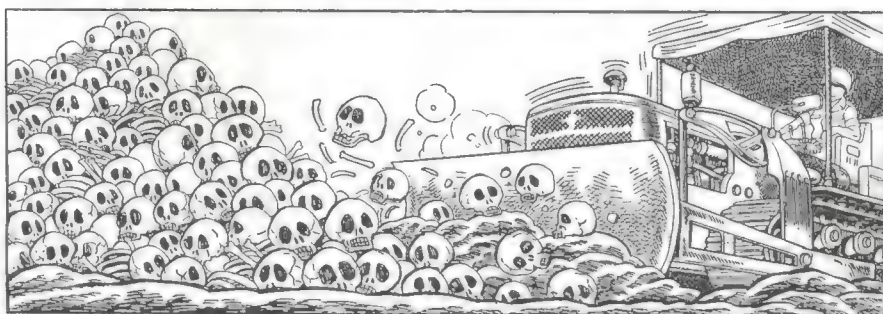
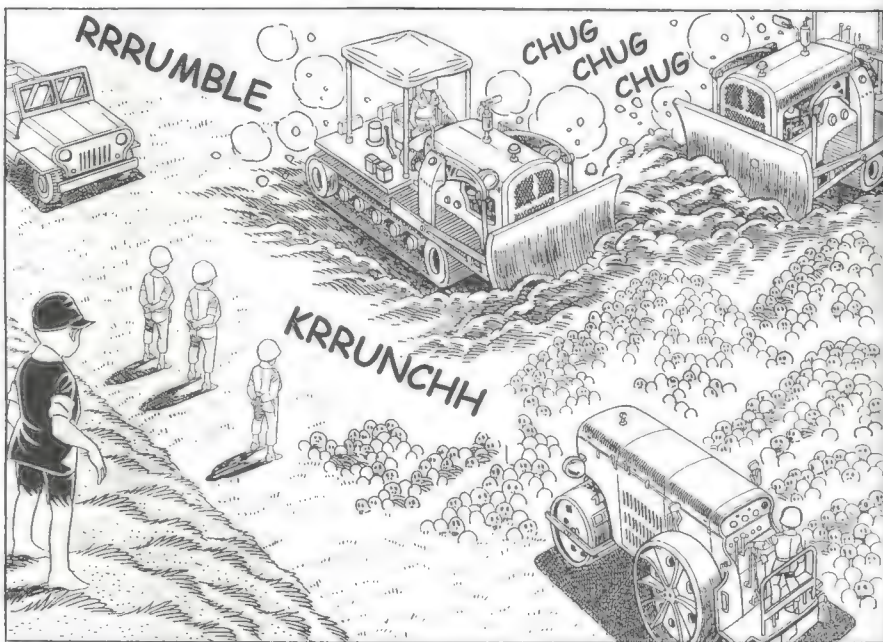
Okay, men, if that's what it's gonna take, let's go make some money!

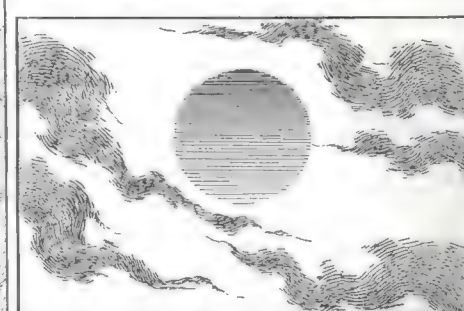
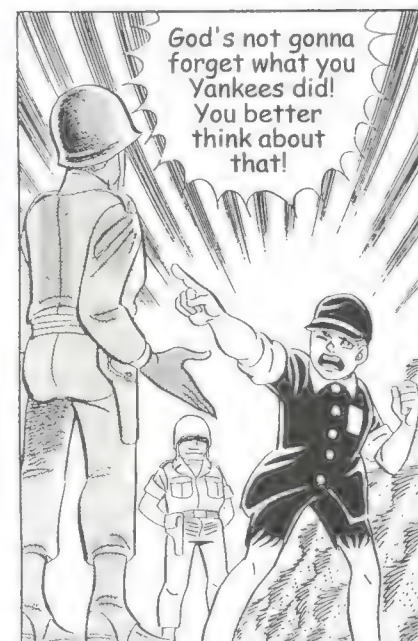
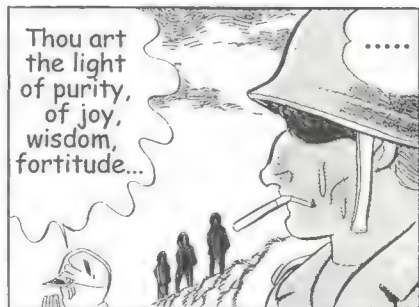
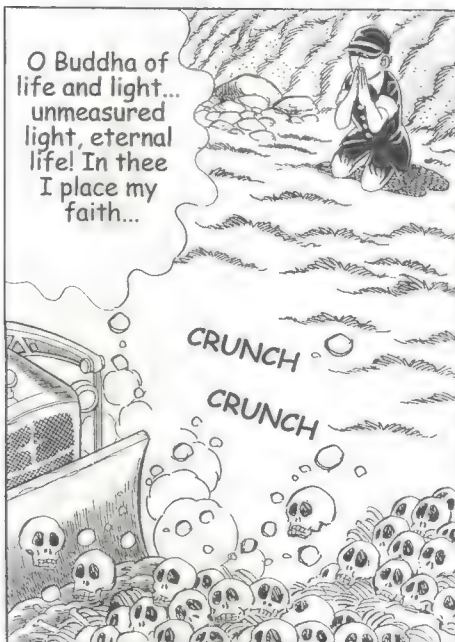
Awright! Let's get going!

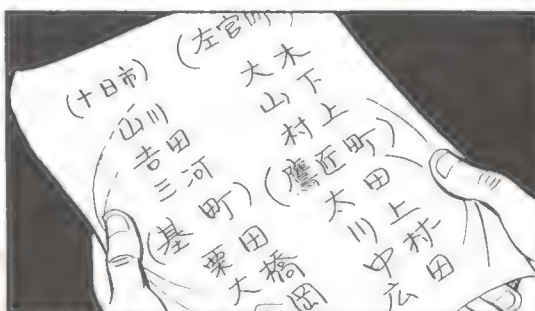
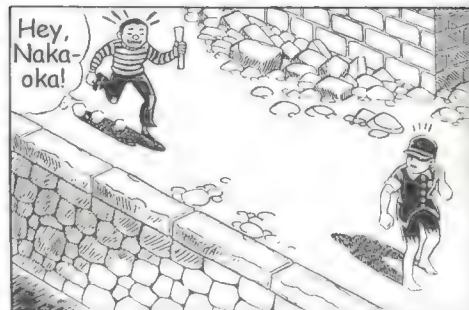
I'll quit drinking, by golly!



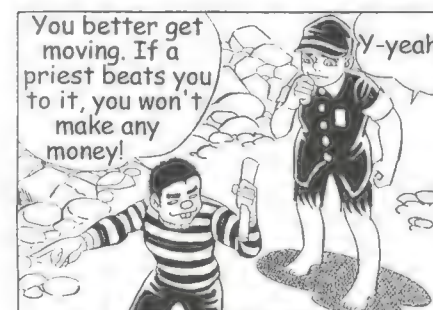
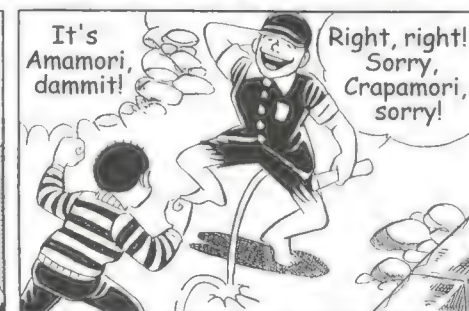
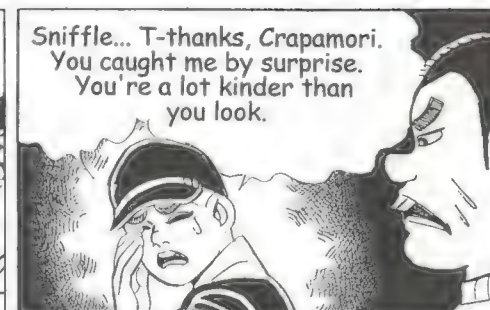
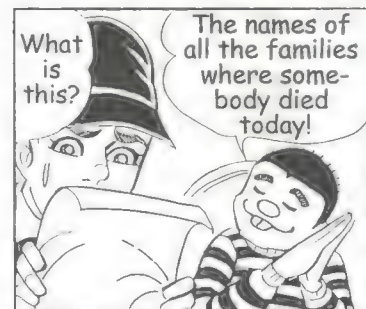


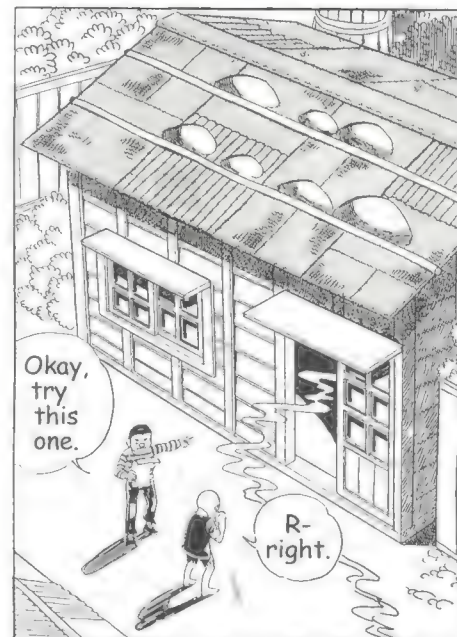






On paper: list of family names





Please accept my deepest sympathies.

Thank you, young man. You prayed very nicely. I'm sure the Buddha was pleased!

Thank you, young man. You prayed very nicely. I'm sure the Buddha was pleased!

Here's a token of our appreciation.

Yahoo!
I did it,
I did it!!

Banzai!
Banzai!!

Thou art
the light of
purity, of joy,
wisdom,
fortitude...
beyond speech,
beyond
thought...

日町 (左宮町)
~~大井~~
~~井上~~
 吉田
~~鷹匠町~~
 栗田
 天橋
 金田
 大井
 井上
 坪村
 永田

This is the last house...

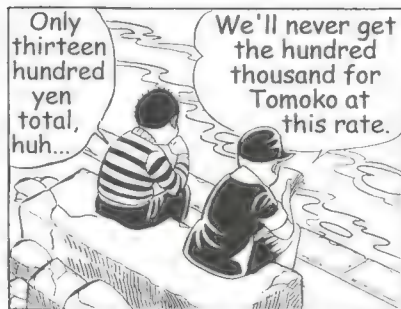
Wonder how much we've got here. Looks like a lot!

C'mon, let's count it up!

C'mon,
let's count
it up!

Hee hee hee! Maybe we've got a hundred thousand yen already!

Yeah! If we do, we can help your little sister out right away!



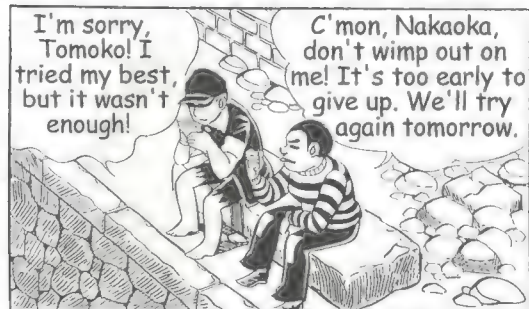
Only thirteen hundred yen total, huh...

We'll never get the hundred thousand for Tomoko at this rate.



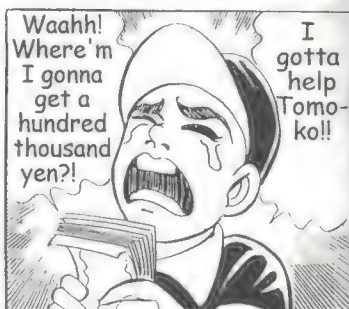
Boy, making money ain't as easy as I thought, Nakaoka.

Sob... Damn...



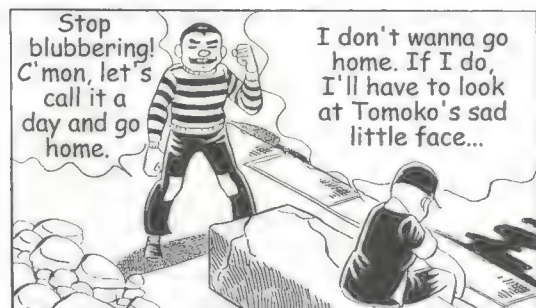
I'm sorry, Tomoko! I tried my best, but it wasn't enough!

C'mon, Nakaoka, don't wimp out on me! It's too early to give up. We'll try again tomorrow.



Waahh! Where'm I gonna get a hundred thousand yen?!

I gotta help Tomoko!!



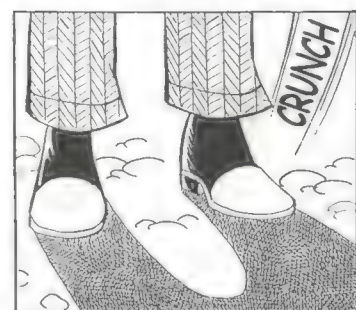
Stop blubbling! C'mon, let's call it a day and go home.

I don't wanna go home. If I do, I'll have to look at Tomoko's sad little face...



I can't stand seeing her like that.

.....



CRUNCH



Say, aren't you Gen Nakaoka?



W-who are you mister?

You don't remember me? I'm your neighbor, Pak...

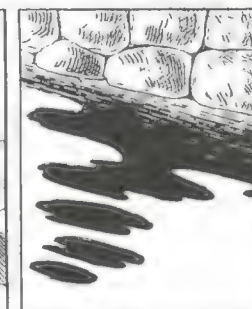


Mister Pak! Gee, you look different...

What's wrong, Gen? Why the tears?



I-if you really want to know...



I see. Poor little Tomoko...



You can breathe easy, Gen. If money's the problem, I can take care of that.

What? Really?! You mean it, Mister Pak?



For your family, Gen, I'm happy to do anything I can to help. Just leave it to me!

Sob... T-thank you, Mister Pak, thank you...

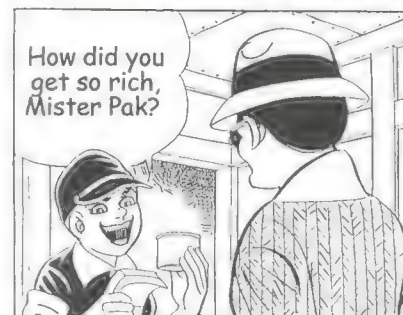
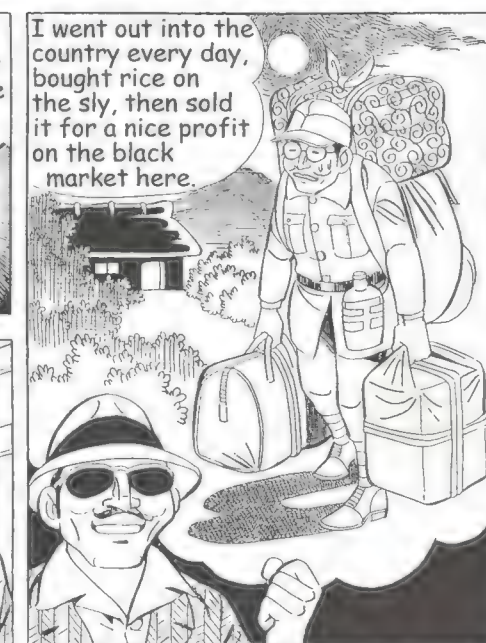
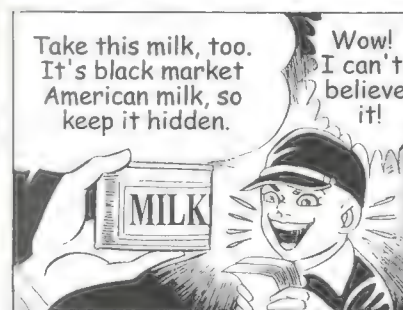
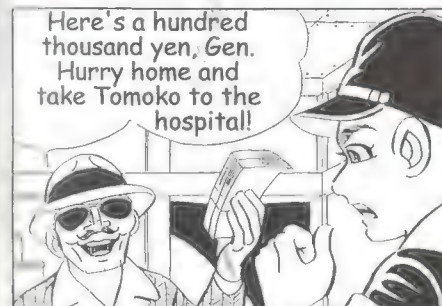
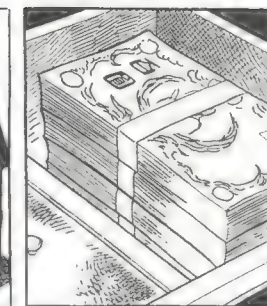
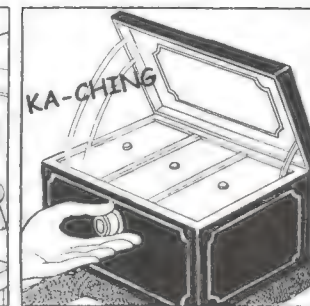
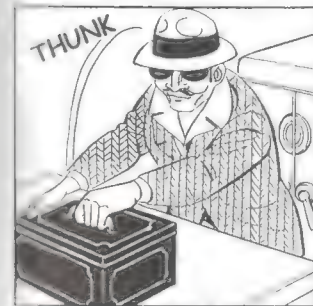


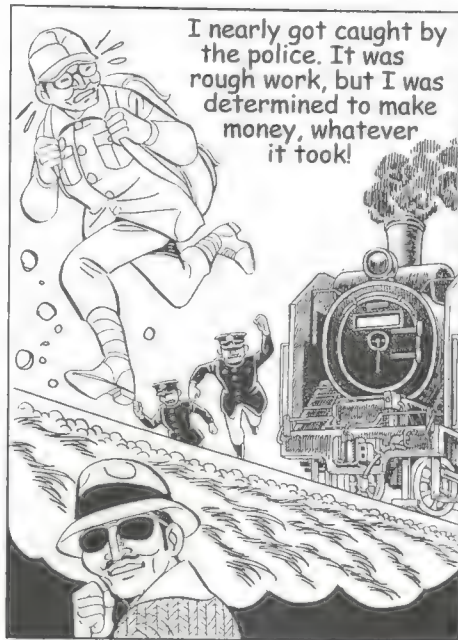
Sign: Yamaji Market

Sign: Groceries



Sign: Pak's Store





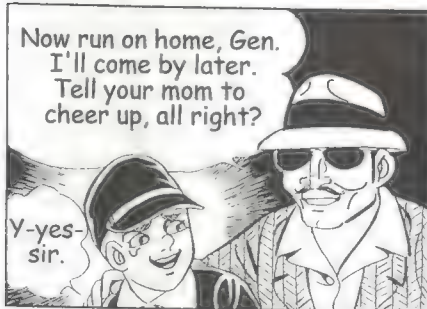
I nearly got caught by the police. It was rough work, but I was determined to make money, whatever it took!



Money's the only thing we Koreans can depend on here in Japan. The Japanese won't lift a finger to help us.



Gee, if the money's that good, that's what I shoulda done! Next time, take me along, okay? Chuc-kle...



Now run on home, Gen. I'll come by later. Tell your mom to cheer up, all right?

Y-yes-sir.



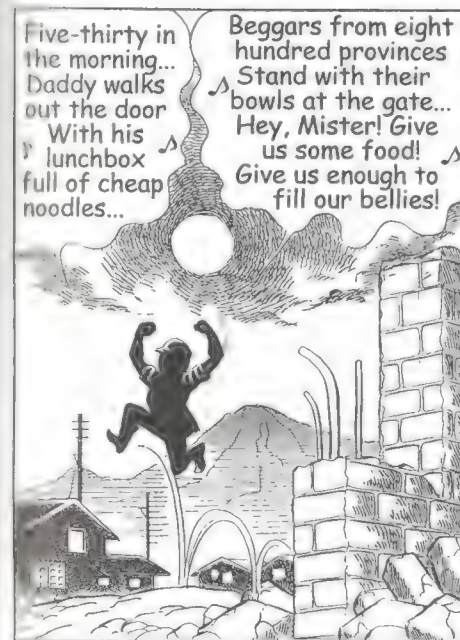
Thanks a million, Mister Pak! I'll never forget this!

Someday, I'll pay it all back, I promise!



Yahoo! Everything's gonna be okay!

Now we can give Tomoko that good American medicine! Mama's gonna be so happy!



Five-thirty in the morning... Daddy walks out the door With his lunchbox full of cheap noodles...

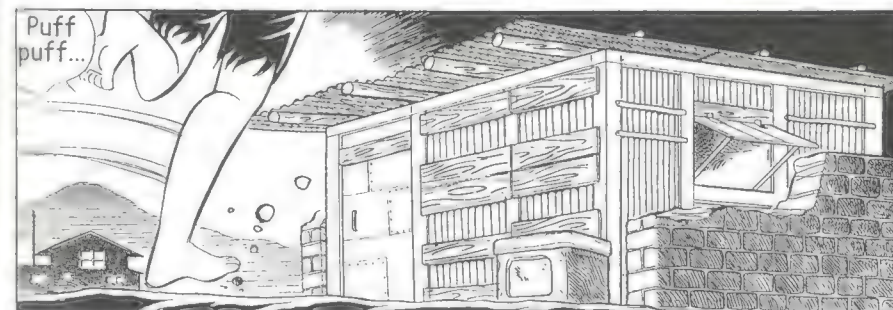
Beggars from eight hundred provinces Stand with their bowls at the gate... Hey, Mister! Give us some food! Give us enough to fill our bellies!



Hip hip hurrah! Don't worry, Tomoko! You'll be all right now! I've got milk for you too!



Banzai! Banzai!



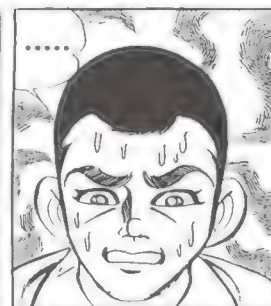
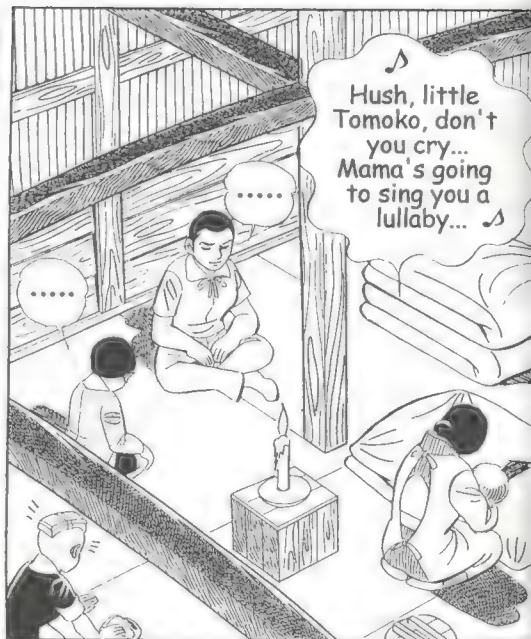
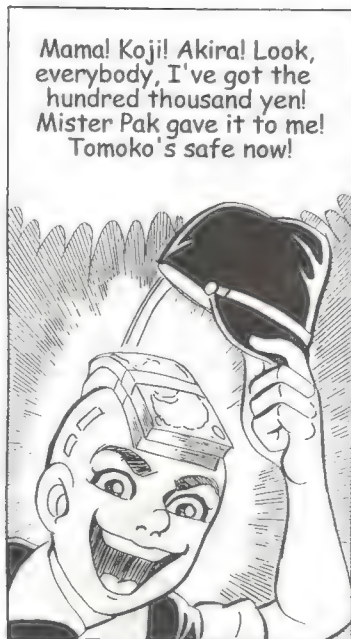
Puff puff...

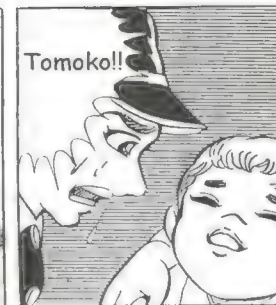


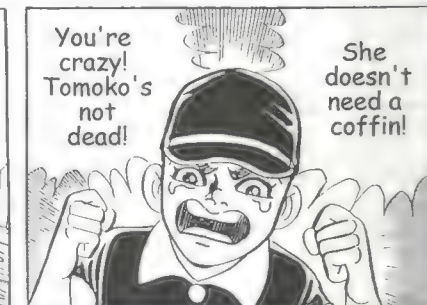
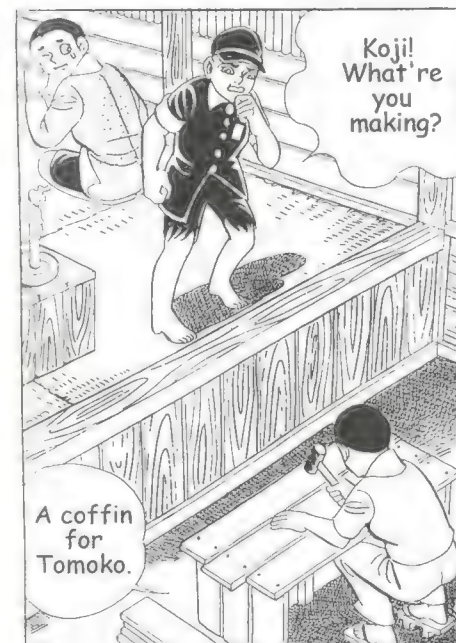
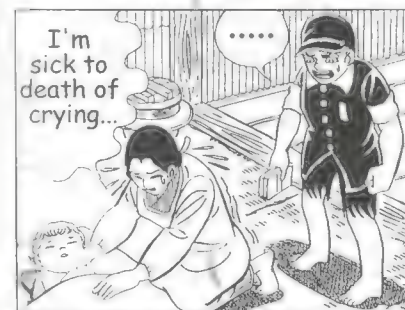
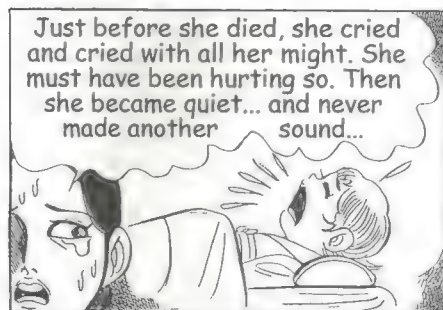
BAM

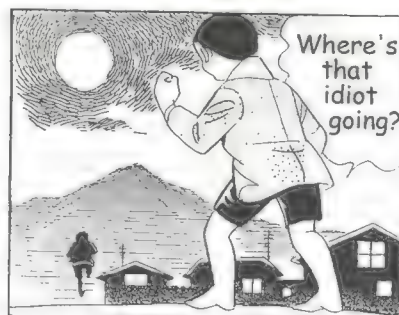
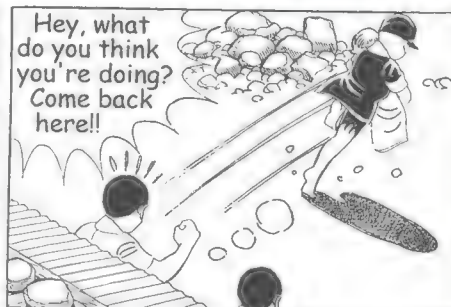
Dum da-da-dum da-da-dum da-da-dum da-dahhh!

Attention everyone! Commander Gen has returned!

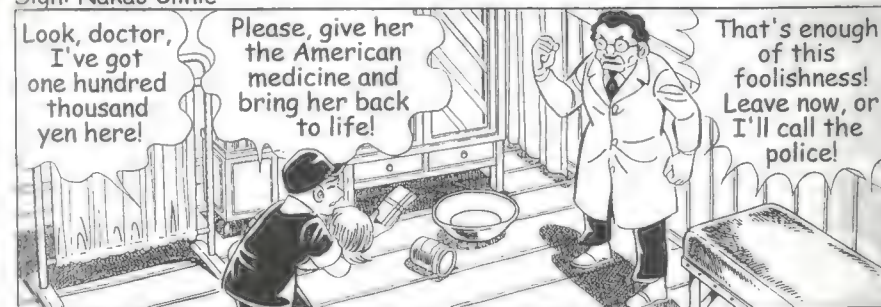
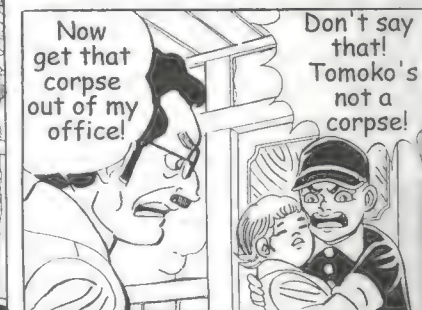
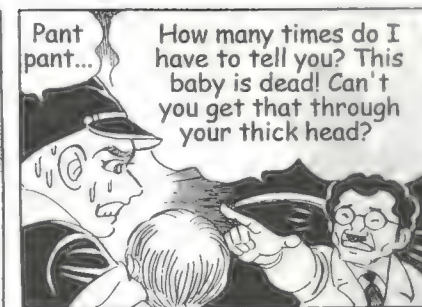


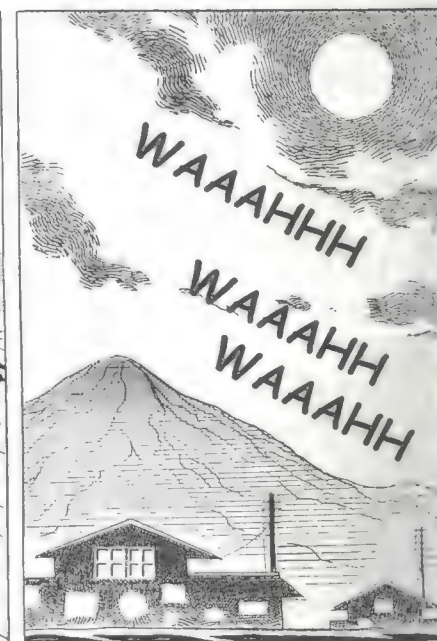
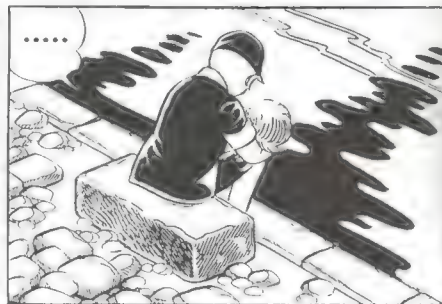


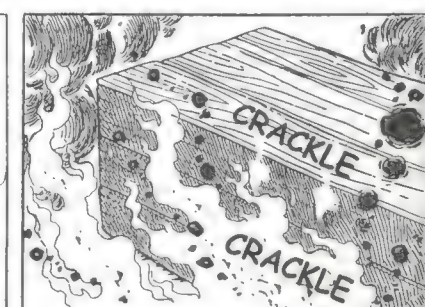
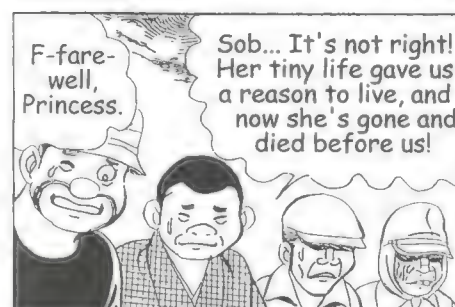
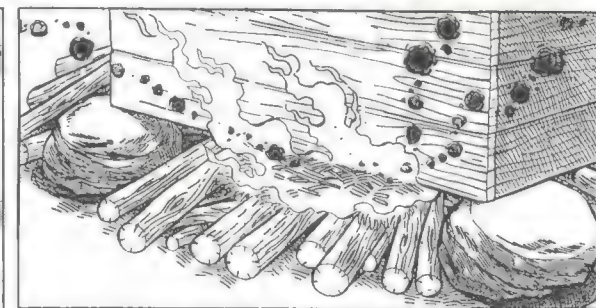
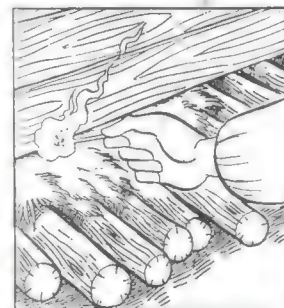
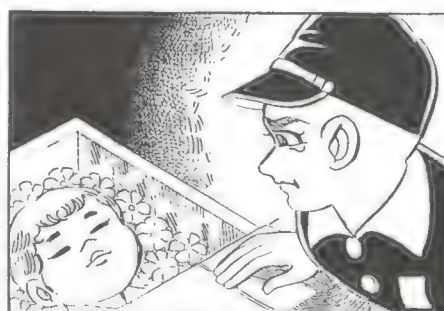
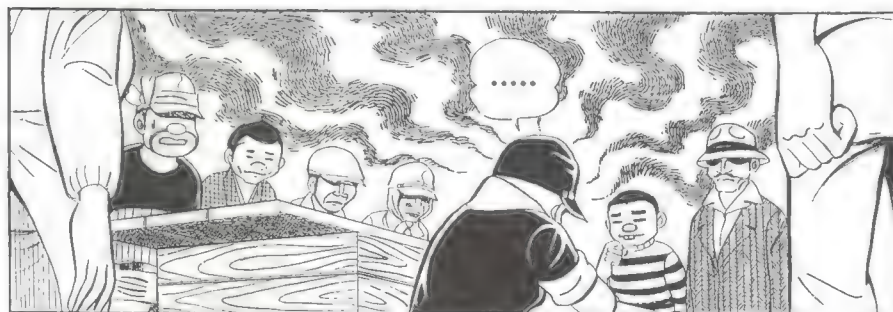


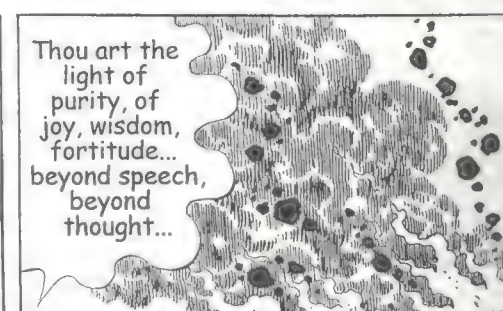
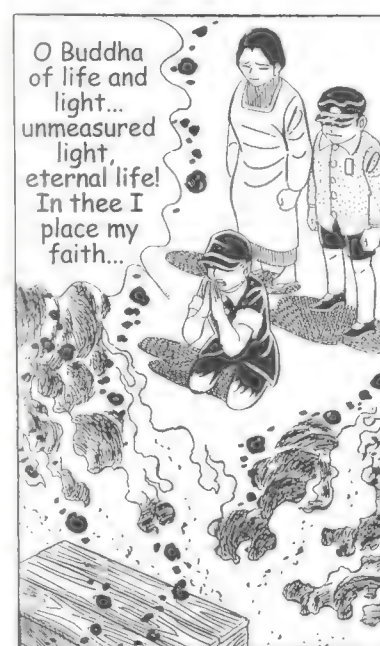
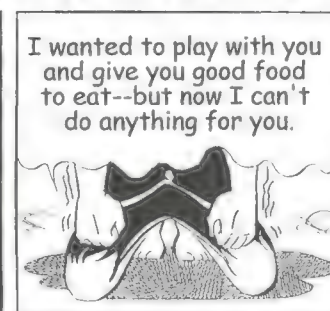
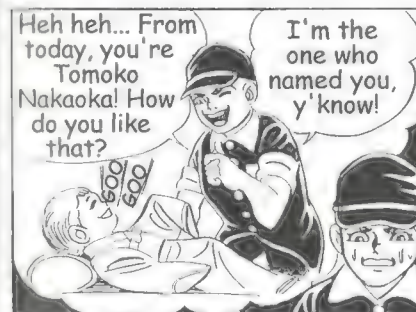


Sign: Nakao Clinic



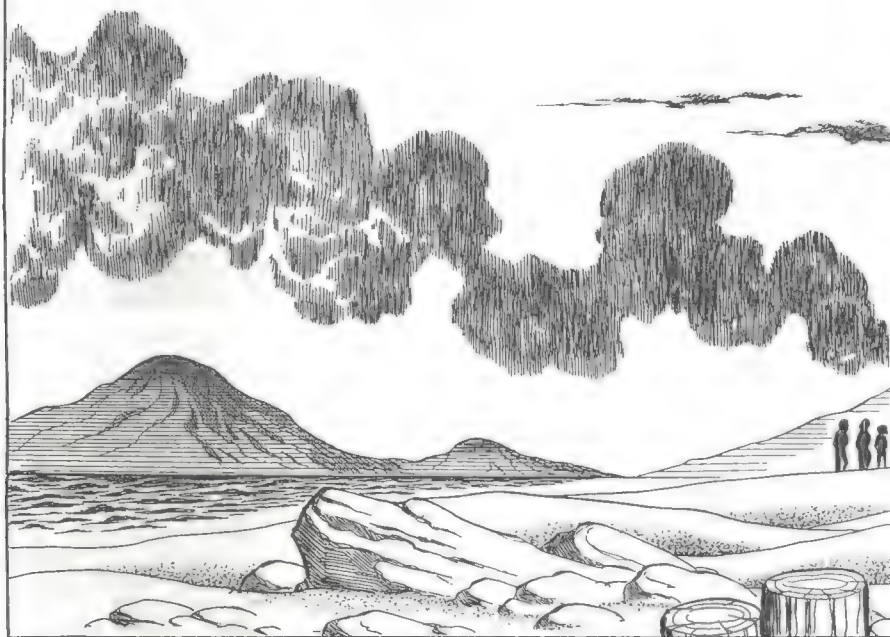






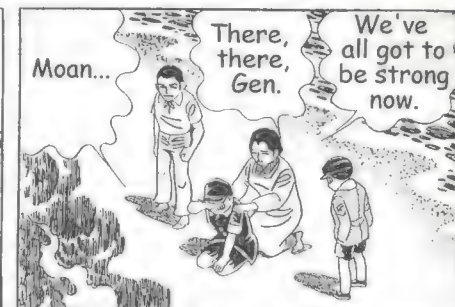
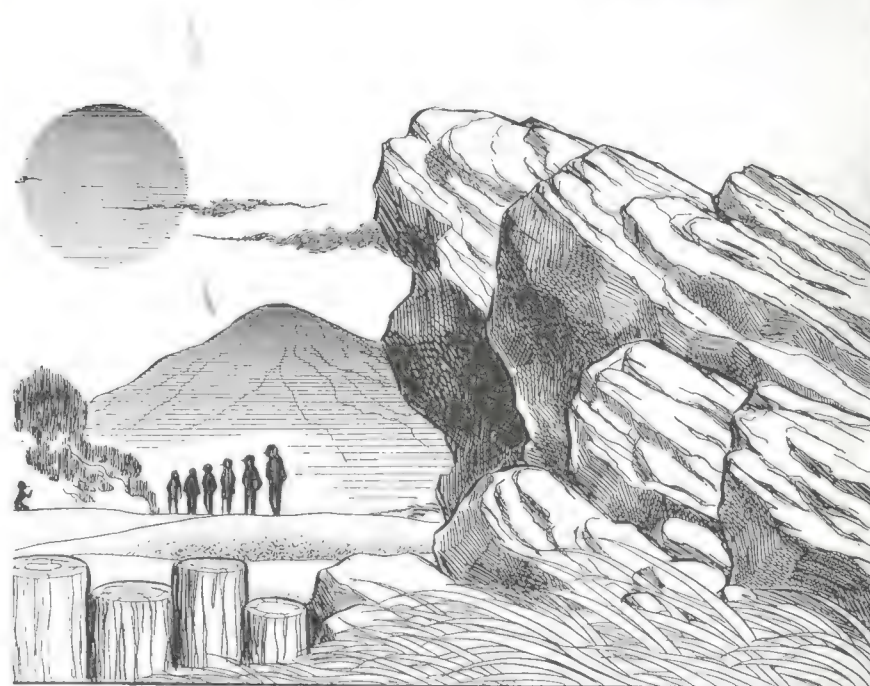
Behold the countenance
of man
Changing from moment
to moment
This world is a fleeting
thing
Dreamlike as life itself

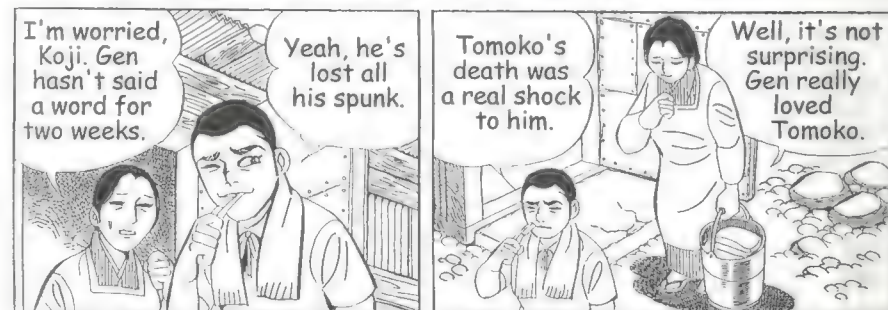
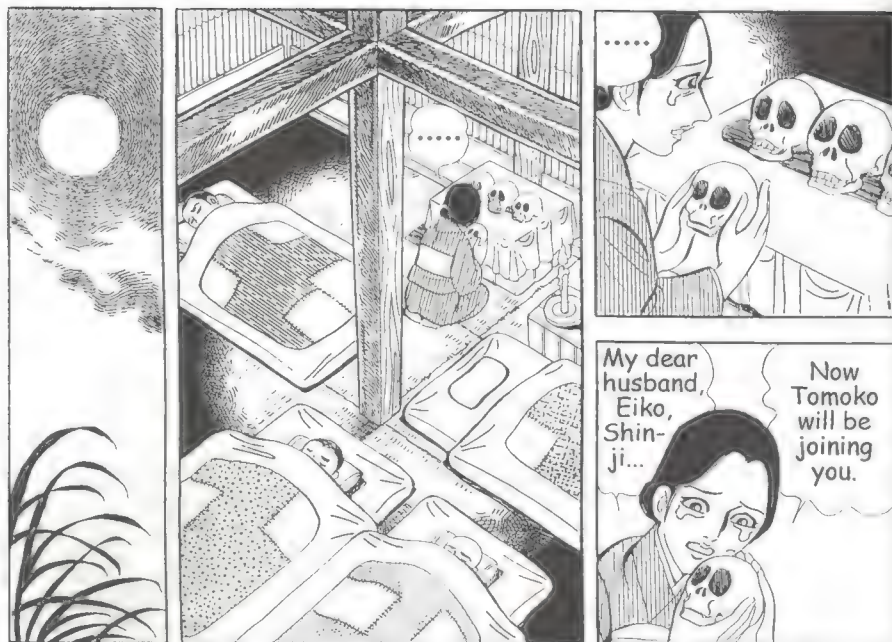
The rosy face of youth in
the morning
Is by evening but a pile of
whitened bones
When the wind of imperma-
nence blows
The eyes close, the last
breath is taken

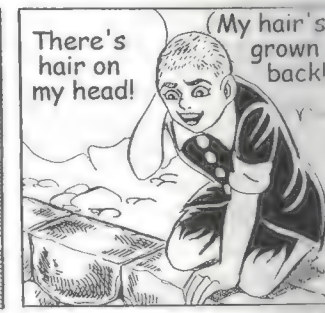
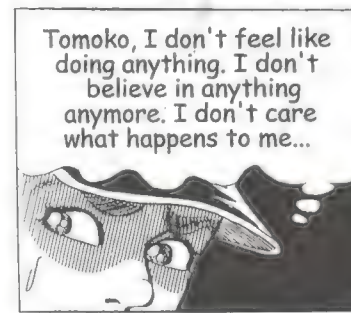
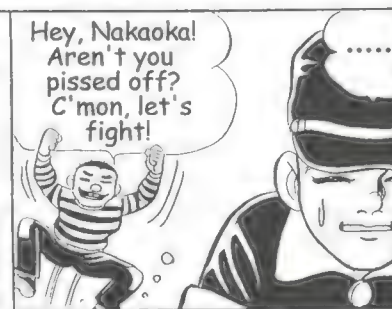
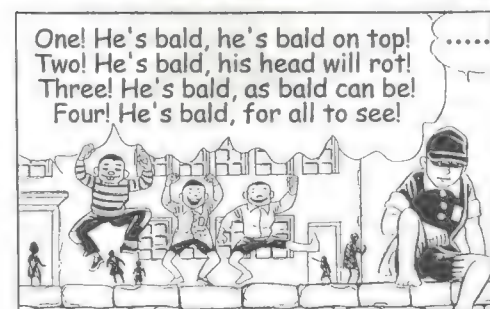
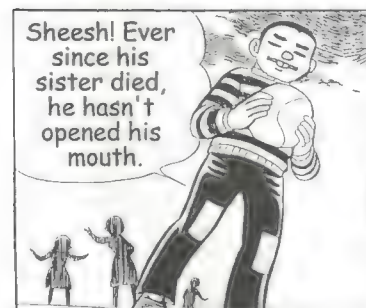
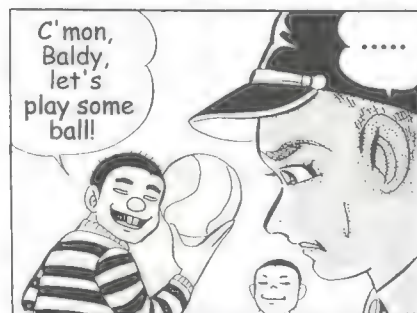


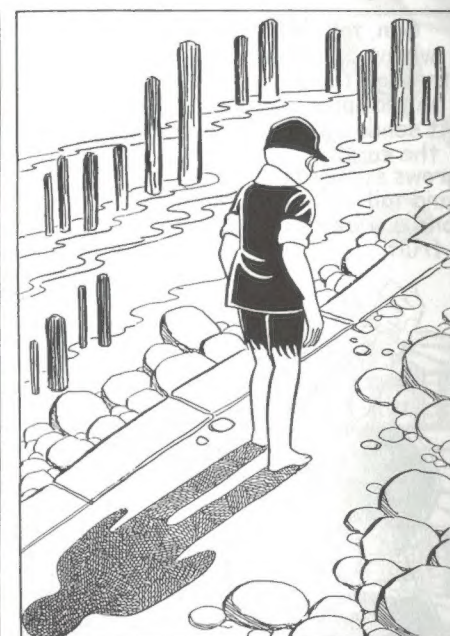
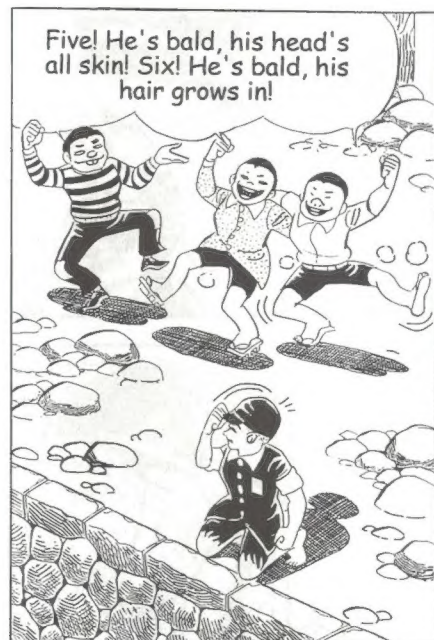
Only the white bones
remain
We may grieve, yet it means
nothing
Death has no favorites;
young or old
We know not when our
time will come

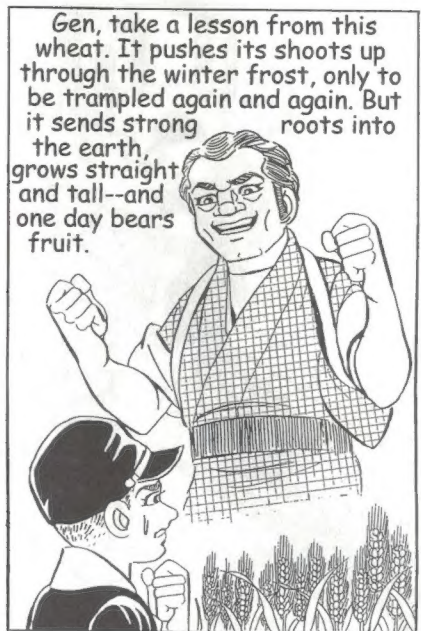
So now is the time for
all men
To prepare their hearts for
the next world
Pray devoutly to
Amida Buddha
And chant his name that
you may be saved











About Project Gen

Namie Asazuma
Coordinator, Project Gen

In the pages of *Barefoot Gen*, Keiji Nakazawa brings to life a tragedy unlike any that had ever befallen the human race before. He does not simply depict the destructive horror of nuclear weapons, but tells of the cruel fate they visited upon victims and survivors in the years to come. Yet Gen, the young hero of this story, somehow manages to overcome one hardship after another, always with courage and humor. *Barefoot Gen's* tale of hope and human triumph in the face of nuclear holocaust has inspired volunteer translators around the world, as well as people working in a variety of other media. Over the years *Gen* has been made into a three-part live-action film, a feature-length animation film, an opera, and a musical.

The first effort to translate *Barefoot Gen* from the original Japanese into other languages began in 1976, when Japanese peace activists Masahiro Oshima and Yukio Aki walked across the United States as part of that year's Transcontinental Walk for Peace and Social Justice. Their fellow walkers frequently asked them about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and one of them happened to have a copy of *Hadashi no Gen* in his backpack. The Americans on the walk, astonished that an atomic bomb survivor had written about it in cartoon form, urged their Japanese friends to translate it into English. Upon returning to Japan, Oshima and Aki founded Project Gen, a non-profit, all-volunteer group of young Japanese and Americans living in Tokyo, to do just that. Project Gen went on to translate the first four volumes of *Barefoot Gen* into English. One or more of these volumes have also been published in French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Indonesian, Tagalog, and Esperanto.

By the 1990s Project Gen was no longer active. In the meantime, author Keiji Nakazawa had gone on to complete ten volumes of *Gen*, and expressed his wish to see the entire story made available to non-Japanese readers. Parts of the first four volumes had also been abridged in translation. A new generation of volunteers responded by reviving Project Gen and producing a new, complete and unabridged translation of the entire *Gen* series.

The second incarnation of Project Gen got its start in Moscow in 1994, when a Japanese student, Minako Tanabe, launched "Project Gen in Russia" to translate *Gen* into Russian. After pub-

lishing the first three volumes in Moscow, the project relocated to Kanazawa, Japan, where volunteers Yulia Tachino and Namie Asazuma had become acquainted with *Gen* while translating a story about Hiroshima into Russian. The Kanazawa volunteers, together with Takako Kanekura in Russia, completed Russian volumes 4 through 10 between 1999 and 2001.

In the spring of 2000, the Kanazawa group formally established a new Project Gen in Japan. Nine volunteers spent the next three years translating all ten volumes of *Gen* into English. The translators are Kazuko Futakuchi, Michael Gordon, Kyoko Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Kiyoko Nishita, George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka, and Kazuko Yamada.

In 2002, author Keiji Nakazawa put the Kanazawa team in contact with Alan Gleason, a member of the first Project Gen, who introduced them to Last Gasp of San Francisco, publisher of the original English translation of *Gen*. Last Gasp agreed to publish the new, unabridged translation of all ten volumes, of which this book is one.

In the hope that humanity will never repeat the terrible tragedy of the atomic bombing, the volunteers of Project Gen want children and adults all over the world to hear *Gen's* story. Through translations like this one, we want to help *Gen* speak to people in different countries in their own languages. Our prayer is that *Barefoot Gen* will contribute in some small way to the abolition of nuclear weapons before this new century is over.

Write to Project Gen c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20, Kanazawa 921-8112, Japan



Keiji Nakazawa lives with his wife in the suburbs of Tokyo, and remains actively involved in the work of the Project Gen volunteers. Now retired from cartooning, his most recent project was a live action film he wrote and directed about young people growing up in postwar Hiroshima. He is currently working on another film scenario.